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Subscription Price, $2.00 a year, 20c a copy.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED
143-153 University Avenue, TORONTO, CANADA
LONDON, ENG. THE MACLEAN COMPANY OF GREAT BRITAIN, LTD. 88 FLEET STREET, E.C.
BRANCH OFFICES: Montreal, Southam Building, [illegible]

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE
T. B. COSTAIN, Editor J. VERNON MCKENZIE, Associate Editor
Volume XXXII. TORONTO, AUGUST, 1919 Number 8

The LECTURER AT LARGE

A Few Painful Reminiscences of the Platform

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

Author of "Sunshine Sketches of a Small Town," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. JEFFERYS

"We are trying the experiment of cheaper talent."

IT has been my lot to speak and to lecture in all sorts of places, under all sorts of circumstances and before all sorts of audiences. I say this not in boastfulness, but in sorrow. Indeed I only mention it to establish the fact that when I talk of lecturers and speakers, I talk of what I know.

Few people realize how arduous and how disagreeable public lecturing is. The public see the lecturer step out onto the platform in his little white waistcoat and his long tailed coat and with a false air of a conjurer about him, and they think him happy. After about ten minutes of his talk, they are tired of him. Most people tire of a lecture in ten minutes; clever people can do it in five. Sensible people never go to lectures at all. But the people who do go to a lecture and who get tired of it, presently hold it as a sort of grudge against the lecturer personally. In reality his sufferings are worse than theirs. In fact the whole business of being a public lecturer is one long variation of boredom and fatigue.

So I propose to set down here some of the many trials which the lecturer has to bear.

The first of the troubles which anyone who begins giving public lectures meets at the very outset is the fact that the audience won't come to hear him.

The Society That Won't Turn Out

THIS happens invariably and constantly, and not through any fault or shortcoming of the speaker.

The city in which I live, and I suppose for the matter of that, all Canadian cities is overrun with little societies, clubs and associations, always wanting to be addressed. So at least it is in appearance. In reality the societies are chiefly composed of presidents, secretaries and officials, who want the conspicuousness of office, a few members who hope to succeed to office and a large list of other members who won't come to the meetings. For such an association, the invited speaker carefully prepares his lecture on *Indo-Germanic Factors in the Current of History.* If he is a professor, he takes all winter at it. You may drop in at his house at any time and his wife will tell you that he is upstairs "working at his lecture." If he comes down at all it is in carpet slippers and dressing gown.

His mental vision of his meeting is that of a huge gathering of keen people with Indo-Germanic faces, hanging upon every word.

The Meeting of the Owl's Club

THEN comes the fated night. There are seventeen people present. The lecturer refuses to count them. He refers to them afterwards as "about a hundred." To this group he reads his paper on Indo-Germanic Factors. It takes him two hours. When he is over the chairman invites discussion. There is no discussion. The audience is willing to let the Indo Germanic factors go unchallenged. Then the chairman makes this speech. He says:

"I am very sorry indeed that we should have had such a very poor 'turn out' to-night. I am sure the members who were not here have missed a real treat in the delightful paper that we have listened to. I want to assure the lecturer that if he will come to the Owl's Club again we can guarantee him next a capacity audience. And will any members please, who haven't paid their dollar this winter, pay it either to me or to Mr. Sibley as they pass out."

I have heard this speech (in the years when I had to listen to it) so many times that I know it by heart. I have made the acquaintance of the Owl's Club under so many names that I recognize it at once. I am aware that its members refuse to turn out in cold weather; that they do not turn out in wet weather, that when the weather is really fine it is impossible to get them together, that the slightest counter attraction—a hockey match, a sacred concert—goes to their heads at once.

There was a time when I was the newly appointed occupant of a college chair and had to address the Owl's Club. It is a penalty that all new professors pay, and the Owls batten upon them like bats. It is one of the compensations of age that I am free of the Owls' Club forever. But in the days when I still had to address them I used to take it out of the Owls in a speech delivered, in imagination only and not out loud, to the assembled meeting of seventeen Owls after the chairman had made his concluding remarks. It ran as follows:

"Gentlemen—if you are such, which I doubt. I realize that the paper that I have read on '*Was Hegel a Deist?*' has been an error. I spent all the winter on it and now I realize that not one of you pups knows who Hegel was or what a Deist is. Never mind. It is over

"The Lord will forgive anyone who laughs at the professor" now, and I am glad. But just let me say *this* only this which won't keep you a minute. Your Chairman has been good enough to say that if I come again you will get together a capacity audience to hear me. Let me tell you that if your society waits for its next meeting till I come to address you again, you will wait indeed. In fact, gentlemen,—I say it very frankly,—it will be in another world."

An Ideal Chairman

BUT pass over the audience. Suppose there is a *real* audience and suppose them all duly gathered together. Then it becomes the business of that evil-minded villain—facetiously referred to in the newspaper reports as the genial chairman—to put the lecturer to the bad. In nine cases out of ten he can do so. Some chairmen, indeed, develop a great gift for it.

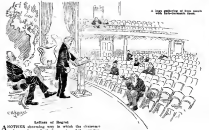
Here are one or two actual samples from my own experience.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman of a society in a little village town in Western Ontario to which I had come as a paid (a very humbly paid) lecturer, "we have with us to-night a gentleman" (here he made an attempt to read my name on a card, failed to read it, and put the card back in his pocket)—"a gentleman who is to lecture to us on" (here he looked at his card again) "on Ancient—Ancient—I don't very well see what it is—Ancient—Britain? Thank you, on Ancient Britain. Now this is the first of our series of lectures for this winter. The last series, as you all know, was not a success. In fact, we came out at the end of the year with a deficit. So this year we are starting a new line and we're trying the experiment *of cheaper talent*."

Here the chairman gracefully waved his hand toward me and there was a certain amount of applause. "Before I sit down," the chairman added, "I'd like to say that I am sorry to see such a poor turn-out to-night and to ask any of the members who haven't paid their dollar to pay it either to me or to Mr. Wallace, as they pass out."

Let anybody who knows by experience the discomfiture of coming out before an audience on any terms, judge how it feels to crawl out in front of them labelled *Cheaper Talent*.

Upstairs working at his lecture.



A huge gathering of keen people with Indo-Germanic faces.

Letters of Regret

ANOTHER charming way in which the chairman endeavors to put forth the speaker of the evening and the audience into an entirely good humor is by reading out letters of regret from persons unable to be present. This, of course, is only for grand occasions when the speaker has been invited to come under very special auspices. It was my fate not long ago, to "appear" (that is the correct word to use in this connection) in this capacity when I was going about Canada trying to raise some money for the relief of the Belgians. I travelled in great glory with a pass on the Canadian Pacific Railway (not since extended, officials of the road kindly note this) and was most kindly entertained wherever I went.

It was, therefore, the business of the chairman at such meetings as these to try and put a special distinction or cachet on the gathering. This is how it was done.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the chairman, rising from his seat on the platform with a little bundle of papers in his hand, "before I introduce the speaker of the evening, I have one or two items that I want to read to you." Here he rustles his paper and there is a deep hush in the hall while he selects one.

"We had hoped to have with us to-night Sir Robert Borden, the Prime Minister of this Dominion. I have just received a wire from Sir Robert in which he says that he will not be able to be here."

Great applause.

Presently the chairman puts up his hand for silence, picks up another telegram and continues.

"Our committee, ladies and gentlemen, telegraphed an invitation to Sir Wilfrid Laurier very cordially inviting him to be with us to-night. I have here Sir Wilfrid's answer in which he says that he will not be able to be with us."

Renewed applause.

The chairman again puts his hand up for silence and goes on, picking up one document after the other. "The Minister of Finance regrets that he will be unable to come" (applause)—"Mr. Rodolphe Lemieux—(applause) will not be here (great applause)—the Mayor of Toronto (applause) is detained on business (wild applause)—the Anglican Bishop of the Diocese (applause)—the Principal of the University College, Toronto (great applause)—the Minister of Education (applause)—none of these are coming." Great clapping of hands and enthusiasm, after which the meeting is called to order with a very distinct and palpable feeling that it is one of the most distinguished audiences ever gathered in the hall.

Humor Under Difficulties

HERE is another experience of the same period while I was pursuing the same exalted purpose.

I arrived in a little town in Eastern Ontario, and found to my horror that I was billed to "appear" *in a church*. I was to give readings from my works and my books are supposed to be of a humorous character. A church hardly seemed to be the right place to get funny in. I explained my difficulty to the pastor of the church, a very solemn-looking man. He nodded his head slowly and gravely as he grasped my difficulty. "I see," he said, "I see, but I think I can introduce you to our people in such a way as to make that all right."

When the time came, he led me up on to the pulpit platform of the church, just beside and below the pulpit itself, with a reading desk with a big bible and a shaded light beside it. It was a big church, and the audience, sitting in half darkness, as is customary during a sermon, reached away back into the gloom. The place was packed full and absolutely silent.

Then the chairman spoke.

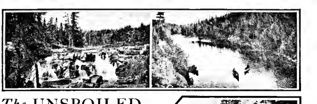
"Dear friends," he said, "I want you to understand that to-night it will be all right to laugh. Let me hear you laugh heartily, laugh right out, just as much as ever you want to. Because,"—and here his voice assumed the deep sepulchral tone of the preacher, "when we think of the noble object for which the professor appears to-night, we may be assured that the Lord will forgive anyone who laughs at the professor."

I am sorry to say, however, that none of the audience, even with the plenary absolution in advance, were inclined to take a chance upon it.

The Chairman With the Afterthought

I RECALL in this same connection the chairman of a meeting at Burlington, Vermont. He represented the type of chairman who turns up so late at the meeting that the committee in charge have no time to explain to him properly what the meeting is about, or who the speaker is. I noticed on this occasion that he introduced me very guardedly by name (from a little card) and said nothing about the Belgians, and nothing about my being (supposed to be) a humorist.

Continued on page 61



The UNSPOILED COUNTRY

Canada Has a Great Asset in Temagami

By HAROLD C. LOWREY

PAUL, the Ojibwey, slyly whittled a forked stick and stirred the sizzling bacon into sputtering, angry protest at our apparent indifference to its delicious aroma.

Mingling with the tang of pine and balsam the odors of the camp-cooked meal floated temptingly upon the thin hardwood smoke drifting across the rocks to where we sat fascinated by the glorious beauty of the vista, spreading out beneath us like a fairy heaven.

The stiff climb up High Rock in the bracing morning air had given us keen appetites. But even our appetites, tantalizing as they were under the whetting odors, could not release us from the spell that the beautiful scene had cast over us. We were lifted above the everyday, swept out of the sordidness of human discordances into a heaven of good thoughts bounded by rambling hills and sprinkled with sparkling lakes.

The skillets rattled significantly, still we were indifferent.

The Ojibwey patiently lifted the tea and the bacon to the end of the greening grid where they would still keep hot even though they were out of the blaze of the open fire. Picking the centre frying pan from the fire, he dexterously flipped, with but a single movement of his wrist, the half-cooked flap-jack fitting so snuggly against its flaring sides. Replacing the pan, Paul looked toward the open spot where our party were ecstatically pointing out to each other the *one hundred and seven* lakes and lakelets easily seen with the naked eye from the top of High Rock.

Paul had guided other parties to this eyrie tableland and knew its effect on the uninitiated, so he calmly waited until the fish and "jerks" were just right. Then with one of those rare, illuminating smiles expressive of the redman's shy humor, he reached for a tin plate to sound the tocsin that would break the spell and bring us pell mell to our woodland meal of nut-brown bacon, crisp fresh-caught fish, jam, flapjacks and the inevitable strong tea. We eagerly consumed to the last crumb that meal, prepared à la Ojibway and served democratically in the invigorating, pine scented air of High Rock, twelve hundred feet above the sea level.

Dinner over we were again drawn to the edge of the great flat rocks which the gods—so the Ojibways claim—dropped upon the presumptuous island mountain lest it thrust its summit too high in the garden of the gods and thus learn unduly of their secrets. Be the legend right or wrong one cannot resist a certain degree of credulity, for those great flat rocks are strategically placed at the four corners of the summit as if the gods might have said to the hill: "Thus far and no farther shalt thou intrude into our domain." These rocks are there, naming for the island mountain its name "High Rock," and providing the mountain's visitors with nature-chiselled seats before the wide open spaces from which can be seen one of the finest panoramas in all the wide, wide world.

An Unexcelled View of Woods Rock and Water

AS we looked out over it from our perch up there on those flattened rocks overhanging the blue waters of the lake four hundred feet below, we found the view unforgettable, a scene to stir to its innermost depths the soul of every Canadian and to bring into new significance those old familiar lines:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land!"

Just to stand there in those bracing breezes looking to the thirty two points of the compass, where always that mesmeric beauty of woods, rock and water met the eye, was an education that every Canadian should have.

Scenes from the unspoiled country which abounds in water falls and island-studded lakes.

The Swiss may have their Riviera, the Italians their Alps, the Yankees their Yellowstone, but God be thanked that Canada *has* Temagami! It was the Deity's most generous gift, for Temagami—the unspoiled country—with its wooded hills and wandering lakes, its winding rivers and glorious waterfalls, its abundant fish and rambling game, its famous sunsets and its wonderful blue haze, the beautiful solvent of it all, is indeed a paradise beyond compare.

Pictured in cold type, the beauty of that vista must seem as a thing overdrawn, or as the shadowy dreamings of a poet, yet imagine, if you can, standing there upon that summit overhanging those blue waters ever so far beneath you and looking out over the many-fingered expanse of Lake Temagami (te-mog-a-mee), studded and dotted with its *sixteen hundred* islands and islets all of deepest emerald, laying like a giant hand of sparkling sapphire, lost here and there behind the high hills, against the soft green carpet of balsam and pine running all the way from the wandering shores to the dim horizon hiding behind the blue haze.

Seeing it in the fullness of its primeval glory, you too would find irresistible its call to roam and explore its secret places, many of which have never seen the pale-face. Twelve years ago the Temagami Forest Reserve was an almost unknown wilderness. To-day it is still unspoiled, yet its fame has reached the ends of the earth, though unfortunately it is better appreciated by our cousins to the South than it is by Canadians. This fact cannot be too deeply impressed.

An Historic Point

TAKE for instance the camp colony, which Paul is pointing out to us down there on the point of Temagami Island. It was on that very spot where the first post of the Honourable the Hudson's Bay Company was established over a hundred years ago and it was there the Ojibways bartered their furs for the "firesticks" and "long knives" of the pale face. To them the post was known as Wabi Kon—a name still

Continued on page 67

A NEW SERIAL STORY

EBB *and* FLOW

CHAPTER I

By C. W. STEPHENS

Author of "Man and Wife"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GOODE

OUTSIDERS had always taken it for granted that Richard Chipperfield and Edith Barnsley would one day marry. It seemed one of those real, fore-ordained arrangements that have been within the public knowledge so long that all spice of romance has died out of them. Ste. Brunhilde society was accustomed to resolve itself into a kind of matrimonial bureau whose business it was to sort out the eligibles of the opposed sexes and pair them off appropriately. Now and again, naturally, the plans went wrong, Cupid being an erratic kind of person, and a girl and a man would break out of the orderly Noah's Ark procession, fall rather absurdly in love with each other—that was the popular view—and that was the end of them, as far as the bureau was concerned.

When the small Chipperfield was in petticoats and Edith Barnsley in long clothes, it was said that they were obviously destined for one another—as if there was such a thing as obviousness in affairs matrimonial. When she was in short frocks and he in knickerbockers the obviousness of the thing was again pointed out. There came a day when she put up her hair and let down her skirts, and he bloomed into his first Sunday tall coat and tall hat. The thing then was as clear as daylight that the next step would be "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden," the bells and orange blossoms.

Edith's father was the manager of the Dearnside Mining Company. Richard's male parent had been, in his lifetime, Secretary and Treasurer of the company. The latter lived long enough to see his son established as boss of the Mining Company's sales. The two families represented the upper crust of Ste. Brunhilde society. People said that young Richard—he was one of those serious, estimable young men who would never be called Dick—had business in his blood; certainly he had it in some part of his make-up. When he was at school he had a reputation for long-headedness that brought him more than once under the castigation of an unappreciative master. He was a keen trader, and with a ridiculously small stake could manage to separate his companions from their choicest possessions. At that time folks said the Lord or somebody else had meant him to be a lawyer. He had an excellent opinion of himself and was the unlikeliest kind of man to do anything in the least degree romantically foolish. If he married the girl would have to possess something besides a pleasing appearance and sweet disposition. Edith was not likely to have much money, as the Barnsleys were reputed to live up to the last cent of the five thousand a year salary the head of the house received, but there was much in the way of business advancement that the General Manager of the Company might be able to do for a worthy and enterprising son-in-law.

Still Richard was not an impulsive young man. By the time Edith was two and twenty they had been thrown together a great deal in the small social circle of Ste. Brunhilde. They attended the same parties, went to the same church where they sang in the choir. They danced, played five hundred, played tennis and golf together.

Sometimes Richard very nearly came to the point. A young man, even one like Richard Chipperfield, has his weak moments when brought into contact with a very pleasant and very pretty girl, and three crises came when he was very nearly over the precipice. He had always thought it rather tough luck that John Barnsley, Edith's father, should be so extravagant. With his income properly administered his prospective father-in-law ought to have had something laid by, out of which to furnish a dot to a daughter, but it was well known that he had nothing. Romance was very pretty, but to Richard it rather lacked sustaining elements. Richard had never taken much stock in it. He had never spoken directly to Edith of love. In school days he had never carried her books. His furious jealousy had never been roused by amatory glances thrown at her by other small boys. He had never achieved a black eye or bloody nose in rebuking trespassers on his assumed preserve.

Never for a moment did he doubt that if he crooked his beckoning finger, Edith would rush to him as for her life. When the temptation to give the signal surged within his bosom, prudence always suggested the dark possibility that, if he did invite her to share his lot, there would the day after, come flitting out of the world beyond, some charmer with money beyond the dreams of present avarice. That would be nothing less than tragic. Lots of deserving young men, who might have picked up something really luscious in the matrimonial market had come a cropper through being too romantically impulsive. The thought operated as a wet blanket on the kindling fires within his bosom.

IT was Saturday afternoon, and a wonderful Saturday afternoon in late Spring. The poet intimates that in the Spring the dove begins to assume Easterly radiance, and that at the same season love-frivolity disports itself within the heart of the average young man. This particular afternoon there was a tender softness in the winds, the sun shone brilliantly, yet there was a cool vivacity in the air. The lake was a mimic sea of turbulent little waves, with here and there a white-cap among them. They looked like blue-clad water sprites revelling in the water from the pure joy of living. Edith and Richard were playing golf. They were standing on the tee going to the seventh. It was a nice kind of a tee, if you were playing a single with a nice kind of girl. There were trees forming a semi-circle behind it—slim spruce trees. You could peep through them and see the flashing waters below, if you wanted to see flashing waters, which, under the circumstances, you probably didn't. Then too, the seventh was a blind hole. There was no long, flat vista ahead, on which could be seen a dozen foozling players, always looking back for fear you might drive into them. It was an artistic, thoughtfully designed tee, with a hill rising sharply before it over which you had to loft with your iron.

Edith had the honor, as she usually had, for she could beat Richard handily at golf. She wore a smart little blue skirt, not too long, and she had very pretty ankles, and small, neatly shod feet. Her trim white blouse, open at the throat, was neat and fetching. She was hatless, and her hair was a pretty brown. Her golfing style was distinctly good. The easy, graceful abandon of her swing made her driving a picture. Richard wished he had a camera that would give him a picture of her as she stood poised for an instant, before whipping the ball off the little hummock of sand.

Really, Mr. Chipperfield thought, this dallying of his over the big business, was not in the least efficient. If they were to be married, as of course they were, what time better to fix things up than the present? There did not seem any sound reason to the contrary. Better get it over and settle down.

"Come on, Richard," said Edith, marvelling a little at his absent-minded dilatoriness. "The pair behind will be coming up directly."

He knew she was speaking of golf, but there seemed to be something in tune with hour, place and mood in her words. He advanced to tee his ball, then turned and looked at her. The fateful words were on his lips. She looked at him as if apprehensive that he might be about to have a stroke of some kind.

"Edith," he said, "I've been thinking — thinking very seriously ——" She smiled encouragingly. Richard always did a lot of thinking.

"Thinking about what?" she asked innocently. "Well, anyway, drive off. You can tell me what you've been thinking about as we walk along."

"But ——" he temporized. Then he stopped from a natural impulse. Wasn't he being a little too precipitate? She was distracting, and a Spring day, a tree and hill screened spot, a girl who is very agreeable ——! Well, they are apt to disturb reason and cold logic. They say he who hesitates is lost. Sometimes that is so, and again, in other cases, he is found.

The following pair came along the path through the trees. Richard made a hasty shot, wrecked it, and off they went.

After that the love project was shelved. You can't talk love to the nicest girl satisfactorily when a couple of blatant idiots behind are bawling 'Fore!' every ten seconds or so. Richard knew they were doing it to put him off his stroke, not because they were in the least hurry. He could see them as he cast angry looks back between foozling shots, sitting on the tee puffing at pipes, every now and again bellowing "Fore!" after the manner of lusty calves who had lost their mothers in a fog.

He didn't tell her what he had been thinking about, and indeed, had barely recovered his poise when they finished the game. He had it in mind to ask her to walk back with him through the woods. Then he would settle things. He knew a nice shady corner where it could be all fixed up in no time. On the way to the Club House, a mine man stopped him and Edith walked on slowly.

"Heard the news?" asked his friend.

"No, what news?" Richard responded.

"Great doings. The merger's gone through. All fixed up finally yesterday. There'll be revolution down here. Six companies made into one. New Board of Directors—city men, Toronto, Montreal, New York, regular dividend hounds. Some of the folks round this way will have to sit up and take notice. There will be changes, boy! A lot of those who thought they had warm billets for life will be thinking that dynamite's popped under them."

Richard thought that the eyes of his friend glanced rather meaningly toward Edith Barnsley, as if hinting that the parental head of the Barnsley family might be in some danger. And Richard, warm as was the day, shivered. He had almost been too precipitate. It would be as well to wait and see how the new order of things worked. If Barnsley should happen to lose his position in the new shuffle, well—the world would be not quite the same.

HE did not take Edith home by the woods, but let her go with some of her friends. It was a wise move, for she was a nice kind of a girl and he liked her very much, but—well, love's a sensitive thing and apt to catch cold if it stands too long in a draught. If it should happen that John Barnsley lost his position and salary ——

The thought was appalling. The man was over fifty, and five thousand dollar jobs were not to be picked up every day in that part of the world. Besides, Richard did not think a great deal of the abilities of the manager. The fact was that he did not have a very high opinion of anyone's powers save his own. He would be sorry for Edith, if anything did go wrong. It was rough on a girl to have an improvident father.

And, while all this profound thought was going on in Richard's mind, Edith was wondering a little. She knew the expectations regarding herself and the hope of the Chipperfield family. Friends teased her sometimes about him after the fashion they have. She had had a sort of intuition on the seventh tee that he was on the verge of a proposal, a girl has an extra sense by which she apprehends these matters. He had been unusually mellow up to the time he met his friend, putting the irritation caused by the bawlers out of mind. She wondered what had brought about the chill in the atmosphere. Perhaps she was a little disappointed. There had been times when the talk of her affaire with Richard had been rather annoying, and then he had sometimes let it appear, perhaps unconsciously, that he imagined that as soon as he should be pleased to drop the handkerchief she would rush to pick it up. No girl likes to think that a man regards her as cheap and easy. But she wondered, a little disappointedly, what had cooled the atmosphere.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. BARNSLEY knew that something was wrong the moment her husband entered the house that evening. He was a good-looking man in his fifty-second year, with reddish complexion and greying moustache and hair. His light tweed clothes were smartly cut, giving him the appearance of a comfortably off country magnate who understood how to take life easily, and was in circumstances that enabled him to do so. When matters went smoothly he was as good natured as he looked, but, like most worth while men, he had his peppery side. This evening it was plain to so skilled an observer as his wife that something had put him out. He went at once to his room, washed and brushed up in record time, then came down to the dining-room with a very perceptible chip on his shoulder. The table was laid, so he had no chance to grouch about delay. Mrs. Barnsley furnished an excellent table for the family, and her husband was a man who appreciated the agreeable things of life.

The room was large and well furnished, after a solid, substantial fashion. The windows open this beautiful Spring evening gave a charming view of lawn, flower garden, orchard and lake. On the farther side of the water was the camp town, a place of some five thousand people. It straggled untidily up the side of a long steep hill, near the top of which were the mines of the Dearnside Company, of which Mr. Barnsley had been the manager for the better part of ten years. Barnsley was a mining engineer, and had been a hustler in his earlier days. He had engineered the promotion of the Dearnside Company, taking as fee for his labors, besides a money commission, the managership for a period of years. This contract had expired, but he had held on to his place afterwards without further agreement. It was an easy position, and finding himself on velvet, he had snuggled his shoulders into the downy couch, made it fit him admirably, and appreciated life—the simple life. Who wouldn't, in his place? Five thousand a year in the country before the high cost of living keyed things up, a fine house rent free, and lots of pleasant privileges and perquisites. There was no pleasanter country for a man who loved the world of out-doors, and did not think that city streets and lamp-posts, theatres and cabarets, were essential to human happiness. Barnsley loved to drop a fly over the rising spot of a trout, troll for maskilonge, squint along the barrel of a gun, spend week-ends at his fishing camp. The man who pretends to despise these delights, and professes that he prefers the application of the whirling grindstone of industry to his nose, is a liar, in apostolic language, and the truth is not in him. Most of us work because we have to, and if we didn't have to there would be fifty jobs for everybody, with few takers. Barnsley was a good man to work for, so the men said. He gave to others, so far as disciplinary decency would allow, the same indulgence he claimed for himself. The officers of the company were a band of brothers, of sorts. Of course there were little differences now and again, since many of them were married. The ladies would have friction on church matters, choir affairs, or points of social precedence, but the men, as far as permitted, lived in reasonable peace and amity. The fact was, as any member of the staff would explain, it was not like the staff of an ordinary business house, and socially it was a classy affair.

Coulson, the book-keeper, for instance, held his position because he had married a relative of one of the company's directors, and so it obtained throughout the place. Even the mailing office boy was a kind of remittance man. He had made a hash of things at College, coming away without a degree at the insistent request of the Faculty. Being unable to secure a really congenial position in the hard, cold world, among unrefined folk, something had to be done for him by his relatives lest he earn notoriety and spot the family escutcheon by dying of starvation. So he had been sent down to Ste. Brunhilde where he affixed the stamps to the outgoing mail, and chaperoned the post-bag twice a day to and from the post office. All the office men had been born with expectations, but had been switched from the track by one little thing or another. They had the dignity of men with promising pasts, and you never realized fully how classy they were until you heard their women folk hold forth on their family genealogical trees. The Barnsleys were at the head of the society of the community. Nobody questioned that.

One would have to travel far before finding a pleasanter woman than Mrs. Barnsley, a comely woman nearing the fifties, quiet, shrewd, hospitable, home-loving. They had three children, Edith, the eldest, Nancy, four years younger, and a boy, Jack Junior, in his twelfth year. Nancy was her father's favorite, pert, pretty, lively, just about launching out, after College, on a pleasant campaign of her own, in which friends and amusements played prominent parts. Edith was more serious than Nancy. She was fond of housework and being the eldest of the family, had been able to indulge her hobby all she desired. Then she had at one time taken an odd notion to go away and take a course at a business college. That had been the one eccentric thing of her entire life. When she came back she bought a typewriter, and, whenever she wanted a real bit of indoor sport—as Nancy used to say—she would go up to her room and revel in stenographic exercises, which were irreverently called "pothooks" within the family circle, or would pound away on the typewriter as Nancy played ragtime. She was a funny girl, so the general opinion ran, and just suited for a driving, unromantic person like Richard Chipperfield.

WHEN Mr. Barnsley came into the dining room, adorned with the shoulder chip, as aforesaid, Nancy was at the piano playing a ragtime lament whose burden was:

> Coon, Coon, Coon, I wish my color'd fade.
> Coon, Coon, Coon, I'd like a different shade.

Jack Junior was on the lawn with a catapult, pretending to slay sparrows, though the birds were in much less danger than the windows of the conservatory.

"Hello, dad!" exclaimed Nancy, ceasing to mourn her sable color. "You look as if somebody had stroked your fur the wrong way."

"Is dinner ready?" her father demanded, heedless of her observation.

"Yes, everything is on the table, or ready to put on," his wife replied.

They ranged themselves about the mahogany in their accustomed places and the meal proceeded. Ordinarily they were the liveliest family at meals, but the father's looks appeared to blanket them all this evening, except perhaps Nancy.

"Rather like a Quaker's meeting," she observed. "By the way, dad, I was in town this afternoon and I'd like some money, please. There's the smartest Summer outing dress at the Bon Marche, and it might have been made specially for me. I shall want one for the picnic at Lake Joseph, next week. They wished me to take it and have it charged, but I had a conscience, for once. Wasn't I self-denying? Edith was lecturing me the other day about the extravagance of charging things, and I think there is reason in what she said. They wanted thirty-five dollars for the dress, but I can get it for thirty two, I am sure, if I have the cash. I won't want a hat," she went on self-denyingly, "you don't need them in the woods or on the water. Just thirty two dollars, daddy, so please hand over and smile."

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Mr. Stephens' story "Man and Wife," concluded in the June number, was a very popular one with readers of* MACLEAN'S. *Repeated inquiries have been received as to when this story will come out in book form. Inasmuch as it did not run to book length it is not likely that it will appear in that form, but we are glad to be able to announce that other Stephens stories will appear in* MACLEAN'S. *"Ebb and Flow" will be found quite as interesting as "Man and Wife."*

She clenched her small fist, outstretching two fingers to represent the barrel of a hold-up gun.

"Do you think I'm made of money?" her father asked. They had all heard him make the same inquiry a hundred times before so it had not much effect.

"No, dear, or I might be tempted to spend you, and then I'd want you back afterwards," said the little minx.

"There will have to be much less spending from now on—a great deal less," her father observed with ominous deliberateness. "There has been a great change, and I don't know yet what the precise outcome is going to be."

"What did you have for lunch, dad?" asked Nancy. "Really you should come home for it. You know everything they cook at the hotel positively swims in grease, and always makes you glum and economical."

"Nancy!" her mother rebuked. The slip of a girl would say things to her father that the mother in her liveliest moments would never dream of speaking.

"Things have got to be altered," continued Mr. Barnsley. "The amalgamation has gone through and we live in a different world. A revolution has swept over the place, and we may be hit hardest of all."

"Gracious, father!" exclaimed Nancy. Her ideas of revolutions were of mobs running wild, heads being chopped off, unfortunates stood against walls before firing squads. "What can you mean?"

"The amalgamation has gone through. The Dearnside Company exists no longer except as a part of the big new corporation," he replied.

"Yes, I heard something about that in town to-day," Nancy went on. "But I thought that the amalgamation of the companies was a wonderfully progressive thing. Competition would be done away with, and instead of half a dozen companies doing their best to cut each other's throats in the nickel market, there would be just one big organization, having practical control of the market."

"A revolution may be progressive, and yet hit the old order hard," her father explained. "Do you realize what this will mean for those who have been employed by the half-dozen independent companies? There will be one firm instead of six, one office with one staff instead of half a dozen, one big king instead of half a dozen lesser ones. It means that those who had friends at Court, on the old boards will be without them. The new board will be a different proposition. On the old ones the members were, as a rule, personal friends, the employees closely identified with the employers. But now all that's gone. The employees will be just cogs in a wheel or wheels in a machine, their value measured by their utility. The personal element has gone."

"But the new company will require managers just as the old ones did. There should be as good or better positions available," said Edith. "You've been on the ground so long and are so familiar with the place and conditions that it might be even better for you, might it not, father?"

"One would have thought that experience locally would count," replied her father, somewhat mollified. "But, as a matter of fact it doesn't appear to have done so. The general managership that I thought might possibly come my way has gone elsewhere. An outsider named Christie is being brought in at fifteen thousand a year. He's a young man I'm told, one of the modern school, a driver of the new efficiency type one hears so much about these latter days. It'll be within his power to cut off every head, make new rules, fix salaries afresh, reorganize everything. I may not hold my present position a month—nothing is certain."

"You don't really mean that, John?" his wife said fearfully, for the manner of her husband made her afraid.

"I mean it absolutely," he replied. "Everything is in the air. I may be continued in a subordinate position or he may turn me adrift. The latter, of course, is the natural thing, since the new king doesn't usually care to have the old one round the premises. However, I'm not out a position yet, but, Nancy, my girl, get rid of thoughts about new picnic dresses and money outlays generally."

CHAPTER III

THE Dearnside Company's office was the kind that Noah may have been supposed to have had in the ark. It was palatial enough, certainly, for the Dearnside management had been extravagant in its buildings, more veranda than house about their erections. Inside it was furnished after the early Victorian manner The desks and stools might have come straight out of Dickens Messrs. Cheeryble Brothers office, high, spindle-legged affairs as if to take the clerks into the realms of high finance and business. The office was a free-for-all kind of place, and next to the hotel lobby the most popular gossip shop in the town Anybody who happened to stroll that way, with nothing much on mind or hands just dropped in took a seat, smoked and chatted, chewed and spat, as habit and inclination dictated. One could hear more news of the town than the local paper printed in a month in a quarter of an hour at Dearnside's When the morning mail was brought up politics sport and world affairs were discussed and adjusted If you wanted a good story, that was the place to find it. Each man considered it his duty to bring in a reasonably fresh one every day or so. It was a co-operative humorists club. There were fishing tales and hunting tales, and other kinds of tales. With visitors in the wicker arm chairs that took up the main portion of the middle of the floor, and the clerks, backs to their desks pens stuck behind their ears, the place was a kind of Areopagus where men gathered as did the Athenians of old on Mars Hill, "to tell or hear some new thing"

Coulson the book-keeper was a man of rather pretty wit. Being the head of the office it was incumbent on the rest to laugh at his jokes. He had been in the lumber business but it had disappeared from beneath him, and then he got into Dearnside's office through pull He was one of the old school—vintage round 1850. He kept the books after a quaintly antique manner and wrote the letters, being reputed to have a neat literary style and being a good penman. Wrote them—one uses the words advisedly, for he hated the new-fangled way of machine correspondence. A typewriter was an abomination in his eyes, a sure indication of the growing slothfulness of the age. It was an insult, he believed to write a letter on a machine, showed no proper respect, besides dwarfing the writer's individuality What character could there be in a machine? Nothing like the personality displayed in penmanship He used one kind of pen and one kind of ink. When the letters were written they were copied in a creaky old press that appeared to be about the date of the arrival of Christopher Columbus

Mr Barnsley was away one particular bright and cheery day The mail train was late, and did not arrive till two in the afternoon. It was about twenty minutes later when a stranger put in his appearance. He was a young man about thirty to judge by looks, smartly dressed after a city fashion. A live-wire sort of person he appeared to be, possibly some drummer new to the country, who had drifted along.

The office did not approve of casual drummers. There were the regular ones who had called once a month or thereabouts for years. These latter were welcomed, a wicker chair was at their disposal and they carried vest-pocketfuls of cigars that were distinctly above the stogie brand They were free, too, with the cigars, and usually had a nice little tale or two picked up in the course of their acquaintance with cities and men. Outsiders, however were not encouraged at Dearnside's They were classed with book agents, and beggars who insisted on exhibiting their sores and sending round the hat, pour la charite

The new-comer halted at the counter

"Mr Barnsley in?" he inquired somewhat brusquely.

"Not yet," said Coulson rather peevishly for he hated to be interrupted in his narrations. "And so," he resumed, "I had three flies on the cast, a Brown Montreal a Parmachene Belle, and a Silver Doctor for leader I cast, whipped two or three times, and then there was a pull as if I'd a whale on. Believe me or not, it nearly dragged me out of the boat. And by gosh! there were three of them on, one for each fly and the smallest not a fraction less than a pound and a half."

"When do you expect Mr Barnsley in?" asked the impatient visitor

"Can't tell May be ten minutes or two hours," snapped Coulson "Leave a card or a message, if you like, or else sit down and make yourself as happy as you can"

"I'm in a hurry," said the stranger.

"Shouldn't be Thunderingly hot day," observed the office boy "Any little thing I can do for you?"

"Yes, show me the manager's office, and find out where Mr Barnsley is, quick. I'm Christie" said the stranger

There was consternation in mossy nooks in the office. Followed on this a drift sliding and slithering on tall stools, and after this the scratching of pens exceeding all speed records. Coulson stood his ground courageously though a little pale.

"How do you do, Mr Christie, welcome to Ste. Brunhilde Mr Barnsley is away but may be back within an hour or so. He's a busy man here, there, and everywhere, as one might say Charming weather for the time of year, is it not?"

THE office thought that while the new king might be a live-wire and a hustler in his way, he lacked something of the *savoir faire* that the business men of the old time were renowned for He looked inside and outside the office. He was inquisitive in a sharp, jerky way as a living interrogation mark might be. His eyes were of the gimlet variety, and he had a steel trap sort of mouth that had on the upper lip a short, bristly, aggressive moustache. His talk was all questioning He gave back no exchange remark and neither praised nor condemned There was no criticism from him He was a veritable hunting hound for information, and whether it pleased or displeased him nobody could tell. So came the new king into his kingdom.

EVERYBODY talked about new brooms and their way of sweeping clean at first, but this broom did no immediate sweeping of any consequence, contrary to expectations. The weeks went by and then a month—two—three, without any notable change. No salary was cut, no head lopped off. True the conversaziones in the office were abandoned and the wicker chairs were banished, but these alterations were in the way of voluntary concessions of Coulson to the new spirit of the times

The new man was a perfect fiend for statistics and facts. He had to know every day to a pound what pits and mills were turning out. When the people of the town had just begun to laugh at the evil prognostications his coming had adduced, and to feel that they had been needlessly alarmed, Christie started in to do a little bit of sweeping and presently house-cleaning was on in full blast. He began with a detailed and elaborate stocktaking of the properties of the corporation. Every scrap and stick was inventoried. If the company owned a pair of shackles they had to go down on the list. All the house property of the concern was gone over, valued and the figures put down. Every little pile of scrap iron went into the reckoning. Then began the re-arrangements and cleaning up He took Barnsley into the office one morning, and talked things over. First the office was discussed

"Yes," he said, shortly dropping into a chair.

"Fossils of a remote geological age," said Christie. "There's going to be a new head. No, I don't mean to scrap the others without giving them a chance They need a live man at the top, brains instead of just a headpiece to look at. If the rest fall into line, all right, if they don't they'll make way for those who will, but they'll have a show. Coulson's three thousand will be reduced to two and there will be a whittling down of the rest Now about the house property. We've over two hundred houses. Anybody that wants one just squats down on it, and when he's got a house rent free he thinks he's a vested right to water and electric light and the services of a carpenter or two to keep the place in order. We're keeping cows and horses for half the staff That's all to be done away with Every house has to bring in rent Where men have been hired and allowed to take one, an allowance will be made in the pay, but the new men hired will just get ordinary wages and pay rent. Not a wisp of hay, not a handful of grain goes out on this free farm business. And all these scores and scores of tons of scrap have to be turned into money."

They were revolutionary moves, but Barnsley knew in his heart that they were all just and right. The way in which the property of the old company had been wasted was a disgrace. It had become a system that everybody fell in with He blamed himself for not having made the changes long ago but he had let himself get into a groove, and things had slid along any way. One thing he admired about the new king was his fairness in handling the men. He fired nobody on his past record, blaming the system rather than the man, and gave each one a chance to make good under the new regime

When they got through about everything else Christie came abruptly to the matter that had long been uppermost in Barnsley's mind—his own relation to the new order of things. The ex-manager did not see where he could be placed, and the reflection had given him many a wakeful night. The pit boss had been retained Chipperfield in the mills was holding on—and neither man had been cut in salary It seemed as if Christie had taken to Chipperfield who was a hustler ambitious, and, in a not too obtrusive way, obsequious. The new king was not above using a man of that type. He appeared to size him up at once as one who was here to stick to his job, and ready to please his over-lord no matter the kind of duty he was asked to perform Chipperfield was a born intriguer, and always out after the main chance, and made himself useful to the seeker of information about everything that was going on round the place. As a commanding general uses secret service, so Christie had use for one who could give him sidelights on current happenings

"Now as to yourself Barnsley," said the chief. "I've given it a lot of thought, and have come to a decision, the best I can. I don't want you to feel hurt, but, you see you and I in a way conflict. I am here to do on a six-column scale what you did in one. Of course you may have other plans and would like to get away."

"No, I have done nothing yet," Barnsley answered.

"Well then, I want to tell you just what I can do," the other continued. "I'm creating a new position. I want a man to take a lot of the routine work off my hands. It'll be his duty to give an eye to the entire field to go round it continually, sort of co-ordinate reports on the work, see where the hitches are, suggest changes that might make for improved general efficiency, and help to get the whole organization running to its best advantage. Such a man will act as my assistant, without executive authority. You know I can pick up a score of such—those youngsters, well-qualified, hustlers who would jump at the chance of making good with a big corporation like ours in the expectation of making the job a jumping-off place for a really worth while position You're getting five thousand and a house. I can't pay anything like that. Twenty-five hundred will be the salary, with no house, and if you wanted to retain your present residence, the rent would be thirty a month. We can make no exceptions in the renting rule."

"That means that the net salary would be round twenty-two hundred," said Barnsley reflectively

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HIS MAJESTY'S WELL-BELOVED

A Romantic Story of the Reign of Charles II

By BARONESS ORCZY

Illustrated by
C F PETERS

"In that case, my Lord," said Mr Batterton, "you can only arm yourself henceforth with a coward and a liar!"

CHAPTER THREE—*Continued*

"BUT this is monstrous—infamous—!"

"And will be well-deserved," here broke in Lord Douglas decisively 'Fie on you friend, to worry over that baggage, whilst we are still in doubt if my sister is safe.'

'Yes!' murmured Lord Stour with a sudden note of deep solicitude in his voice. "My God! I was forgetting!"

He ran to the window—the one next to the recess where I still remained ensconced—threw up the sash and gazed out even more anxiously than I had been doing all along Mr Baggs in the meanwhile endeavoured to reassure Lord Douglas.

"If," he said "her Ladyship knows that your Lordship hath come here to visit me, she may seek shelter under my humble roof"

"God grant that she may!" rejoined the young man fervently

We all were on tenterhooks I as much as the others, and we all gazed out agitatedly in the direction of Fleet Street. Then, all at once, my Lord Stour gave a cry of relief

"There's the chaise!" he exclaimed "It has just turned the corner of this street .... No! not that way, Douglas .... on your right .... That is Lady Barbara's house, is it not?"

"Yes, it is!" ejaculated the other "Thank Heaven, our man Pyncheon has had the good sense to bring her here Quick, Mr Notary!" he added 'The door!'

The next moment a Sedan chair borne by two men in handsome liveries of blue and silver, came to a halt just below Already Mr Baggs had hurried down the stairs. He would I knew, yield to no one in the privilege of being the first to make the Lady Barbara welcome in his house The excitement and anxiety were momentarily over, and I could view quite composedly from above the beautiful Lady Barbara as she stepped out of her Chair a little flurried obviously, for she clasped and unclasped her cloak with a nervy, trembling hand

A second or two later, I heard her high-heeled shoes pattering up the stairs, whilst her Men with the Chair sought refuge in a quiet tavern higher up in Chancery Lane.

CHAPTER FOUR

More Than a Passing Fancy

I

I WOULD that You, fair Mistress, had seen the Lady Barbara Wychwoode as I beheld her on that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon, her cheeks of a delicate pallor her golden hair slightly disarranged, her lips trembling with excitement. You who are so inexpressibly beautiful, would have been generous enough to give ungrudging admiration to what was so passing fair

She was panting a little, for obviously she had been scared and clung to her Brother as if for protection But I noticed that directly she entered the room her eyes encountered those of my Lord Stour, and that at sight of him a happy smile at once overspread and illumined her face

"I am so thankful, Douglas, dear," she said, "that Pyncheon happened to know you were here. He also knew the way to Mr Baggs' house, and as soon as he realised that the crowd in Fleet Street was no ordinary one he literally took to his heels and brought me along here in amazingly quick time But, oh!" she ended lightly, "I can tell you that I was scared. My heart went thumping and I have not yet recovered my breath"

Her cheeks now had become suffused with a blush and her blue eyes sparkled, more with excitement than fear, I imagined. Certain it is that her beauty was enhanced thereby But Lord Douglas, with a brother's privilege, shrugged his shoulders and said with a show of banter

"Methinks, Babs, dear that your heart hath chiefly gone a-thumping because you are surprised at finding Stour here"

She gave a gay little laugh—the laugh of one who is sure of love and of happiness, the same laugh, dear Mistress, for which I have hearkened of late in vain from You.

"I only arrived in London this morning," my Lord Stour explained

"And hastened to pay your respects to the law rather than to me," Lady Barbara taunted him lightly

"I would not have ventured to present myself at this hour," he rejoined "And apparently would have found the Lady Barbara from home."

"So a beneficent fairy whispered to you to go and see Mr Notary, and thus arranged everything for the best."

"The beneficent fairy had her work cut out, then," Lord Douglas remarked somewhat impatiently, I thought.

"How do you mean?" she retorted.

"Why," said he "in order to secure this tryst, the beneficent Fairy had first to bring me hither as well as Stour and Lady Castlemaine to the India House. Then she had to inflame the temper of a whole crowd of roisterers sufficiently to cause the worthy Pyncheon to take to his heels with you in the chair In fact, the good Fairy must have been to endless trouble to arrange this meeting 'twixt Lady Barbara and her Lover, when but a few hours later that same meeting would have come about quite naturally."

"Nay, then!" she riposted with perfect good humour, "Let us call it a happy coincidence, and say no more about it."

EVEN then her Brother uttered an angry exclamation. He appeared irritated by the placidity and good humour of the others. His nerves were evidently on edge, and while my Lord Stour, with the egoism peculiar to lovers, became absorbed in whispering sweet nothings in Lady Barbara's ears, Lord Douglas took to pacing up and down the Room like some impatient Animal.

I watched the three of them with ever-growing interest. Being very sensitive to outward influences I was suddenly obsessed with the feeling that through some means or other these three Persons so far above me in station, would somehow become intermixed with my life, and that it had suddenly become my Duty to watch them and to listen to what they were saying.

I had no desire to pry upon them, of course, so I pray You do not misunderstand me nor condemn me for thus remaining hidden behind the screen and for not betraying my Presence to them all. Certainly my Lord Stour and Lord Douglas Wychwoode had known at one time that I was in the room. They had seen me installed in the window recess, with the treasonable Manifesto which I had been set to copy. But since then the two Gentlemen had obviously become wholly oblivious of my Presence and the Lady Barbara did not of course even know of my Existence, whilst I did not feel disposed to reveal myself to any of them just yet.

II

LORD DOUGLAS, thereafter, was for braving the rioters and for returning home. But Lady Barbara and Lord Stour, feeling happy in one another's Company, were quite content to bide for a time under Mr Baggs' sheltering roof.

"You must have patience, Douglas," she said to her brother. "I assure you that the Streets are not safe. Some rowdy Folk have set themselves to attacking every chair they see and tearing the gold and silver lace from the Chairmen's liveries. Even the side-streets are thronged. Pyncheon will tell you of the difficulty he had in bringing me here."

"But we cannot wait until night!" Lord Douglas urged impatiently.

"No!" said she. "Only one hour or two. As soon as the people have seen Lady Castlemaine and have vented their wrath on her, they will begin to disperse, mostly into the neighbouring Taverns, and then we can slip quietly away."

"Or else," broke in Lord Stour hotly, "surely the Watchmen will come anon and disperse that rabble ere it vents its spite upon a defenceless woman!"

"A defenceless woman, you call her, my Lord!" Lady Barbara retorted reproachfully. "She is the most dangerous enemy England has at this moment!"

"You are severe, Lady Barbara ——"

"Severe!" she exclaimed, with a vehement tone of reproach. "Ah! you have been absent, my Lord. You do not know—you do not understand! Over abroad you did not realise the Misery, the Famine, that is stalking our land. Money that should be spent on reclaiming our industries, which have suffered through twenty years of civil strife, or in helping the poor to tide over these years of lean harvests, is being lavished by an irresponsible Monarch upon a greedy wanton, who——"

"Barbara!"

She paused, recalled to herself by the stern voice of her brother. She had allowed her Indignation to master her maidenly reserve. Her cheeks were aflame now, her lips quivering with Passion. Of a truth, she was a Woman to be admired, for unlike most of her sex, she had profound feelings of Patriotism and of Charity; she had valour, enthusiasm, temperament, and was not ashamed to speak what was in her mind. I watched my Lord Stour while she spoke, and saw how deeply he worshipped her. Now she encountered his gaze and heavy tears came into her eyes.

"Ah, my Lord," she said gently, "you will see sadder sights in the Streets of London to-day than ever you did in the Wars after the fiercest Battles."

"'Tis no use appealing to him, Babs," Lord Douglas interposed with obvious exasperation. "A moment ago I told him of our Plans. I begged him to lend us his sword and his hand to strike a blow at the Profligacy and Wantonness which is sending England to perdition worse than ever before ——"

Lady Barbara turned great reproachful eyes on my Lord.

"And you refused—?" she whispered.

Synopsis of First Instalment

This is the story of Thomas Betterton and Joyce Saunderson as told by John Honeywood. Betterton is a famous actor and a favorite of Charles II. The favor that he wins with other women, particularly Lady Barbara Wychwoode, causes Joyce to break off her engagement with him. Honeywood is engaged by Theophilus Baggs as a clerk and scrivener and is ordered to copy a treasonable manifesto brought by Lord Douglas Wychwoode, brother of Barbara. It calls upon the gentry of the country to unite in a plot to seize and dethrone Charles. Lord Douglas meets Lord Stour, Barbara's lover, at Baggs' house and endeavors to draw him into the plot.

MY Lord looked confused. All at once, I knew that he was already wavering. A weak Man, perhaps; he was deeply, desperately enamoured. I gathered that he had not seen the Lady Barbara for some months. No doubt his soul hungered for her smiles. He was the sort of Man methinks who would barter everything—even Honour—for the Woman he loved. And I do not think that he cared for much beyond that. His father, as you remember, fought on the Parliament side. I do not say that he was one of the Regicides, but he did not raise a finger to help or to serve his King. And he had been a rigid Protestant. All the Stourcliffes of Stour were that, and the present Earl's allegiance to King Charles could only have been very perfunctory. Besides which, 'tis the age of Conspiracies and of political Factions. I doubt not but it will be another twenty years before the Country is really satisfied with its form of Government. I myself—though God knows I am but a humble Clerk—could wish that this Popish marriage for the King had not been decided on. We do not want religious factions warring with one another again!

But all this is beside the mark, nor would I dwell on it save for my desire to be, above all, just to these three People who were destined to do the man I love best in the world so irreparable injury.

As I said before, I could see that my Lord Stour was hesitating. Now Lady Barbara invited him to sit beside her upon the Sofa, and she began talking to him gaily and earnestly, Lord Douglas only putting in a word or so now and again. What they said hath little to do with the purport of my Narrative, nor will I plague You with the telling of it. These people are nothing to You; they have nothing to do with humble plebeians like ourselves; they are a class apart, and we should never mix ourselves up with them or their affairs, as Mr Betterton hath since learned to his hurt.

III

WHILE they were talking together, the three of them, I tried once more to concentrate my mind upon my work, and finished off another two or three copies of the treasonable Manifesto.

All this while you must remember that the noise and rowdiness in the streets had in no way diminished. Rather had it grown in intensity. The people whom I watched from time to time and saw darting down Chancery Lane or across the corner of Fleet Street, looked more excited, more bent on mischief, than before. I had seen a few stones flying about, and once or twice heard the ominous crash of broken glass.

Then suddenly there came an immense cry, which was not unlike the snarling of hundreds of angry Beasts. I knew what that meant. My Lady Castlemaine was either on the point of quitting the India House or had been otherwise spied by the Populace. I could no longer restrain my curiosity. Once more I cast my papers aside and leaned out of the window. The shouting and hooting had become more and more ominous. Apparently, too, a company of the City Watchmen had arrived. They were trying to force their way through the throng, and their calls of, "Make way there!" sounded more and more peremptory. But what was a handful of Watchmen beside an excited crowd of rioters determined to wreak their temper upon an unpopular bit of baggage? I doubt not but that His Majesty's Body-guard could alone restore order now and compass the safety of the lady.

As I leaned out of the window I could see stones and miscellaneous missiles flying in every direction, and then suddenly I had a clear vision of a gorgeous sedan chair escorted by a dozen or more City Watchmen, who were trying to forge a way for it through the crowd. They were trying to reach the corner of our Street, hoping no doubt to turn up this way and thus effect an escape by way of the Lower Lincoln's Inn Fields and Drury Lane, while the crowd would of necessity be kept back through the narrowness of the Streets and the intricacies of the Alleys.

The whole point now was whether the Chairmen could reach our corner before the roisterers had succeeded in beating back the Watchmen when of course they meant to tear Lady Castlemaine out of her chair. Poor, wretched woman! She must have been terribly frightened. I know that I myself felt woefully agitated. Leaning out toward the street, I could see Lady Barbara's pretty head at the next window and my Lord Stour and Lord Douglas close beside her. They too had forgotten all about their talk and their plans and Conspiracies and were gazing out on the exciting spectacle with mixed feelings, I make no doubt. As for me, I feel quite sure that but for my sense of utter helplessness, I should have rushed out even then and tried to lend a hand in helping an unfortunate woman out of so terrible a predicament, and I marvelled how deep must have been the hatred for her felt by gentlemen like my Lord Stour and Lord Douglas Wychwoode that their sense of chivalry forsook them so completely at this hour so that neither of them attempted to run to her aid or even suggest that she should find shelter in this house.

As for Mr Baggs, he was not merely idly curious, he was delighted at the idea that my Lady Castlemaine should be maltreated by the mob, whilst Mistress Euphrosine's one idea was the hope that if the rioters meant to murder the baggage, they would not do so outside the door. She and Mr Baggs had come running into the Parlour the moment the rioting reached its height, and of a truth, dear Mistress, You would have been amused to see us all at the three front windows of the house—three groups watching the distant and wildly exciting happenings in Fleet Street. There was I at one window, Mr and Mrs. Baggs at the other, Lady Barbara and the two Gallants at the third. And the ejaculations which came from one set of Watchers or the other, would fill several pages of my narrative.

Mistress Euphrosine was in abject fear. "Oh! I hope," cried she now and again, "that they won't come this way. There'll be murder upon our doorstep!"

My Lord Stour had just one revulsion of feeling in favour of the unfortunate Castlemaine. "Come, Douglas!" he called at one time. "Let's to her aid. Remember she is a woman, after all!"

But Lady Barbara placed a restraining hand upon his arm, and Lord Douglas said with a rough laugh: "I would not lift a finger to defend her. Let the Devil befriend her an he list."

And all the while the mob hissed and hooted, and stones flew like hail all around the chaise.

"Oh! They'll murder her! They'll murder her!" wailed Mistress Euphrosine piously.

"And save honest men a vast deal of trouble thereby," Mr Baggs concluded sententiously.

The Watchmen were now forging ahead. With their sticks and staves they fought their way through bravely, heading the chair towards our street. But even so, methought that they stood but little chance of saving my Lady Castlemaine in the end. The crowd had guessed their purpose already, and were quite ready to give chase. The Chairmen with their heavy burden could be no match against them in a race, and the final capture of the unfortunate woman was only now a question of time.

THEN suddenly I gave a gasp. Of a truth I could scarce believe in what I saw. Let me try and put the picture clearly before you, dear Mistress, for in truth You would have loved to see it as I did then. About half a dozen Watchmen had by great exertion succeeded in turning the corner of our street. They were heading towards us with only a comparatively small knot of roisterers to contend against, and the panting, struggling Chairmen with the sedan chair were immediately behind them.

As far as I could see, the crowd had not expected this Manœuvre, and the sudden turning off of their prey at right angles disconcerted the foremost among them for the space of a second or two. This gave the Chairmen a brief start up the street. But the very next moment the crowd seized the situation, and with a wild war-cry turned to give chase, when a Man suddenly stepped out from nowhere in particular that I could see, unless it was from the "Cock" tavern, and stood at the bottom of the street between two posts, all alone, facing the mob.

His appearance, I imagine, had been so unexpected as well as so sudden, that the young Roisterers in the front of the crowd paused—like a crowd always will when something totally unexpected doth occur. The Man, of course, had his back towards us, but I had already recognized him, nor was I surprised that his appearance did have the effect of the checking for an instant that spirit of mischief which was animating the throng. Lady Barbara and the young Gentlemen at the other window were even more astonished than I at this wholly unforeseen occurrence. They could not understand the sudden checking of the rioters and the comparative silence which fell upon the forefront of their ranks.

"What does it all mean?" my Lord Stour exclaimed.

"A man between the chair and its pursuers," Lord Douglas said in amazement.

"Who is it?" queried Lady Barbara.

"Not a Gentleman," rejoined Lord Douglas, "for he would not thus stop to parley with so foul a mob. Methinks I know the figure," he added, and leaned a little further out of the window, the better to take in the whole of the amazing scene. "Yes—by gad! . . . . It is . . . . ."

Here Mistress Euphrosine's cry of horror broke in upon us all.

"Alas!" she ejaculated piously. "'Tis that reprobate Brother of mine!"

"So it is!" added Mr Baggs drily. "'Tis meet he should raise his voice in defence of that baggage."

"But, who is it?" insisted my Lord Stour impatiently.

"Why, Betterton the Actor," replied Lord Douglas with a laugh. "Do you not know him?"

"Only from seeing him on the stage," said the other. Then he added: "An Actor confronting a mob! By gad! the fellow hath pluck!"

"He knows," protested Mr Baggs acidly, "that the mob will not hurt him. He hath so oft made them laugh that they look upon him as one of themselves."

"Listen!" said Lady Barbara. "You can hear him speak quite plainly."

Whereupon they all became silent.

ALL this, of course, had occurred in far less time than it takes to describe. Not more than a few seconds had gone by since first I saw Mr Betterton step out from Nowhere in particular into the Street. But his interposition had given my Lady Castlemaine's chairmen, and also the Watchmen who were guarding her, a distinct advance. They were making the most of the respite by hurrying up our street as fast as they were able, even while the crowd—that portion of it that stood nearest to Mr Betterton and could hear his voice—broke into a loud laugh at some sally of his which had apparently caught their fancy.

From the distance the cry was raised: "To the pillory the Castlemaine!"

It was at this point that my Lady Barbara bade everyone to listen, so that we all could hear Mr Betterton's rich and powerful voice quite plainly.

"Come, come, friends!" he was saying, "the Lady will get there without your help some day, I'll warrant. Aye! and further too, an the Devil gives her her deal. Now, now," he continued, when cries and murmurs, hems and hisses, strove to interrupt him. "You are not going to hiss a hard working Actor off the stage like this. Do, in the name of sport, which every sound minded Englishman loves, after all, await a fitter opportunity for molesting a defenceless woman. What say you to adjourning to the 'Cock' tavern? where mine Host hath just opened a new cask of the most delicious beer you have ever tasted. There's a large room at the back of the bar—you know it. Well! every one who goes there now—and there's room for three or four hundred of you—can drink a pint of that beer at my expense. What say you friends? Is it not better than to give chase to a pack of Watchmen and a pair of liveried Chairmen who are already as scared as rabbits? See! they are fast disappearing up the street. Come! who will take a pint of beer at the invitation of Tom Betterton? You know him! Is he not a jolly, good fellow? . . . ."

Of course he did not deliver this speech uninterruptedly. It was only snatches of it that came to our ears. But we Listeners soon caught the drift of it, and watched its reception by the crowd. Well! the fire-eaters gradually cooled down. The prospect of the ale at the "Cock" caused many a smack of the lips, which in its turn smothered the cries of rage and vituperation. Anon One could perceive one [illegible] after another drawn with anticipatory pleasure across lips that had ceased to boo.

Just then too, Heaven interposed in a conciliatory spirit in the form of a few drops of heavy rain presaging a storm. The next moment the stampede in the direction of the "Cock" tavern had begun, whilst my Lady Castlemaine's Chairmen trudged unmolested past our door.

My Lord Stour gave a loud laugh.

"'Twas well thought on," he exclaimed. "The Mountebank hath found a way to stop the rabble's howls, whilst my Lady Baggage finds safety in flight."

But Lady Barbara added thoughtfully: "Methinks 'twas plucky to try and defend a Woman single-handed."

IV

I WATCHED the turbulent throng, filing now in orderly procession through the hospitably open doors of the "Cock" tavern. Mr Betterton remained for awhile standing at the door, marshalling the more obstreperous of his invited guests and parleying with Mr [illegible], the host of the "Cock"—no doubt making arrangements for the quenching of three or four hundred thirsts at his expense. Then he suddenly turned on his heel and came up the Street. Lord Douglas gave one of his rough, grating laughs, and said:

"So now I see that, like a wise man, Mr. Betterton mistrusts his popularity and proposes to seek refuge from his ebullient friends."

"I believe," said Mistress Euphrosine to her Lord in an awed whisper, "I believe that Thomas is coming here."

Which possibility greatly disconcerted Mr Baggs. He became quite agitated and exclaimed feebly:

"I'll not have him here . . . . I'll not. . . . Not while her Ladyship is here. . . . I'll not allow it!"

"And pray why not, Mr Notary?" Lady Barbara put in haughtily. "Mr Betterton sups twice a week with His Majesty. Surely then you may invite him without shame under your roof!"

"And I've never seen the great Actor close to," remarked Lord Stour lightly. "I've oft marvelled what he was like in private life."

"Oh!" said Lord Douglas, with a distinct note of acerbity in his voice, "he is just like any other Fellow of his degree. These mountebanks have of late thought themselves Somebodies just because 'tis the fashion for Gentlemen to write plays and to go to the Theatre. My Lord Rochester, Sir George Etherege and the others have so spoilt them by going about constantly with them, that the Fellows scarce know their place now. This man Betterton is the worst of the lot. He makes love to the Ladies of the Court, forgets that he is nought but a Rogue and a Vagabond and not worthy to be seen in the company of Gentlemen. Oh! I've oft had an itching to lay a stick across the shoulders of some of these louts!"

I would that I could convey to you, dear Mistress, the tone of spite wherewith Lord Douglas spoke at this moment, or the look of contempt which for the moment quite disfigured his good looking face. That he had been made aware at some time of Mr Betterton's admiration for Lady Barbara became at once apparent to me, also that he looked upon that admiration as a presumption and an insult.

I was confirmed in this supposition by the look which he gave then and there to his Sister, a look which caused her to blush to the very roots of her hair. I fancy, too, that he also whispered something on that subject to my Lord Stour, for a dark frown of anger suddenly appeared upon the latter's Face and he muttered an angry and rough ejaculation.

As for me, I am an humble Clerk, a peaceful Citizen and a practising Christian, but just at that moment I felt that I hated Lord Douglas Wychwoode and his Friend with a bitter and undying hatred.

V

MESEEMED as if the air within the room had become surcharged with a subtle and heady fluid akin to an Intoxicant, so many Passions were even then warring in the innermost hearts of us all. There was Hatred and Spite, and Passion and Love. We were all of us alive at that moment, if you know what I mean. We were Individuals who felt and thought individually and strongly, not just the mere sheep-like creatures swayed hither and thither by the modes and exigencies of the hour. And I can assure you that even then, when we heard Mr Betterton's quick step ascending the stairs, we all held our breath and watched the door as if something Supernatural was about to be revealed to us.

The next moment that door was thrown open and Mr Betterton appeared upon the threshold.

Ah! if only you had seen him then, Mistress, your heart would have rejoiced, just as mine did at the sight. Personally I could never tell You if Mr. Betterton be tall or short, handsome or ill favoured; all that I know is that when he is in a room you cannot look at anyone else; he seems to dwarf every other Man by the Picturesqueness of his Personality.

And now—oh! You should have seen him as he stood there, framed in the doorway, the grey afternoon light of this dull September day falling full upon his face, with those glittering eyes of his and the kindly, firm mouth, round which there slowly began to spread a gently mocking smile. He was richly dressed as was his wont, with peerless lace frills at throat and wrists, and his huge periwig set off to perfection the nobility of his brow.

With one swift gaze round the room, he had taken in the full situation. You know yourself, dear Mistress, what marvellous powers of intuition he has. His glance swept over Lady Barbara's exquisite comeliness, her somewhat flurried mien and wide, inquisitive eyes; over Lord Douglas, sullen and contemptuous; my Lord Stour, wrathful and suspicious; Mistress Euphrosine and Mr Baggs, servile and tremulous. I doubt not that his keen eye had also spied me watching his every movement from behind the screen.

The mocking smile broadened upon his face. With one shapely leg extended forward, his right arm holding his hat, his arm executing a superb flourish, he swept to the assembled company an elaborate bow.

"My Lords, your servant," he said. Then bowed more gravely to Lady Barbara and added with a tone of subtle and flattering deference: ". . . I am as always your Ladyship's most humble and most devoted slave."

Whereupon her Ladyship swept him one of those graceful curtsies which I understand have become the mode in fashionable Society of late. But the young Gentlemen seem-

Betterton sank on one knee before her; his mellow voice sounded tender and caressing.

Continued on page 52

The Seven Blue Doves

Another Story of Bulldog Carney

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "Owners Up," "The Three Sapphires," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

The flickering lamplight picked out from the doorway the face of Shipley

THEY had not been playing more than half an hour when Bulldog Carney felt there was something wrong with the game. Perhaps it was that he was overtired—that he should have taken advantage of the first bed he had seen in a month, for he had just come in off the trail to Bucking Horse, the little, old, worn-out mining town perched high in the Rockies on the Canadian side of the border.

From the very first he had been possessed of a mental unrest now habitual with him at poker. His adventurous spirit had always found a risk, a high stake, an absolute sedative, it steadied his nerves—gave him a concentrated enjoyment of pulled together mental force. But to-night, there was a scent of evil in the room.

A curious room, too, in which to be playing a game of poker for high stakes, for it was the Mounted Police shack at Bucking Horse. But Sergeant Black was away on patrol or over at Fort Steel and at such times the key of the log barracks was left with Seth Long at his hotel, the Gold Nugget. And it was Seth who had suggested that they play in the police shack rather than in a room of the hotel.

Carney could not explain to himself why the distrust, why the feeling that everything was not on the level, but he had a curious conviction that someone in the party knew every time he drew cards just what was in his hand, that some one always over mastered him, and this was a new sensation to Bulldog, for if there ever was a "poker face" he owned it. His steel-gray eyes were as steady, as submerged to his will, as the green on a forest tree. And as to the science of the game, with its substructure of nerve, he possessed it in excelsis.

He watched each successive dealer of the cards unobtrusively, watched hand after hand dealt, and knew that every card had been slipped from the top, that the shuffle had been clean, a whispering riffle without catch or trick; and the same pack was on the table that they had started with. He had not lost anything to speak of—and here was the hitch, the enigma of it; once he felt that a better hand than his own had been deliberately laid down where he had raised, another time he had been called when a raise would have cost him dear, for he was overheld; twice he had been raised out of it before the draw. He felt that this had been done simply to keep him out of those hands, and both times the Stranger had lost heavily.

SETH LONG had won; but to suspicion that Seth Long could manipulate a card was to imagine a glacier dancing a can-can. Seth was all thumbs, his mind, so to speak, was all thumbs.

Cranford the Mining Engineer, was different. He was mentality personified, that curious type; high velocity, delicately balanced, his physical structure of the flexible tenuous quality of spring steel. He might be a dangerous man if roused. Beneath the large dome of his thin Italian pale face were dreamy black eyes. He was hard to place. He was a mining engineer without a mine to manage. He was somewhat of a promoter—of restless activity. He was in Bucking Horse on some sort of a mine deal about which Carney knew nothing. If he had been a gambler Carney would have considered him the author of the unrest that hung so evilly over the game.

Shipley was a bird of passage, at present nesting in the Gold Nugget Hotel. Carney knew of him just as a machinery man, a seller of compressed-air drills, etc., on commission. He was also a gambler in mine shares, for during the game he had told of a clean-up he had made on the "Gray Goose" stock. The Gray Goose mine was an ill favored bird, for its stock had had a crooked manipulation. Shipley's face was not confidence inspiring, its general contour suggested the head-piece of a hawk with its avaricious curve to the beak. His metallic eyes were querulous, holding little of the human lash. His hands had caught Carney's eye when he came in to the shack first and drew off a pair of gloves. The fingers were long, and flexible, and soft-skinned. The gloves were the disquieting exhibit, for Carney had known gamblers who wore kid coverings on their hands habitually to preserve the sensitiveness of their finger tips. He also had known gamblers who, ostensibly, had a reputable occupation.

If the Stranger had been winning Carney wouldn't have been so ready to eliminate him as the villain of the play. He was almost more difficult to allocate than Cranford. He was well dressed—too well dressed for unobservation. His name was Hadley, and he was from New York. Beyond the fact that he had six thousand dollars in Seth Long's iron box and drank somewhat persistently, little was known of him. His conversation was almost entirely limited to a boyish smile, and an invitation to anybody and everybody to "have a small sensation," said sensation being a drink. Once his reticence slipped a cog and he said something about a gold mine up in the hills that a man, Tacoma Jack, was going to sell him. That was what the six thousand was for, he was going to look at it with Tacoma and if it were as represented, make the first payment when they returned.

WATCHING the Stranger riffle the cards and deal them with the quiet easy grace of a club-man, the sensitive tapering fingers slipping the paste across the table as softly as the falling of flower petals Carney was tempted to doubt, but lifting his gray eyes to the smooth face, the boyish smile laying bare an even set of white teeth, he changed, muttering inwardly, "Too much clean."

It was puzzling; there was something wrong; the game was too erratic for finished poker players; the spirit of uncertainty possessed them all, the drawing to fill was unethical, wayward. Even when Carney had laboriously built up a queen full, inwardly something whispered, "What's the use? If there are better cards out you'll lose, if not you'll win little."

Carney's own fingers were receptive and he had carefully passed them over the smooth surface of the cards many times, he could swear there was no mark of identification, no pin pricks. The pattern on the back of the cards could contain no geometric key, for it was remarkably simple; seven blue doves were in flight across a blue background that was cross hatched.

Then, all at once, he discovered something. The curve of the doves' wings were all alike—almost. In a dozen hands he had it. It was an artistic vagary, the right wing of the middle dove was the thousandth part of an inch more acutely angled on the ace, on the king the right wing of the second dove to the left.

It would have taken a tuition of probably three days for a man to memorize the whole system, but it was there—which was the main thing. And the next most important factor was that somebody at the table knew the system. Who was it?

Seth had won, but a strong run of luck could have accounted for that, and Seth as a gambler was a joke. The Stranger, if he were a super-crook, hiding behind that juvenile smile, would be quite capable of this interesting chicanery—but he had lost.

Cranford, the Engineer, who had played with the consistent conservativeness of a man sitting in bad luck was two hundred loser. The man of machinery, Shipley, was two hundred to the good, he had played a forcing game, and but for having had two flushes beaten by Seth would have been a bigger winner. These two flushes had troubled Carney, for Shipley had drawn two cards each hand. Either he was in great luck or knew something.

Carney debated this extraordinary thing. His courage was so exquisite that he never made a mistake through over-jealousness in the fomenting of trouble, the easy way was always the brave way, he believed. In the West there was no better key to let loose locked up passion than to accuse men of cheating at cards; it was the last ditch at which even cowards drew and shot. He took a handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his eyes, and dropped it into his lap. At the next hand he looked at his cards, ran them together on the very edge of the table, dropped one into the handkerchief, placed the other four, neatly compacted, into the discard, and said, "I'm out!"

Then he wiped his eyes again with the handkerchief and put it back in his pocket.

AT the third deal somebody discovered that the pack was shy—a card was missing. Investigation showed that it was the ace of hearts.

A search on the floor failed to discover the ace.

The irritation caused by this incident was subdued.

"I'll slip over to the hotel and get another pack," Seth Long suggested, gathering up the cards and putting them in his pocket.

From the time Carney had discovered the erratic curve to the doves' wings he had been wanting to ask, "Who owns these cards?" but had realized that it would have led to other things; now the query had answered itself—they were Seth's evidently.

THIS decided Carney, and he said: "I'm tired—I've had a long ride to-day."

He stacked up his chips and added: "I'm shy a hundred."

He slid five twenty dollar gold pieces on to the table, and stood up yawning.

"I think I'll quit, too," Cranford said. "I've played like a wooden man. To tell you the truth I haven't enjoyed the game—don't know what's the matter with me."

"I'm winner," Shipley declared, "so I'll stick with the game, but right now I'd rather shove the two hundred into the pot and cut for it than turn another card, for to play one round with a card shy is a hoodoo to me. I've got a superstition about it. It's come my way twice, and each time there's been hell."

The boyish smile that had been hovering about Hadley's lips suddenly gave place to a hard sneer, and he said: "I'm loser and I don't want to quit. The game is young, and, gentlemen, you know what that means."

Shipley's black brows drew together, and he turned on the speaker:

"I haven't got your money, mister, your losin' has been to Seth. I don't like your yap a little bit. I'll cut the cards cold for a thousand now, or I'll make you a present of the two hundred if you need it."

Carney's quiet voice hushed into nothingness a damn that had issued from Hadley's lips; he was saying: "You two gentlemen can't quarrel over a game of cards that I've sat in, I don't think you want to anyway. We'd better just put the game off till to-morrow night."

"We can't do that," Seth objected. "I've won Mr Hadley's money, and if he wants to play I've got to stay with him. We'll square up and start fresh. Anybody wants to draw cards sets in, them as don't, quits."

"I've got to have my wallet out of your box, Seth, if we're to settle now, besides I want another sensation—this bottle's dry," Hadley advised.

"I'll bring over the cards, your wad, and another bottle," Long said as he rose.

In three or four minutes he was back again, pulled the cork from a bottle of Scotch whisky, and they all drank.

Then, after passing a leather wallet over to Hadley, he totalled up the accounts.

Hadley was twelve hundred loser.

He took from the wallet this amount in large bills, passed them to Seth, and handed the wallet back saying, with the boy's smile on his lips: "Here, banker, put that back in your pocket—you're responsible. There's forty-eight hundred there now. If I put it in my pocket I'll probably forget it, and hang the coat on my bed post."

Seth passed two hundred across to Shipley, saying: "That squares you."

Cranford had shoved his chips in with an I.O.U. for two hundred dollars, saying: "I'll pay that to-morrow. I feel as if I had been pall bearer at a funeral. When a man is gloomy he shouldn't sit into any game bigger than checkers."

Seth now drew from a pocket two packs of cards—the blue-doved cards and a red pack, then he returned the blue cards to his pocket.

Carney viewed this performance curiously. He had been wondering intently whether the new pack would be the same as the one with the blue doves. The red cards carried a different design, a simple leafy scroll, and Carney washed his mind of the whole obscure thing, mentally absolving himself from further interest.

Seth shuffled the new cards, face up, to take out the joker, having found it, he tore the card in two, threw it on the floor, and asked: "Now, who's in?"

"I'll play for one hour," Shipley said, with an aggressive crispness. "Then I quit win or lose; if that doesn't go I'll put the two hundred on the table to Mr Hadley's one hundred, and cut for the pot."

Curiously this only raised the boy's smile on Hadley's face, but inflamed Seth. He turned on Shipley with a coarse rating:

"You talk like a man lookin' for trouble, mister. Why the hell don't you sit into the game or take your little bag of marbles and run away home?"

"I'm going," Carney declared mildly. "My advice to you gentlemen is to cut out the unpleasantness, and play the game."

Somewhat sullenly Shipley checked an angry retort that had risen to his lips, and, reaching for the rack of poker chips started to build a little pile in front of him.

CRANFORD followed Carney out, and though his shack lay in the other direction, walked with the latter to the Gold Nugget. Cranford was in a most depressed mood, he admitted this.

"There was something wrong about that game, Carney," he asserted. "I know you felt it—that's why you quit. I was to go up to Bald Rock on the night train to make a little payment in the morning to secure some claims, but now I don't know. I'm sore on myself for sitting in. I guess I've got the gambling bug in me as big as a woodchuck; I'm easy when I hear the click of poker chips. I lose two hundred there, and while generally it's not more than a piker's bet on anything, just now I'm trying to put something over in the way of a deal, and I'm runnin' kind of close to the wind financially. That two hundred may—hell! Don't think me a squealer, Bulldog. Good night, Bulldog."

Carney stood for ten seconds watching Cranford's back till it merged into the blur of the night. Then he entered the hotel, almost colliding with Jeanette Holt, who put a hand on his arm and drew him into the dining-room to a seat at a little table.

"Where's Seth?" she asked.

"Over at the police shack."

"Poker?"

Carney nodded.

"Mr Hadley there?"

Again Carney nodded. Then he asked, "Why, Jeanette?"

"I don't quite know," she answered wearily. "Seth's moral fibre—if he has any—is becoming like a worn-out spring in a clock." Then her dark eyes searched Carney's placid gray eyes, and she asked, "Were you playing?"

"Yes."

The girl drew her hand across her eyes as if she were groping, not for ideas but for vocal vehicle. "And you left before the game was over—why?"

"Tired."

Jeanette put her hand on Carney's that was lying on the table. "Was Seth cheating?"

"Why do you ask that, Jeanette?"

"I'll tell you. He's been playing by himself in his room for two or three days. He's got a pack of cards that I think are crooked."

"What is this Shipley like, Jeanette? Do you suppose that he brought Seth those cards?"

"I don't know," the girl answered. "I don't like him. He and Seth have played together once or twice."

"They have! Look here, Jeanette, you must keep what I am going to tell you absolutely to yourself, for I may be entirely wrong in my guess. There was a marked pack in the game, and I think Seth owned it. This Shipley acted very like a man who was running a bluff of being angry. He and Seth had some words over nothing. It seems to me the quarrel was too gratuitous to be genuine."

"You think Bulldog that Shipley and Seth worked together to win Hadley's money—he had six thousand in Seth's strong box?"

"I can't go that far, even to you Jeanette. But to-morrow Seth has got to give back to Hadley whatever he has won. I've got one of the cards in my pocket, and that will be enough."

"But if he divides with Shipley?"

"Shipley will have to cough up the stolen money, too, because then the conspiracy will be proven."

"Yes, Bulldog. I guess if you just tell them to hand the money back, there'll be no argument. I can go to bed now and sleep," she added, patting Carney's hand with her slim fingers. "You see, if Seth got the Stranger's money away it wouldn't worry him—the moral aspect I mean, but somehow it makes it terrible for me. It's discovering small evil in a man—petty larceny, sneak thieving—that pours sand into a woman's soul. Good night, Bulldog. I think if I were only your sister I'd be quite satisfied—quite."

"You are," Carney said, rising, "we are seven—and you are the other six, Jeanette."

AS a rule nothing outside of a tangible actuality, such as danger that had to be guarded against, kept Carney from desired slumber, but after he had turned out his light he lay wide awake for half an hour, his soul full of the abhorrent repugnance of Seth's stealing.

Carney's code was such that he could shake heartily by the hand, or drink with, a man who had held up a train or fought (even to the death of someone) the Police over a matter of whisky or opium running, if that man were above petty larceny, above stealing from a man who had confidence in him. He lay there suffused with the grim satisfaction of knowing how completely Seth and possibly Shipley would be chagrined when they were forced on the morrow to give up their ill-gotten gains. That would be a matter purely between Carney and Seth. The problem of how he would return the loot to Hadley without telling him of the marked pack was not yet solved. Indeed this little mental exercise, like counting sheep, led Carney off into the halls of slumber.

He was brought back from the rest cavern by something that left him sitting bolt upright in bed, correlating the disturbing something with known remembrances of the noise.

"Yes, by god! It was a shot!"

He was out of bed and at the window. He could have sworn that a shadow had flitted in the dim moonlight along the roadway that lay beyond the police shack. It was so possible, this aftermath of card cheating, a shot and someone fleeing. It was a subconscious conviction that caused him to precipitate himself into his clothes, and slip his gun belt about his waist.

In the hall he met Jeanette, her great mass of black hair rippling over the shoulders from which draped a kimona. The lamp in her hand enhanced the ghastly look of horror that was over her drawn face.

"What's wrong, Jeanette—was it a shot?"

"Yes! I've looked into Seth's room—he's not there!"

Without speaking Carney tapped on a door almost opposite his own, there was no answer, and he swung it open. Then he closed it and whispered: "Hadley's not in, either. Fancy they're still playing."

Jeanette pointed a finger to a door farther down the hall. Carney understood. Again he tapped on this door, opened it, peered in, closed it, and coming back to Jeanette whispered, "Shipley's not there. Fancy it must be all right—they're still playing. I'll go over to the shack."

"I'll wait till you come back, Bulldog. It isn't all right. I never felt so oppressed in my life. I know something dreadful has happened—I know it."

CARNEY touched his fingers gently to the girl's arm, and manufacturing a smile of reassurance said blithely: "You've eaten a slab of bacon out of a frypan, girl!" Then he was gone.

As he rounded the hotel corner he could see a lighted lamp in a window of the police shack. This was sorrow, it hurried his pace, for they were not playing at the table.

He threw open the shack door and stood just within, looking at what he knew was a dead man—Seth Long sprawled on his back on the floor where he had tumbled from a chair. His shirt front was crimson with blood, just over the heart.

There was no evidence of a struggle, but the chair across the table from where Seth had sat was aimlessly pushed back a little. The red backed cards were resting on the corner of the table neatly gathered into a pack.

Cool-headed Carney stood just within the door, mentally photographing the interior. The killing had not been over a game that was in progress, unless the murderer, with super-cunning, had rearranged the tableau.

Carney stepped to beside the dead man. Seth's pistol lay close to his outstretched right hand. Carney picked it up, and broke the cartridges from the cylinder; one was empty; the barrel of the gun was foul.

Seth's shirt was black and singed; the weapon that killed him had been held close.

Carney's brain, running with the swift, silent velocity of a spinning top, again thought: was the killer so super-clever that he had discharged Seth's gun to make it appear suicide?

Subconsciously the marked cards that probably had led up to this murder governed Carney's next move. He thrust his hand in the pocket of the coat where Seth had put the discarded pack—it was gone. He felt the other pocket—the pack was not there. A quick look over the room, table and all, failed to locate the missing cards. He felt the inside pocket of the coat for the leather wallet that contained Hadley's money—there was no wallet.

At that instant a sinister feeling of evil caused Carney to stiffen; his eyes to set in a look of wariness; and at the soft click of a boot against a stone his gun was out, and, without rising, he whipped about.

The flickering uncertain lamplight picked out from the gloom of the night in the open door way the face of Shipley. Perhaps it was the goblin light, or fear, or malignant satisfaction that caused Shipley's face to appear grotesquely contorted; his eyes were either gloating, or insanity-tinged by horror.

"My God! what's happened, Carney?" he asked. "Don't cover me. I—I——"

"Come into the light, then," Carney commanded.

In silent obedience Shipley stepped into the room, and Carney, passing to the door, peered out. Then he closed it, and dropped his gun back into his belt.

"What's happened?" Shipley repeated. And the other, listening with intensity, noticed that the speaker's voice trembled.

"Where have you come from just now?" Carney asked, ignoring the question.

Shipley drew a hand across his eyes, as if he would compel back his wandering thoughts, or would blot out the horror of that blood-smeared figure on the floor.

"I went for a walk," he answered.

"Why—when?" Carney snapped imperiously.

"I quit the game half-an-hour ago, and thought I'd walk over to Cranford's house; the smoking, and the drinks had give me a headache."

"Why to Cranford's house?"

SHIPLEY threw his head up as if he were about to resent the crisp cross-examining; but Bulldog's gray eyes, always compelling, were now fierce.

"Well—" Shipley coughed—"I didn't like the looks of the game to-night; that ace being shy—Didn't you feel there was something not on the level?"

"I didn't take that walk to Cranford's!" The deadliness that had been in the grey eyes was in the voice now.

"I thought that if Cranford was still up I'd talk it over with him; he'd lost, and I fancied he was sore on the game."

"What did Cranford say?"

"I didn't see him. I tapped on his door, and as he didn't answer I—I thought he was asleep and came back. I saw the door open here, and—" Shipley hesitated.

"Did you leave Seth and Hadley playing?"

"Yes."

"And you didn't see either of them again?"

"No."

"Did you hear a shot?" and Carney pointed toward the bloodstained shirt.

Shipley looked at Carney and seemed to hesitate. "I heard something ten minutes ago, but thought it was a door slamming. Where's Hadley—have you seen him? Were you here when this was done?"

"Come on," Carney said, "we'll go back to the hotel and round up Hadley."

As they went out Carney locked the door, the key being still in the lock.

When the two men entered the Gold Nugget, Carney stepped behind the bar and turned up a wall lamp that was burning low. As he turned about he gave a start, and then hurried across the room to where a figure huddled in one of the big wooden arm chairs. It was Hadley—sound asleep, or pretending to be.

When Carney shook him the sleeper scrambled drunkenly to his feet blinking. Then the boy smile flitted foolishly over his lips, and he mumbled: "I say, how long 've I been asleep—where's Seth?"

"What are you doing here asleep?" Carney asked, the crisp incisiveness of his voice wakening completely the rather fogged man.

"I sat down to wait for Seth. Guess the whisky made me sleepy—had a little too much of it."

"Where did you leave Seth—how long ago?"

"Over at the police shack; we quit the game and Seth said he'd tidy up for fear the Sergeant'd be back in the morning—throw out the empty bottles, and pick up the cigar stubs and matches, kind of tidy up. I came on to go to bed and—" Hadley spoke haltingly as though his memory of his progress was still befogged—"when I got here I remembered that he'd got my wallet, and thought I'd sit down and wait so's to be sure he didn't forget to put it back in the iron box."

"Did you have a row with Seth when you broke up the game?"

Hadley flushed. He was in a slightly stupid condition. During his nap the whisky had sullenly subsided, leaving him a touch maudlin surly.

"I don't see what right you've got to ask that. I guess that's a matter between two men."

Carney fastened his piercing eyes on the speaker's, and shot out with startling suddenness: "Seth Long has been murdered—do you know that?"

"What—what—what're you saying?"

Hadley's mouth remained open; it was like the gaping mouth of a gasping fish; his eyes had been startled into a wide, horrified wonder look.

"Seth—murdered!" Then he grinned foolishly. "By God! you Westerners pull some rough stuff. That's not good form to spring a joke like that, I'm a tenderfoot, but—"

"Stop it!" Carney snarled, "do you think I'm a damn fool? Seth has been shot through the heart, and you were the last man with him. I want from you all you know. We've got to catch the right man, not the wrong man—do you get that, Hadley?"

The fierceness of this tonied the man with a hang-over, cleared his fuzzy brain.

"My God! I don't know anything about it. I left Seth Long at the police shack, and I don't know anything more about him."

There was a step on the stairway. Carney turned as Jeanette came through the door. He went to meet her, and turned her back into the hall where he said: "Steady yourself, girl. Something has happened."

"I know—I heard you. I'm steady." She put her hand in his, and he pressed it reassuringly. Then he whispered:

"I'm going to leave you with these two men while I get Doctor Anderson, and I want you to see if either of these men leaves the room or attempts to hide anything—I can't search them. Do you understand, Jeanette?"

"Yes."

He came back to the room with the girl and said:

"I'm going for the coroner, Dr. Anderson, and for your own sakes, gentlemen, I'll ask you to wait here in this room—it will be better."

Then he was gone.

In twenty minutes he was back with Dr. Anderson. On their way to the hotel Carney and the Doctor had gone in to the police shack to make certain, through medical examination, that Seth was dead.

Upon their entry Jeanette had gone upstairs, the Doctor suggesting this.

Dr. Anderson was a Scotchman, absolute, with all that the name implies in canny, conservative, stubborn adherence to things as they are, the apparent consistencies.

Here was a man murdered in cold blood, he was the only one to be considered; he was the wronged party, the others were to be viewed with suspicion until, by process of elimination, they had been cleared of guilt. So there was no doubt whatever but that Carney had as good a claim as any of them to the title of assassin.

In the flurry of it all Carney had not thought of this.

When the three stories had been told, Dr. Anderson said:

"Sergeant Black will be back to-morrow, I think, then we'll take action. I'd advise you gentlemen to remain in statu quo, if I might use the term. There's one thing that ought to be done though I think you'll agree with me that it is advisable for each man's sake. A wallet with a large sum of money has disappeared from the murdered man's pocket, and as each one of you will be more or less under suspicion—I'm speaking now just in the way of forecasting what that unsympathetic individual, the law, will do—it would be as well for each of you to submit to a search of your person. I have no authority to demand this, but it's expedient."

To this the three agreed: Hadley, with a sort of repugnance, and Shipley with, perhaps, an overzealous compliance, Carney thought. There was no trace of the wallet.

Carney had said nothing about the missing cards, but neither were they found.

No pistol was found on Hadley, but a short-barreled gun was discovered in Shipley's hip pocket.

The Doctor broke the weapon, and his eyebrows drew down in a frown ominously—there was an empty chamber in the cylinder.

"There're only five bullets here," he said, his keen eyes resting on Shipley's face.

"Yes, I always load it that way, leaving the hammer at the empty chamber, so that if it falls and strikes on the hammer it can't explode."

With an "Ugh-huh!" Anderson looked through the barrel. It was of an indeterminate murkiness; this might be due to not having been cleaned for a long time, or a recent discharge.

"I'd better retain this gun, if you don't mind," he said.

SHIPLEY agreed to this readily. Then he said, in a hesitating, apologetic way that was really more irritating than if he had blurted it out: "Mr. Carney, as I have stated, was discovered by me standing over the dead man with a gun in his hand. I think as this point will certainly be brought up at any examination, that Mr. Carney, in justice to himself, should let the Doctor examine his weapon to see that it has not lately been discharged."

Carney started, for he fancied there was a direct implication in this. But the Doctor spoke quickly, brusquely: "Most certainly he should—I clean forgot it."

Carney drew the gun from its leather pocket, broke it, and six lead nosed 45 shells rolled on the table; not one of the shells had lost its bullet. He passed the gun to Dr. Anderson who, pointing it toward the light, looked through the barrels.

"As bright as a silver dollar," he commented, relief in his voice. "I'm glad we thought of this."

Carney slipped the shells back into the cylinder and dropped the gun into its holster without comment.

Then the Doctor said: "We can't do anything to-night—we'll only obliterate any tracks and lose good clues. We'll take it up in the morning. You men have got to clear yourselves so I'd just rest quiet, if I were you. If we go poking about we'll have the whole town about our ears. I'm glad that nobody thought it worth while to investigate if they heard the shot."

"A shot in Bucking Horse doesn't mean much," Carney said, "just a drunken miner, or an Indian playing brave."

It seemed to Carney that Anderson had rather hurried the closing out of the matter, that is, temporarily. It occurred to him that the Scotchman's herring-hued eyes were asking him to acquiesce in what was being done.

Carney lingered when Shipley and Hadley had gone to bed.

The Scotch Doctor had filled a pipe, and Bulldog noticed that as he puffed vigorously at its stem his eyes had wandered several times to the platoon of black bottles ranged with military precision behind the bar.

"I'm tired over this devilish thing," Carney remarked casually, and passing behind the bar he brought out a bottle and two glasses, adding, "Would you mind joining?"

"I'd like it, man. Good whisky is like good law, a wee bit of it is very fine, too much of it is as bad as roguery."

The Doctor quaffed with zest the liquid, wiped his lips with a florid red handkerchief, then a puff at the evil smelling pipe and said:

"Court's over! A minute ago I was 'Jeffries, the Hangin' Judge,' and to-morrow, as coroner, I'll be as veer'cus no doubt, now, *ad interim*," (the Doctor was fond of a legal phrase). "I'm going to talk to you, Bulldog, as man to man, because I want your help to pin the right devil. And, besides, I have a soft spot in my heart for Jeanette—perhaps it's just her Scotch name, I'm not sayin'. In the first place, Bulldog, has it struck you that you're in fair runnin' to be selected as the man that killed Seth?"

Carney laughed; then he looked quizzically at the speaker, but he could see that the latter was in deadly earnest.

"Mind," the Doctor resumed, "personally I know you didn't do it; that's because I know you devilish well—you're too big for such small-beaned acts. But the law is a godless machine; its way is like the way of a brick mason—facts are the bricks that make the structure."

"But the law always searches for the motive, and why should I kill Seth, who was more or less a friend?"

"All the worse. As a matter of fact there are more slayings over strained friendships than over the acquisition of gold. But don't you remember what that foul-mouthed brute Kootenay Jim said when Jeanette's brother was near lynched?"

Carney stared; then a little flush crept over his lean tanned face.

"You mean, Doctor, about Jeanette and myself?"

"Aye."

Carney nodded, holding himself silent in suppressed bitterness.

"The same evil mouths will repeat that, Bulldog. And here are the bricks for the law's building. Shipley will swear that he found you bending over the murdered man with a gun in one hand searching his pockets. And I noticed, though I didn't speak of it, there was blood on your hands."

Startled, Carney looked at his fingers; they were blood-stained. Then he drew his gun, saying: "God! and there's blood on this thing too!"

"There is; I saw it on the butt. And though you broke it here before us to-night to show that it had n't been discharged, Sergeant Black, while he's thick-headed, will perhaps have wit enough to say that you were off by yourself when you came for me and could have cleaned house."

"And that swine Shipley—do you suppose he thought of that then?"

"I think he did. I did at the time, though I said nothing. You see Carney, innocent or guilty, he naturally wants to clear himself and he took a chance. If he's innocent he may really think that you killed Seth and hoped to find the proof of it in a smudged gun and an empty shell, and if he's guilty, he was directing suspicion towards you, knowing that the clean gun would be nothing in your favor at the examination as you had had the opportunity to put it right. I don't like the incident, nor the man's spirit, but it proves nothing for or against him. I expect he's clever enough to know that the last man seen with a murdered man is *de facto* the slayer."

"As to the matter of the gun," Carney said, "I've an idea Seth was killed with his own gun. He was in a grouchy mood to-night—he always was a damn fool—and he may have pulled his gun, in his usual bluffing way, and the other party twisted it out of his hand and shot him. I only heard one shot." Carney remained silent for a full minute, then he said:

"One doesn't care to bring a good woman's name into anything that's evil, but I fancy I'd better tell you. Jeanette was wakened by the shot that wakened me, and we talked in the hall before I went over to the police shack."

"That'll be valuable evidence to establish your alibi, Bulldog—in the eyes of the law, in the eyes of the law."

THEN the Doctor puffed moodily at his pipe, and Carney could read the writing on the wall in the irritable little balloons of smoke that went up: the Doctor's unexpressed meaning that gossips would say Jeanette had sworn falsely to clear him.

Anderson resumed:

"Hadley was evidently the last man playing cards with Seth and there was considerable money at stake; that he was still up when the murder was discovered—these things are against him. Supposing he did shoot Seth, he might have come to the hotel and seeing a light in the upper hall, and hearing Jeanette moving about, might have sat in that dark corner till things had quieted down before going to his room."

It was the muzzle of the buckskin, nosing him back into consciousness

"Hadley isn't the kind to commit murder."

"To-night he was another kind of man—he was pretty drunk; and the man that's drunk is like an engine that had lost the governing balls—he has lost control. And the shock of the murder may have sobered him enough to make him a bit cautious."

"But Shipley was out, too," Carney objected.

"Aye, he was, and he's got a devilish lame story about going to see Cranford. I don't like his face—it's avariciously vicious—he's greedy. But the law can't hang a man for having a bad face, it takes little stock in the physiologist's point of view."

Carney sat thinking hard. The full significance of the attached possibilities had been put clearly before him by the astute, canny Scotchman, and he realized that it was friendship. He was certain the Doctor suspected Shipley.

"I wanted to get shut of you two," the Doctor added presently, "for you're the men that needs to get this cleared up, and you're the men can do it, even as you caught Jack the Wolf. Is there any clue that we can follow up before the trail gets cold?"

"There is, Doctor. There was a pack of marked cards in Seth's pocket, and they're gone."

"The man that has that pack is the murderer," Doctor Anderson declared emphatically.

"He is."

"And the wallet."

"Yes."

THEN Carney explained to the Doctor that the marked pack had evidently belonged to Seth and told of the change in cards, and the possibility that Shipley had stood in with Seth on the winnings, letting the latter do all the dirty work, perhaps helping Seth's game along by raising the bet when he knew that Seth held the winning cards.

Again the Doctor consulted his old briar pipe, then he said: "Either Shipley or somebody was in collusion with Seth, you think?"

"Yes."

"If we could get that man—?"

"Look here, Doctor," and Carney put his hand on the other's knee, "whoever has got that money will not try to take it out over the railroad, for it was in fifty dollar bills of the Bank of Toronto."

"I comprehend. I hae wires, and the police at every important point, a search. Aye, aye! What'll he do, Bulldog?"

"It'll go out over the thieves' highway, down the border trail to Montana or Idaho."

"My guidness! I think you're right. Perhaps before morning somebody may be headin' south with the loot. If it's Shipley—I mean, anybody—he may have a colleague to take the money down over the border."

"Yes, the money, he'll not try to handle it in Canada for fear of being trapped on the numbers."

"So you might not get the murderer after all," Anderson said meditatively, "just an accomplice who wouldn't squeal."

"No, not with the money alone on him we wouldn't have just what I want, but when we get a man with the marked pack in his pocket that's the murderer. It was devilish fatalism that made him take that pack, like a man will cling to an old pocket knife, they're the tools of his trade, so to speak. And here in the mountains he could not handily come by another pack, perhaps."

"I comprehend. If the slayer goes down that trail he'll have the marked cards with him still, but if he sends an accomplice the man'll just have the money on him. Very logical, Bulldog."

TWICE as they had talked Carney had stepped quickly, silently to the door at the foot of the stairway and listened; now he came back, and lowering his voice said: "I got you, Doctor. It's devilish canny of you. I'm clear of this thing, I fancy, as you say, in

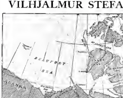
Continued on page 68

SOLVING *the* PROBLEM *of the* ARCTIC

PART V.---We Discover New Land

By

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON



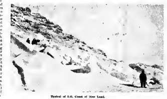
EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this instalment Mr. Stefansson's narrative reaches perhaps the most important stage with the story of his discovery of large islands in the portions of Arctic Canada previously unexplored. The map gives a suggestion of the location and size of these islands and it will be seen that they add very considerably to the area of the Dominion of Canada. In the next and concluding instalment Mr. Stefansson tells at greater length of his discoveries.

LIKE all of our Arctic winters the winter of 1914-15 was spent in getting ready for the exploratory work of the coming spring. The previous summer the *Mary Sachs* had brought to Cape Kellett, at the northwest corner of Banks Island an outfit of such things as we still had left after the loss of the *Karluk* but our good sledges were gone, and consequently Captain Bernard of the *Mary Sachs* occupied most of his time making sledges. Much of the material for these was obtained by dismembering the ship to secure the hardwood and iron. Our pemmican had also gone with the *Karluk* and for that reason our steward Baur and others spent many hours slicing up and drying beside the galley stove the meat of polar bears, seals and caribou, which the rest of us killed either at sea or on shore and brought to the camp. The *Sachs* had not brought us much fuel, so that one or two men had to busy themselves continually in searching up and down the coast, under the snow, for pieces of driftwood and hauling these home, sometimes a distance of fifteen miles.

With this work going on, Natkusiak and I nevertheless found time for an exploratory crossing of the south end of Banks Island. As we made this in the darkness of midwinter first-class geographic results were not to be expected. Our main purpose was, in fact, to pay a visit to the Eskimos whom we supposed to be wintering on the southeast corner of the island. The supposition that we should find them there was based on the verbal statements of these Eskimos themselves when in the spring of 1911 I had met them on their return from Banks Island on the ice of Prince Albert Sound. Eskimos may be as truthful as any people, and are so in fact, nevertheless they frequently give wrong impressions to one another and to those most conversant with them because of their fatal lack of exact words for lines and distance. They cannot count above six and have to describe distances by such indefinite terms as "not far" or "very far," and with regard to time their vocabulary is almost equally vague. We now know that the portion of the winter spent by them on the southeast corner of Banks Island is not January, but March and April.

Crossing Land in Darkness

BUT not knowing it then, we devoted much of December to a hazardous crossing of the mountains back of Nelson Head. The danger is not in the mountains themselves, although precipices are frequent, but in the darkness which makes every precipice treacherous. Because of the elevation of the land to perhaps fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, and because of the open water which prevails most winters around the south end of the island, every breath of wind that blows off the sea is converted into clouds of fog when it strikes the colder hills. The daylight is negligible, and the moonlight which comes to you commonly enough first through clouds that are high in the sky and later through a mass of fog that immediately envelops your party, is a light which enables you to see your dog-team distinctly enough, or even a black rock that may be one hundred yards away but is scarcely better than no light at all upon the snow at your feet. So far as your eyes tell you, you never know whether you are going to step on a bank of snow or into an abyss. Walking ahead of the team in light of this sort, I used to carry a pair of large dark colored deerskin mittens. After throwing one of them about ten yards ahead of me, I would keep my eyes on it till I got within three or four yards and then threw the other mitten so that most of the time I could see the two black spots on the snow ahead of me separated by five or six yards of whiteness. When falling snow or a blizzard still further complicated the situation we used to remain in camp, sometimes two or three days at a time, unless we happened to be following a valley where there was no special danger of falling but where we were merely inconvenienced by walking now and then against the face of a cliff.


Typical of S.E. Coast of New Land.

Although the south end of Banks Island where we crossed it was no more than fifty miles in diameter, we undoubtedly traveled double that distance between December 22nd and January 4th, when we reached the sea ice of De Salis Bay. In another five days we had examined the whole southeast coast of the island and had crossed Prince of Wales Straits to Victoria Island without discovering any signs of human beings. This is the one time of the year, as we well understand, when traveling is dangerous if you rely upon game for your food and fuel. The game is there, of course, no less than at other seasons, but the darkness is a great handicap in securing it. We found the ice in the vicinity of Victoria Island not to be in motion and as there consequently was no open water the chance of getting bears was less here than elsewhere. Seals could be secured only through the tedious method of having the dogs discover breathing-holes and then waiting for the seals to come up, a method where the element of chance plays such a part that no one should use it where other methods are available.

We Turn Back

INSTEAD therefore, of stopping to hunt in Victoria Island when our food-supplies began to run low, we turned back to Banks Island toward the open water we had seen as we followed the coast east from De Salis Bay. The reason they did begin to run low was that we had had to cross a range of mountains in a condition of light which compelled us to climb steep ridges and make comparatively precipitous descents into valleys, as the daylight was insufficient for the selection of better courses. Hauling a load was impossible for where a light sled could travel a loaded one could not be moved by the combined strength of men and dogs. I had felt certain also of discovering Eskimos who in all probability would have had stores of food from which to supply us.

When we turned back from Victoria Island I had no immediate intention of giving up the search after Eskimos but expected merely to replenish our food stores at De Salis Bay. January 12th was our first day of hunting. We had, on a clear day at noon, daylight enough to see the sights of the rifles for about two hours although not clearly enough for good shooting. It is never really safe to leave a camp unguarded, for the dogs must be tied to protect them against one another, and when they are tied a bear may very well come and kill one or more of them. We took the chance however, left the camp to itself, and went in different directions to search for game. That day I had no luck but Natkusiak killed one seal.

FOR three days after that both of us continued to be unsuccessful in our hunting. Both of us killed seals but the ice was moving so rapidly that before we could secure them they had been buried under heaps of crushing ice. The tracks of polar bears were numerous, and it was only a question of time when one was certain to be encountered. On the fourth day of the hunt I had just killed a seal and secured it when I looked over my shoulder to see three bears approaching. It was already past noon and their yellowish white outlines against the pure-white ice were so indistinct that they could not be seen except when they were moving, or at least their bodies could not, although their shiny black noses were conspicuous. When bears are on the alert and when they either see something indistinctly or are expecting to see something the presence of which they suspect, they move their necks and their whole bodies to peer about in a peculiar snaky way. When the light is such that their bodies cannot be seen, but their black noses are conspicuous, they give, in their efforts to see the more plainly in the rough ice about the effect of railway men's signal lights that are being swung on a dark night. These particular bears made themselves conspicuous now and then by standing on their hind legs which brought their profiles against the sky. My first two shots brought down a big bear and a small one but the third inflicted apparently only a flesh wound and the bear that received it disappeared instantly in the rough ice. Natkusiak who was about half a mile away, soon arrived. We skinned the two bears, and, making a sort of sledge of the skin of the small one we loaded into it its own meat and dragged it home allowing, perforce, the meat of the other bear and the seal to take its chances. These bears came just in time for we had but a single meal left of the seal killed three days before. The following day we found where we had left them the other bear and the seal, although the ice, which was crushing in the neighborhood might easily have buried the meat during the night.

One of our most serious losses when the *Karluk* sank was that of our kerosene-containers which had been substantially made of galvanized iron. We were now forced to carry our kerosene in the ordinary five gallon tins furnished by the oil companies. As kerosene is much more convenient than blubber for cooking in snow houses in winter, we were carrying a supply of it, but now found that our tin had sprung a leak and that nearly all the kerosene was gone. This mischance, together with the too rapid passing of the midwinter period, decided me to give up for that year the search for Eskimos and to return to the winter base at Kellett. We made the return with such good luck as to weather that we were able to travel in one day as much as forty-five miles, a distance it had taken us seven days to make on the way east.

When we got back to Kellett we found that Mr. Wilkins had completed a series of tidal observations, and that Captain Bernard had prepared for us a thousand pounds of dog feed by drying meat and mixing it with fat as required. He had also made two excellent sledges. On February 8th the first advance ice party of the year left Cape Kellett under the command of Mr. Wilkins and the rest of us followed a few days later. Our plan was to follow the west coast of Banks Island north about one hundred and fifty miles and then to cross McClure Strait to Prince Patrick Island and strike out on the ocean northwest from the southwest corner of that island.

BEFORE leaving I had come to realize that we were facing a failure of the plans for that spring because of circumstances unpreventable, no matter how clearly they are foreseen. The various sorts of dog sickness are still as mysterious as were the African fevers in the time of Livingstone. By Christmas time our dogs at Kellett had begun to die, one by one. In some cases it was the fattest and the youngest dogs, in other cases the oldest and most decrepit. The only thing we could do was to isolate the affected animals from the healthy ones, and in some cases this may have helped, although one or two of the dogs that died appeared never to have had any contact with the ones that originally showed the disease. There are many theories about these diseases, and there may be some significance in the fact that we have never lost any dogs that have been living on caribou or other land game, but always dogs that have been living on seal meat.

This sled was hauled by six dogs with a load varying from 900 to 1000 lbs. over land and rough sea ice for four years.

Typical scene—ice breaking up in spring on an Arctic coast.

When we finally got away from Kellett we still had two good dog-teams and a third poor one, which was really all we needed, for we had only two first-class sledges. But a day or two after starting we realized we had a serious difficulty to contend with in addition to the dog sickness. It seems that the preceding autumn a certain amount of snow had first fallen upon the coast ice and later a shower of rain had formed a skin of ice over the snow. On top of this soft snow had again fallen but the thin layer of ice was left as a sort of roof over innumerable air lines and soft places underneath, so that every few steps a dog would break through and get the sharp, angular pieces of thin ice between his toes. Before we realized it nearly all our dogs had bleeding feet and some of them were incapacitated for work. The temperature also at this time was exceedingly low, averaging for a period of weeks forty two degrees below zero. We did not mind the cold in general, and out at sea such cold is really an advantage, but now it prevented us from doing what we should have done had the weather been warmer—namely, tying boots upon the feet of the dogs to protect their pads from the cutting ice which at this temperature we did not dare to do for fear the tight lashing around the legs might so interfere with the circulation of the blood as to cause freezing.

A typical Eskimo Dog. They are well furred and have sound feet, but lack the strength and endurance of the better sorts of "civilized" dogs.

We Finally Leave Banks

WHEN we got to the northwest corner of Banks Island we discovered that more kerosene containers were leaking. To have kerosene is an undoubted convenience, and now the only hope of healing the feet of our dogs was to give them a good long rest. So while our sore footed dogs were being healed by resting I sent Storkersen and Thomsen back to Kellett with a team of those dogs some of which we did not expect to use on the ice and all of which we could now protect with boots against the ice as the temperature had become less severe. The result of these delays was that it was not until April 6, 1915, that we were finally able to leave Banks Island when we struck Northwest from Cape Alfred.

Our party up to this time had consisted of seven men. But now I sent back Wilkins, Crawford and Natkusiak and the ice exploratory party of that year therefore consisted of Storkersen, Thomsen, Andreasen and myself.

Because the season was already so late, we took rather more risks on this journey than I consider generally justifiable in polar work. On April 10th for instance, we camped at the southern edge of a level expanse of ice of unknown width. I examined it in the evening and found it about four inches thick and not strong enough to bear a sled, but that night we had an exceptionally hard freeze and the next morning the ice was between six and seven inches thick. This is quite thick enough for safe travel of loaded sledges if the area to be crossed is a limited one, and no matter what the area, it is safe so long as the ice remains unbroken. But ice of this thickness, as indeed of any thickness, may at any time be broken up by increase in the strength of a current or the sudden oncoming of a gale. If the ice is thick no great danger results, for then a cake of almost any size will be a safe refuge for men and dogs, but if six-inch ice commences to break up then no cake is safe unless it is of great area, and under the strain cakes naturally break into smaller and smaller pieces. If, then, we were to find ourselves with a loaded dog-sled on a piece not much bigger than is necessary for the men and dogs to stand on, the cake would either tip on edge or actually sink under our weight.

Striking North Across the Ice

IT is not often that we have found perfectly level ice to be more than five miles across, and the morning of the 11th when we started out on this six inch ice we expected to cross it in an hour. But we found it very sticky with the salt crystals on its surface, as indeed it was bound to be, and this interfered with our speed so that we did not travel at much more than three miles per hour. In some places the ice had telescoped on the previous day and was of double thickness, but wherever it was of single thickness it bent perceptibly under our weight, and we never dared to stop except on telescoped places.

We traveled hour after hour and the horizon was everywhere a straight line with the sky. It was exceedingly cold and clouds of "steam" were seen rising here and there. These worried us a bit, for we thought they might be from opening leads and consequently danger signals showing that the break up of our ice had commenced. Of course we realized that six inch ice is so warm from the water underneath that it throws off clouds of vapor if the air is at a low temperature, and as we advanced the vapor clouds continually receded before us, showing that they did not come from open water, but were being formed from the ice. After about twenty miles of travel we sighted some heavy old ice upon which we found a safe camping place for the night. Within an hour after we landed the thinner ice which we had left began breaking up, giving us excellent sealing water right by our camp but giving us also an uncomfortable feeling that had the thin ice been five miles wider or had we started in the morning an hour or so later this day might have proved the last day of our travels.

In our ice journeys besides the astronomical observations which serve to tell us where we are, we take frequent soundings to learn the depth of the waters where we are traveling and the character of the sea bottom. For some two weeks we had a bottom that was clearly uneven for the water varied in depth from one hundred to two hundred fathoms. Comparison of our dead reckoning with our astronomical observations also showed that the ice we were traveling on was moving steadily to the southwest—a very inconvenient fact, as our hopes all lay to the northwest. There was a great deal of open water. When

A spring camp in the New Land—meat of many reindeer piled up. A man looking through field glasses for game.

we found a belt of a quarter or half a mile of clear water lying across our path it took us only an hour or two to get over, for we were expert by this time in converting our sleds into boats by the use of our tarpaulins. But much more often the leads were filled with moving ice or with stationary ice that was not strong enough to walk on, but so strong that, had we attempted to break a way through it with our sled rafts we should in half a dozen crossings have chafed holes in the canvas.

A delay beside the lead where the ice is not moving is one thing, and a delay when you know the ice is drifting in a direction opposite to your course is quite another. We took frequent chances in crossing leads on thin ice, and one of these crossings, on April 25th came near ending in a serious accident. We realized the risk and took certain precautions. Our main dependence being always rifles and ammunition, we carried half the ammunition and two rifles on each sled, and for an additional precaution I used to carry my own rifle on my back, and about fifty rounds of ammunition with it. Had we lost one sled we could still have continued with the other, and had we lost both, the fifty cartridges would probably have taken the four of us home although exploration for the year would have been at an end.

An Accident to One Sled

THE accident of April 25th resulted when we came to a strip of young ice about ten yards wide. As on all such occasions, I walked out upon it carefully, while the teams and men awaited the verdict. With my hunting-knife I made holes at three different places, and by putting my hand in the water found that the ice was about six inches thick. To those used to fresh water, ice of six inches seems a great thickness, and as a matter of fact a team of dray horses and a heavy load could be taken across six inches of fresh water ice. Salt-water ice is a different thing. A piece of it four inches thick if you allow it to drop on any hard surface from a height of three or four feet will splash like a chunk of ice-cream instead of falling like a piece of rock as would glare ice of the same thickness. I knew this crossing was dangerous but it was so short that I thought the dogs would probably be upon firm footing before the ice broke, if it did break.

The first sled crossed safely. It had been built by Captain Bernard according to a design of my own with runners that rested on the ice for seven out of their twelve feet of length, so as to distribute the weight over a large area of ice. The other sled was of the typical Alaskan type, where the runners are bent somewhat rocking-chair fashion, to make the sled easier to turn and manoeuvre and only two or three feet of the middle portion of the runners rest on level ice.

Andreasen was in charge of the leading sled and, as it came across without difficulty, Storkerson and Thomsen anticipated no trouble with the second. They were walking along close to the stern end when I noticed the ice under them begin to bend. I shouted to them to get away from the sled, my idea being to remove their weight from the locality and to expose the ice to the weight of the sled only. But when they realized that the ice was about to break their idea was to push the sled quickly over to the other side. Both of them took hold of the handle-bars and commenced pushing, when the inevitable happened. Their weight added to that of the sled broke the ice after the dogs had landed on the firm part beyond but when the front end of the sled itself had barely touched it. Before the ice had fully broken I had hold of the trace of the leading dog and Andreasen was at the bow of the sled. Storkerson and Thomsen escaped falling into the water by letting the sled go as it broke through, and the stern of it was immersed while the bow was held against the ice. It was doubtless not much more than a second before we all had our hands on the front end of the sled, and not more than two or three till we had it out of the water, but it seemed much longer, and it was certainly long enough for imagining what our situation would be if we lost everything that was on the sled. Not a desperate situation necessarily, although we might have had to give up our work for the year at that point. As it was, we spent two days in getting rid of as much as possible of the ice that had formed on the various articles that got into the water.

One of our best dogs ("Red" his name was), a half-blood mastiff who took part in every one of our long trips five successive years—equal in strength to two Eskimo dogs and [illegible]. Picture shows mosquitoes.

After the accident we examined the ice and measured every piece that had broken, and found that at the very thinnest the ice was five and three-quarters inches thick. The temperature at the time of the accident was twenty below zero.

Long before this we had left the area of shallow soundings and were now travelling over an ocean of unknown depth, for our sounding wire was only about half a mile in length and we never got bottom with it.

We Land On Prince Patrick

THE ice behaved in a peculiar way. When the wind blew from the south or southwest, no matter how hard, it merely stopped moving, or in the case of extreme gale would in the course of a day move a few miles to the north. But whenever there was a calm or when the wind was from the northwest, the north, or the east, the ice kept moving steadily southwest. By the middle of May we had lost hope of making any notable journey to the northwest that year, for we were only one hundred miles offshore from the Prince Patrick Island coast. For a time after reaching this conclusion we tried to travel northeast directly into the teeth of the drift, but we lost as much ground at night as we gained in the daytime and eventually turned toward shore. The current was so strong however that we were unable to reach land on Prince Patrick Island abreast of our turning-point but were carried south, and were with difficulty able to land on the southwest corner near Land's End on June 4th.

The west coast of Prince Patrick Island was explored in 1853 by a party under command of Lieutenant Mecham, of McClintock's expedition. Mecham tells us that no country could possibly be more barren or desolate. They found not a blade of grass nor a living creature, but gravel everywhere and the land sloped so imperceptibly to the sea that they had to dig through the snow to ascertain whether they were on land or on ice. In view of this and of the fact that we had several weeks before run out of kerosene for fuel and had finished our dog feed some time before that, it became necessary to talk over with the men the advisability of going on. We all knew that the world would approve if we were to turn home at this point for it has been the rule in Arctic exploration that the traveling parties face toward home soon after half the provisions have been used with which they started from home relying on the other half to take them back. It had been so with Mecham and with McClintock on this very coast; a portion of it remained unexplored because Mecham's party on the south and McClintock's on the north had been forced by the partial exhaustion of their supplies to turn back toward their base on Melville Island. But I was delighted to find that all of us were agreed that no risk of life was involved in advancing into any portion of the Arctic without supplies at this time of the year. While we did not expect to find Mecham wrong in saying that no living thing could be found on the coast of Prince Patrick Island, and we felt that this would only mean that if our experience agreed with his, we should have to turn back to sea again where on the sea-ice and in the water, all of us knew that food could be secured. The plan of advancing north, therefore, had the enthusiastic support of all our party.

In following the coast northeastward we soon came to the conclusion that Mecham's charting of it was by no means correct, but we also concluded that were we to attempt to revise it our results would not be much better than his, if at all. It was generally a question of light. There is much fog at this season, and Mecham had evidently done a good deal of his mapping in fog, with the inevitable results. If we were going to attempt a revision of his work we should have to do part of our work in fog also with the results that those portions of the coast where he had got sunlight would have been

Continued on page 60

The Northern islands are crowded in summer with grass and flowers and there are bumble bees and butterflies—picture shows butterfly

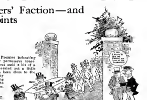
A PARTY *in the* MAKING

Some Things About the Farmers' Faction—and Other Political Points

By J. K. MUNRO

Who Wrote "The New Rock" "The Power of the West" etc.

Illustrated by WM CASEY



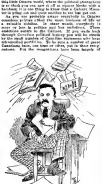
They hate to see the party of Sir John Macdonald committed to the grave at the hands of a bunch of Grit pall-bearers.

SIR ROBERT BORDEN, the Budget and heat like unto that of dog days descended on Parliament in solid formation. Up to that time everything had been lovely. The Westerners had caucused, everybody had talked and "a very pleasant time was had by one and all." Nobody got angry for long; nobody looked serious for more than a few moments at a time, and even the ministers mixed their wails about being overworked with an occasional trip to the Country Club, which is the one oasis in so arid land. It was as happy go-lucky a gathering of statesmen as ever got together under the big top.

But Borden, Budget and torrid heat are irritating influences taken separately and individually. Formed up in a solid phalanx they produce the same kind of joy a Hun regiment brought to a Belgian village. But they brought long-waited for results.

First Hon J. A. Crerar slipped his cable and, careening before the Western breeze, drifted into the cross benches. Now everybody had known for months that the Minister of Agriculture had only been awaiting the Premier's return to get out of the Cabinet. They knew and they knew that he knew that he didn't belong—that he was in the Cabinet but not of it. But in this little Ottawa world, where the political atmosphere is so thick you can saw it off in square blocks with a handsaw, it is one thing to know that a Cabinet Minister is going out and quite another to see him get out.

As you are probably aware everybody in Ottawa considers politics either the main business of life or a valuable sideline. In other words, everybody is more or less in politics and has ambitions. Those ambitions centre in the Cabinet. If you wade back through Canadian political history you will be struck by the small number of Canadian statesmen who have relinquished portfolios. To be sure a number of great Canadians have, one time or other, put in their resignations. But the resignations have been largely of the "sign here" variety, with the Premier indicating the place and talking in sweetly persuasive tones. Even Hon. Bob Rogers who went out amid a bit of a pyrotechnic display might have carried yet a little longer had not Sir Clifford Sifton been close to the Borden elbow urging the necessity of Union Government and exerting a sort of benign influence over the Borden end of the correspondence.



The Government backers are pouring a volume of abuse in his quarter

The Cabinet Was Shocked

CONSEQUENTLY when Hon. T. A. Crerar, resisting all appeals to stay on the job—and it is no secret that Sir Robert Borden was sincerely sorry to lose him—pulled his soft hat firmly down over his eyes and walked out without fuss or feathers all Ottawa was shocked. It was shocked because it knew that a Western farmer had done something it really couldn't do itself, because—well, it isn't done, you know.

Also certain of Mr Crerar's colleagues were shocked. Hon J A Calder naturally thought a man's duty lay where the loaves and fishes were thickest. He didn't say as in as many words, but you could gather from his remarks that no man can be truly patriotic who doesn't hold office just so long as a grateful people will let him. Hon. Wesley Rowell was also furiously indignant. In his anguish he cried that as all the Cabinet had been willing to stay on the job if the tariff were left untouched for another year Mr Crerar should all the more have stayed put while the Western farmer was being coaxed and petted and hand fed with a few sops that savored of free trade.

It was hinted that Mr. Rowell was letting out Cabinet secrets in making statements like the above. But this brought further indignation from the meek and lowly Wesley, also vehement denials. And everybody knows that while G. Washington may have made an occasional slip in veracity, Hon. Wesley really couldn't.

Anyway with Mr. Crerar safely seated where he could look the Speaker squarely in the eyes it was a case of "being on your budget." So Sir Thomas brought it—brought it with much care and possibly some prayer. So careful was he that, in violation of the rules of the House he read his speech, thereby making his speech lose much of its force even if it did prevent him repeating himself quite as much as usual. As you have all thoroughly digested that budget by this time there is no need to discuss it here. But it may be remarked in passing that it carried all the earmarks of Union Government. It met all issues by dodging them and it never lost an opportunity to pass the buck.

Wooing the West

MOREOVER, the debate that followed was unique in the annals of Parliament. It has been said of it that though the Government's last trade mandate from the people was loudly and clearly protectionist, only two protectionist speeches were made during the nine days conversation. One of these was made by W. F. Cockshutt of Brantford and the other by D. D. McKenzie House leader of His Majesty's loyal Opposition. All the other orators on both sides were in a "wooing the West" competition. Men who had sworn by the National Policy on a thousand platforms stood up in their places and told the Prairie farmers that they had given them more free trade in a few minutes than the Grits had in as many years and that if they would only be good, they'd give them more and more and more. Staid old Grits who had fed the West with unfulfilled promises crossed their hearts and swore that this time they'd be true. The Western tail was not wagging the Canadian dog but it was waving in the centre of the Commons chamber and scarce a hand was stretched forth to try to influence its gentle motions. And all the time Hon. T. A. Crerar sat with his hat pulled down over his eyes and the same old boyish smile beaming at intervals over his face. Of course he took early occasion to state his position. And if he didn't add one to the list of great orations he gave his declaration of faith in good clear language that all could understand. Also he showed that his experience in farmers' clubs had accustomed him to the rough and tumble style of argument. Half a-dozen times some critical Government supporter tried to tangle him with a question and he sent each of them back into his seat with a smiling word or two that brought more amusement to the House than comfort to the questioner. And when he was through the general trend of comment might be summed up:

"Well I didn't agree with Crerar—but I believe he is honest."

Whereat the country marvelled. For an honest man may be the noblest work of God, but an honest politician surely is the rarest.

Government Forces Take Heart

THEN the tariff war was on in earnest and the question that stood out bright and clear on each morning's horizon was: "How many Grain Growers will follow Crerar and how many will stick to the Government and brave their constituents' scorn?" A rumor crept softly around that if the Government wasn't sustained by a good majority it would bring on a general election. Report also had it that Sir Robert Borden was tired and would welcome a chance to change the robes of office for the dressing gown and slippers, and that Sir Thomas White was preparing to step out of the Finance Department into the presidency of a bank or insurance company. Those were gloomy days for the great masses of members on both sides of the House. Where they had expected to see three years of increased indemnities they looked into a cloud that threatened an early and expensive appeal to hostile electors.

But it soon became apparent that, if Sir Robert was tired, he still had enough energy left to get out and make a fight for his political life; that the dignified knight who was wont to pose the humble back bencher with the slightest of nods was mingling freely with the common or farmer variety of member and wearing a smile that almost matched the matchless [illegible] of his beautiful hair. Thereupon the Government forces took heart and got busy. The vacant portfolio of Agriculture was dangled before various eyes but kept more especially in the vicinity of Henders, the President of the Manitoba Grain Growers.

Then Senate ships are always good bait, though unfortunately there are no vacancies in Alberta and Saskatchewan. Still they were freely offered. In this connection it is told of the veteran Tom McNutt, of Saltcoats, that, when offered one of those $2,500 sinecures, he went out and looked the Saskatchewan Senators over and that, after doing some figuring with a short lead pencil, he decided that all of them were likely to live longer than the Union Government. Anyway, he came back into the House, declared for free trade, voted against the Government and selected a seat for himself on the cross benches.

Dr. Michael Clark spoke early in the debate and was as eloquent and interesting as always. But after he was all through the guessing started on to which way he would vote. One day it was claimed that he had a former nomination in his pocket and would vote as he usually preached. But on the next it would be pointed out that Red Michael as an independent drew no applause with his eloquence. Consequently it was figured that he would rather die a political death than live through three years of applauseless speeches. This would put him back on the Government side. Finally, however, he took the bit in his teeth and bolted to his brother farmers.

A Memorable Night in Parliament

DAY by day the fight went on. Orators banged their desks and told how they loved their country. But that was only camouflage. The real force of the Government offensive was thrown into flank movements tending to cut down the score of Western Unionists who threatened to desert to the half way house and cut the nominal Government majority of 70 to an actual something under thirty. And as the constant dropping wears away the stone so that twenty dwindled till when the vote came only a faithful dozen, Crerar included, voted the way the West has wanted.

It was a memorable night in Parliament when the division on the budget took place—when the Union Government took off nicely and leaping high and clear went over the first jump and landed clearly with a nice lead of fifty votes. Not that there was any fear of the Government's defeat. It is hard to turn out a Government when it wants to stay in office and the Opposition doesn't want it to get out. As it was, just to provide against any eventualities, an even score of French members found it advisable to give more attention to the Quebec elections than to the budget. Of course the Whips got together and by scientific pairing covered them up. But there are those who declare that, if it had been necessary to keep the Government not only in power, but also in good humor, every Frenchman in the House would have found a meeting to address in his native province.

Still there was jubilation when the end approached. The debate lasted well into the small hours, but at midnight the Union Whip announced that the Government was safe by from 25 to 30 majority and the snatches of song coming from upstair rooms grew more joyful and increased in volume. Finally the elevators vomited a hilarious crowd into the main corridor and marching in procession they sang: "It's a Long Long Trail." They sang at the chamber doors till the sergeant-at-arms rattled his sword and all reasoned with them. Then they went into executive session in good old Room 16 and had reached that stage of musicality in which "mother" is wont to be extolled when the division bells rang.

Of the division little need be said. The House had been so carefully canvassed that everybody knew how everybody was going to vote and the half-hundred majority was the only surprise. Then it was that it was discovered that so many Frenchmen were taking more interest in provincial elections than in free trade amendment to the budget. And a suspicion arose that perhaps the ancient province was more protectionist than the Great West would care to see it.

WITH the Budget safely on its way, people began to scan the cross benches to see what manner of men were those who had presumably laid the foundations of a new party. And at first glance their front line trenches looked formidable indeed. For, in addition to the farmers, Hon. W. S. Fielding and Fred Pardee, both elected as Unionists and both drifting towards the big August Convention, had settled on those cross benches and voted for the McMaster amendment and against the Government. Those two taken with Dr. Michael Clark and Hon. T. A. Crerar made up a quartette that would compare favorably with anything the older parties could produce. But a moment's reflection told you that Fielding and Pardee would soon be moving further along and that their places would have to be filled from among the plainer farmers sitting a bit further back. Fielding at any rate doesn't belong there for a minute. He's a fine specimen of that old Liberal type who are the truest Conservatives. For he's an interesting study, this little grey man who once almost gave reciprocity to Canada. He's a bunch of contrasts. Hon. so big at times that you strain your neck looking up to him; so small at others that you need a microscope to see him. At one moment he's a great Canadian; the next he's a little colonial such as only the Maritime Province can produce. But he's always one of the most interesting speakers that ever stood on the floor of the House. His language is as smooth as the purring of an automobile and no other member can express his exact shade of meaning with the same ease and courage. And then he always keeps you guessing for you never can tell from which of his varied altitudes he is viewing the subject under debate. Fielding is a great Canadian but he will never do for a leader. His following would never know whither they were being led.

Fred Pardee we have often met before and, as he passes at the cross benches on his way home, he grows more and more like the merry, human Pardee who used to lead Sir Wilfrid Laurier into the Liberal caucus, lead the cheers for the Old Chief and lead him out again. It will be some years before anyone who ever voted Unionist will climb very high in the Grit ranks—for the spirit of Laurier still leads the "Grand Old Party"—but Fred Pardee will be one of the first to regain his old ascendency. And with his natural political sagacity he may go a long way.

Scarce a hand but what was stretched forth.

NEITHER is T. A. Crerar a stranger to these pages. The "Hon." is left off advisedly. For, though the Grain Grower leader is a fine figure of a man, he's so much of a democrat that most people who don't call him "Alack" compromise by making it plain "Crerar." But prepare to soon meet a different Crerar to the quiet farmer who has so unassumingly administered the affairs of the Agricultural Department.

"You fellows are underestimating this man Crerar," said a Western Cabinet Minister to a Liberal member a day or two after Crerar had resigned his portfolio. "He's a big man. Why, when the Grain Growers were just getting nicely under way they were talking rural credits and the banks got sore and decided to close down on them. Crerar, without saying a word to anyone, jumped on a train, went to New York, came back with an eight million dollar line of credit and told the bankers to go to blazes."

Hon. Wesley really couldn't.

From this it may be gathered that Crerar is a bit of a fighter. And, if he is sitting quietly while the Government hacks are pouring a volume of abuse in his direction, it doesn't mean that he's a quitter. It means that he is learning to bide his time. He can afford to wait. For he is the one man in this Parliament who has a great personal following. It will stick because it has found that sticking to Crerar pays. And in due time he will square his accounts and leave some of that "average" the amateur farmers are raving about at present.

When the Tail Wags the Dog

AT T. A. CRERAR'S left hand sits Dr. Michael Clark. And a more valuable ally the farmer leader could not find anywhere. He has all that Parliamentary experience the new party so sadly lacks. And no man in Canada knows better how to use it. As a Parliamentary debater Red Michael has no rival in the House. He has a genius for arraying his facts in the best tactical formation and he drives them home with a force peculiarly his own. Every trick of the trade is known to him. So with the industrious farmers to do the work and Michael to pile up that work so that it will do the most good you may expect this little faction to do pretty effective work. Moreover, there is every reason to believe it will grow. Experienced politicians figure, yes even fear, that another election will give T. A. Crerar a following of sixty members. Then will the tail begin to wag the dog in deadly earnest.

W. A. Buchanan of Lethbridge would probably rank next in importance among the cross benches but for the fact that he seems as yet unable to totally divorce himself from the Unionists. Buchanan is a Lethbridge newspaper proprietor and editor, very well thought of on all sides of the House. He speaks forcibly and well and always gets a good hearing.

Close behind these come Maharg of Maple Creek, Reid of Mackenzie and Davis of Neepawa. The last named is a lawyer though you'd never guess it. Maharg and Reid are both farmers and both prominent in Grain Growers' circles. All three look more liable to make good on the farm than in Parliament. But of course that could be said of the great majority of members in the other parties. But on the whole they are well up to if not above the Parliamentary standard—which it has been said before is not very high just at present.

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PETITE SIMUNDE

By Arthur Beverley Baxter

Author of "Mr. Crushouse of New York, Satirist," "The Man Who Scoffed," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

FOUR hundred miles north of Toronto, the Cobalt mining country surrenders its daily toll of silver to the world. In that region there is mostly rock. Where woods exist, the trees are giant and defiant, as though resentful of the approach of man; in winter they stand like white-shrouded ghosts, and the wind howls dismally through them until in the little settlement of Ville Marie, across the lake, men draw closer to the fire, and women croon comfort to frightened children, yet half believe, themselves, the Indian legend that another soul is on its way to the Great Unknown.

Five miles north of Cobalt the town of Haileybury straggles down a hill to the lake, on the other side of which can be seen the blue shores of Northern Quebec, where lies the sleepy little hamlet known as Ville Marie, possessed of its church, its wayside public-house, "Les Voyageurs," and a few vagabond frame buildings. The ring of the blacksmith's anvil can be heard throughout the day, for there is little else to drown the noise. But when the lumber-jacks come in from the woods, or the river-runners from their convoys of logs, there is always the sound of a noisy chorus from "Les Voyageurs," led (in the times we write of) by Pierre Generaud, who knew that singing a constant fortissimo stimulates thirst in participants and auditors alike. On Sunday there is the sound of the organ, and the villagers walk about in ill-fitting garments of respectability, a simple God-fearing community, knowing no world but their own, and finding their joy of life in mere existence.

His audience were lost in gesticulatory admiration.

It was gathering dusk, one summer evening in the year 1914, when the figure of a young officer wended its way towards "Les Voyageurs."

He had crossed from Haileybury on the afternoon boat, causing not a little comment by the uniform he wore. Every one in the mining country knew him as "Dog" Campbell, manager of the Curran Lake Mine—they were hardly prepared for the sudden transition from his usual costume of riding-breeches, brown shirt, and lumberman's boots, to the trappings of a British officer. He was a young man of big stature, with broad, restless shoulders that seemed to chafe under the bondage of a tunic, and he had a long, loose-limbed stride oddly at variance with the common conception of military bearing. His eyes were light blue, his hair an unruly brown that flirted with red—and his name was Campbell. Such men do not wait for the second call when there is war.

Wherever civilization is forcing her right of way, wherever she is fighting for her existence, the descendants of Scotland will be found. When a new railroad struggles over unnamed rivers and through untrodden forests, somewhere ahead there is always a son or a grandson of old Scotia, whose eyes are a humorous blue and whose hair has more than a tinge of red. There is no part of the world to which the Scot is a stranger, but he rises to his best in a new country where waterfalls must be harnessed to give power, where great rocks must be blasted from age-old foundations, where rebellious nature in her primeval state must be taught that the world was made for man.

On that August evening in that most fateful of years, the figure of Captain Douglas Campbell, tall and somewhat rugged, like one of the northern trees, might have served as a sculptor's model for the spirit of Scotland confirming and strengthening the purpose of young Canada.

Rich in tradition as she is, what glory of her past can Scotland have that is greater than this—that, strong in the manhood which seems to spring from the soil of the country, she sent her sons to every corner of the world; and when the shadow of war fell upon her—they came back! Sons, grandsons, those to whom their Scottish blood was little more than a family legend, *they came back.*

Scotland needs no other monument than those three words.

II

NEARING "Les Voyageurs" the young officer paused at a sudden burst of sound that came from the inn. In place of the usual chorus, one voice, a slovenly but powerful one, was bellowing forth a ribald song, remarkable only for its noisy coarseness. Reaching the hostelry, Campbell hammered at the door, which was opened by mine host himself.

"Ah!" he gesticulated eloquently, "Monsieur Campell!" (Pierre Generaud, like other French-Canadians, invariably reversed his accents on English words). "For why you come eh?"

"My dear Generaud, must I give a reason for visiting the famous 'Les Voyageurs'?"

"Ah! By gosh, no!" Generaud beamed welcome from every pore—then struck an attitude of despair. "You come, is it not, as an officier, perhaps no—yes?"

"Yes. I want to speak just for a minute to the men inside."

"Oh, *mais non!*" The good host's gesture was a masterpiece, even among a race of gesticulators. "Not to-night, monsieur."

"And why not?"

"By Gar! Who you theenk is inside now? Listen—she sing!"

Campbell was too well acquainted with the universal French-Canadian use of the feminine pronoun to express any surprise when 'she' proved to be the possessor of the aforesaid raucous, bass voice, which had broken into some song anent the passion of a sailor for a Portuguese young lady of great charm but doubtful modesty.

"Who is our friend?" he asked.

"What—you know not? She is the terrible Des Rosiers!"

"Well, I don't like Mr. Des Rosiers's voice."

"You never hear her name, monsieur? Sometime she is call 'Jacque Noir.' *Mon Dieu!*—she sleep with *le diable.*"

The landlord's eyes grew wide with horror, his shoulders contracted until they touched his ears.

"Look here, my friend," said Campbell, with a touch of impatience, "Jacque Noir or Jacque Rouge or Jacque Blanc is not going to keep me out here."

"But, monsieur, once she keel a man."

"My dear fellow"——

"One winter, a man has insult Des Rosiers, and—*voilà!* Jacque Noir burn her house—keel her family—*Murdair her*"——

WITH a laugh, the newly-created officer thrust the little man aside and entered the sacred precincts of "Les Voyageurs." A big, dirty, bearded fellow, of about thirty years of age, was leaning against the counter, waving a mug and bellowing a song. He looked formidable enough, but hardly justified the diabolical qualities attributed to him by Pierre Generaud. In spite of his unshaven face with its bloodshot, inebriated eyes, there was something not unpleasing about the man, and when his lips parted they disclosed teeth that were gleaming white.

A group of villagers sat in open-mouthed admiration beneath the singer, for Des Rosiers's reputation had gathered velocity like a snowball rolling down the side of a hill, gaining in size every time it came into contact with the drifts of rumor until it had become almost a legend of wickedness. His audience felt a timid pride in the event. It was almost as if his Satanic Majesty himself had condescended to appear from below and sing comic songs for their benefit.

On the entrance of the officer, the song ceased, and all eyes were turned to the new-comer.

"Holà," said Des Rosiers, with extraordinary resonance. "You drink by me, *eh bien?*"

"No, thanks. I must only stay a minute."

"You no drink?" roared the lumber-jack, whose hospitality was not unlike the forcefulness of the muscular Christian in 'Androcles and the Lion.' "You drink or by Gar, I brak your neck."

A hum of admiration rose from the villagers. They bore no possible malice towards the officer, but it was gratifying to find Jacque Noir living up to his reputation.

"*Messieurs,*" said Campbell, ignoring the gentleman in question, "there is a war. *La belle France* fights for her life, and Canada must help. She needs you—and you—and you."

With their meagre knowledge of English, he was forced to a simplicity of language that depended for effect almost entirely on the personal appeal. "Come with me to the war. We pay you one dollar ten a day, and your wife and *garçons* get money too."

Mr. Des Rosiers laughed, scornfully and sneeringly. "I laugh," he said. "You threnk we go to war and your English, by Gar, no leave Canada but steal all we leave behind. The French-Canadian—he go; the English-Canadian, non." He roared a vile oath and laid his hand on Campbell's shoulder. "I brak your neck," he said comfortingly.

IN a moment Campbell's tunic was off and he was facing Jacque Noir. "You are a liar, Des Rosiers," he said. "You are the greatest liar and the worst singer in the Province of Quebec."

The Frenchman tore the red kerchief from his neck and hurled his mug to the floor where it broke into a hundred pieces. "By gosh me!" he bellowed in a voice that would have terrified a bull. "I keel you!"

He advanced in windmill fashion, but his opponent, who had been the best boxer of his year at Toronto 'Varsity, stopped him with a blow known technically as a 'straight left to the jaw.' Des Rosiers paused to re-collect his thoughts. He was wondering whether to kick with one foot or with both, when something happened, and oblivion settled over him like the curtain on the last act of a melodrama. Campbell had stepped forward, and putting his shoulder behind it, had delivered a blow on the lower part of the jaw with force enough to fell an ox. For Des Rosiers the rest was silence.

Concluding his recruiting speech to the dazed villagers Campbell put on his tunic and strode quietly down the street. But the fall of Mr. Pecksniff in the eyes of Tom Pinch was not more complete than the collapse of their idol, Jacque Noir, in the eyes of the inhabitants of Ville Marie.

III.

A SKY that was hung with stars looked down upon the glimmering roof-tops of Haileybury. The streets were deserted, except the main thoroughfare, where a group of men were seated in an irregular line, their pipes glowing in the darkness. They had been there since dusk.

Midnight passed, and the shadowy line grew longer as each hour struck. Men with heavy packs, men with the mud of the northern wilderness still on their boots, men who had walked for sixty miles, men whose beardless chins bespoke the schoolboy of a year before, men whose faces would have looked coarse and cruel in any light but that of the stars; one by one or in pairs they came. For each there was a yell of welcome, a ribald jest or two—then silence once more, and the glowing pipes. The first glimmering streaks of dawn showed the queue in all its picturesque grotesqueness. The man in front was leaning against a frame store that bore the placard "Recruiting Office."

Some three thousand miles away, a Hohenzollern Emperor had said that Great Britain would crumble into disintegration at the first sound of war. And through the forests of the north and over weary trails men were staggering on, mile after mile, fearful of only one thing—that they might be too late to answer the call which had come from across the Atlantic, speeding over forests, cities, prairies, lakes and mountains until echo answered from the shores of the Pacific Coast.

The early boat from Ville Marie discharged its half dozen passengers. A powerfully built French Canadian strode up the hill and stopped at the crowd of men. With a worried contraction of his heavy eyebrows he surveyed the formidable length of the line.

"Godam!" said he.

Heedless of the jests and comments of the mob he went slowly down the line, carefully scrutinizing each man, until he stopped at a half-breed Indian. For a moment only they argued in French, then he produced a roll of dollar notes in one hand, and brandished the other hand threateningly in the half-breed's face. The combined arguments proved too much, when the enrolment of recruits took place, number eighteen was Jacque Des Rosiers, sworn to serve His Majesty the King for the duration of the war and six months afterwards—in witness whereof he had drawn an inky cross after his name.

It would be difficult to give the exact motive for his action. He probably had never heard of Belgium, but—well, take horns and tail from the devil, and what is left?

THREE weeks later the company of amateur soldiers were warned to proceed to the concentration camp. Willing, but puzzled by the affliction of army discipline they had struggled past the first pitfalls of recruitship. For the sake of Captain Douglas Campbell their "boss," they suppressed their grumbling and submitted to the rites and ceremonies of military routine arguing that, inexplicable as it was, it had some connection, however remote, with the ultimate goal of warfare. The afternoon before their departure Campbell addressed them for exactly five minutes. His hair looked redder and his eyes seemed bluer than before. With his powerfully built shoulders and the rhythm of his muscles that lent a grace to his entire body, despite its ruggedness, he recalled the Athenian age of physical perfection.

"Look here, you fellows," he said, "you signed up to fight—so did I. We will fight, too, but Kitchener can't use us until we're ready. You wonder what all this drill is about. Well, here's my idea about it. There isn't a coward in this crowd, there isn't a man who wouldn't go down a shaft after a pal, even if the chances were a hundred to one against his coming back. But you're not ready for the front. You've got the heart, but your bodies must have training and discipline. Watch me with this cigarette. In flicking the ash I burn my finger, the next time I want to touch the ash, my finger avoids it by a quarter of an inch. I laugh and try again. You all know what I mean. I am not afraid of the cigarette but my finger is. If you've ever been kicked in the leg by a horse, the next time the horse kicks which of your legs is drawn back first? In some strange way your body has instincts of its own, and though you might have a heart like a bull, your muscles and nerves—your body—might fail you when you need them most. As I understand the army system, it is to train you to obey, not only mentally but physically. Eight months from now we may be lying half-dead with the enemy's guns playing hell all around us. We may want to quit, we may be 'all in,' but, if the order comes to advance, we'll go forward because our bodies will be disciplined to obey.

"Be patient then, men, and just smile when things go wrong. I would gladly have gone with you in the ranks, and there are lots of you chaps better able to lead than I, but a commission was given to me, and I'm out to do my best with the finest company of men in the Canadian Expeditionary Force. I'm learning all the time—as you are. You will have bad times, and so shall I, but let's help each other to grin and make the best of it for, after all we're just great big children playing a mighty big game. And when we reach France we'll show them all that the old Cobalt gang is afraid of nothing in this world or the next."

They cheered—and the man who shouted loudest was Jacque Des Rosiers. And somewhere in the speech *esprit de corps* had been born.

"I brak your neck," he said, comfortingly

FOUR winters came and went.

France lay in the warmth of a late spring evening, like a stricken deer that has thrown off its pursuers momentarily but is bleeding from a hundred wounds. Month after month she had endured the invader, and the cycle of years, instead of freeing her, had only deepened her agony. What had she left? The next attack might see Arras and her remaining coalfields gone, the Channel ports captured and then ... Paris? Paris?

Unperturbed, however, by any such thoughts, Petite Simonde—no one thought of her by any other name—was driving four cows home from pasture. The setting sun had shed a kindly hue on her gingham garment that was neither a frock nor an apron, yet served as both. Nor was the mellowing sunlight unkind to her face, for the racial sallowness of her cheeks, accentuated by the constant exposure to the elements, was softened and shaded into a gentle brown. Her shoes, which were far too large, were in the final stages of disrepair. About the brow her hair was braided with a simplicity that was by no means devoid of charm. Her eyes—but there she was really French. Simonde had never been farther from the village of Le Carois than the neighboring town of Avesnes Le Comte (unless one counts the momentous occasion, a year after her birth, when she was taken to Arras for exhibition before an esteemed and wealthy relative, who was so little impressed that he bequeathed his entire estate, consisting of eight thousand francs to a manufacturer of tombstones), but a French woman does not acquire coquetry—she is born with it. Even in church Simonde would cast such languishing yet mischievous eyes upon the curé himself, that the poor little man, who had never liked Latin at any time, used to stammer and mumble his orisons like an over-conscientious penitent at confessional.

When her two brothers went to war Simonde, who was then sixteen, assumed their tasks in addition to her own, in all of which she had the able direction of "madame" her mother. Between them they performed a day's work that would have exhausted two husky laborers. As is the custom in most of northern France, their home was not on the farm but in the village, for one of the first essentials of existence to a Frenchman is companionship. On the outskirts of Le Carois, just on the hill, there was a great chateau, beautifully, gloomily aloof, but in the one street of the village itself pigs, cows, hens and their offspring, wallowed in mud and accumulated filth.

It is difficult to know which is the more striking, the French peasant's stoicism in the presence of war, or his indifference to dirt.

ON this particular evening in May of 1918, Simonde was frankly regretting the absence of men. Not that she had ever been in love or known the rapture of wandering in the moonlight with a man (France is almost the only civilized country remaining that has not relegated chaperones to the realm of fiction), but she wanted to use her eyes on something more susceptible than a cow or a curé. It was spring and she felt pretty, and when a woman is conscious of her own charm she seldom wishes to prove miserly with it.

She had just run across the road to convince a cow of its loss of the sense of direction when she heard the neighing of a horse. Glancing behind her, she looked directly into the eyes of a mounted British officer, whereupon that gentleman brought his steed to a standstill.

"*Bon soir, Mademoiselle*," said he.

"*Bon soir, monsieur*," she answered demurely. Her eyes were lowered shyly and her fingers played over the stick she was carrying like a flute-player caressing his instrument. The officer bowed slightly and tried to recall his French vocabulary, though it must be admitted he was never loquacious in any tongue when conversing with a daughter of Eve. As for her, since it is a woman's *role* she waited. Would he speak again or would he pass on leaving the memory of yet one more meeting with a gentleman of adventure, one more roadside drama in which the dialogue consisted only of an exchange of salutations? Most men who have returned from France will recall for years to come how, a few kilometres back from Hell, they often caught a glimpse of two dark eyes and a tender smile. Just that and—

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Planning Soviet Rule in Canada

Tracing to the Centre of the Web

By LIEUT.-COL. J. B. MACLEAN

THE defeat of the Revolutionists in Winnipeg by the arrest of the leaders has not by any means ended the dangers to Canada. There is every reason to look for serious times this fall and winter. The Germans are spending money freely and from a purely business standpoint it will pay them to pour out many millions more in their efforts to promote strikes, create discord among returned soldiers and otherwise cripple Canadian and other allied trades while they—far better organized than we are—will undersell us in our own markets.

Clear, undisputed evidence is in the possession of the authorities that their agents and dupes are preparing Eastern Canada, particularly Quebec and the Maritime Provinces for the revolution, that the money comes from German sources; and finally that the whole movement is directed from one source in the United States and by one German, in New York, who has been wielding great power at Ottawa. I have never seen his name in a Canadian paper and a man who occupied a prominent position in the Department of Justice during the war, whose business it was to know of every dangerous character, had never heard of him. The Minister of Justice and some Cabinet Ministers had been fully warned. Yet that man, a German enemy, went to Ottawa and caused two of the most important orders-in-council—which had been carefully drawn up and issued and which were designed for our protection at home and the safety of our fighting men overseas—to be cancelled, that he and his agents might more effectively work for our injury and defeat. We did not awaken until he had almost accomplished part of his scheme—a Soviet Government in Winnipeg. Then an aroused public opinion forced the Government to bring back the orders in council in the form of an Act of Parliament. Incidentally letters seized show that the Revolution started in Winnipeg sooner than the higher-ups intended.

This man is Santeri Nuorteva, New York alias Nyberg, a German ex-convict, head of the German propaganda bureau in New York—the body which directed the bombing, fires and explosions in the munition plants and ships in the U.S.

If the Dominion Department of Justice had acted on the information of those who knew the facts, who gave them the facts, there would have been no big strike in Winnipeg, there would have been no smaller strikes from Vancouver East to Sydney. Other very important information was offered from other official sources and the offers did not bring the courtesy of an acknowledgment. Time and again the local authorities sentenced most dangerous agitators, the men who started the trouble and they were promptly released. The Labor Unions, the employers and the people of Canada have suffered losses of millions upon millions, at the instigation of the enemy and for the sole purpose of benefiting the enemy in the war and in the future, and the Dominion Ministry of Justice is entirely to blame. Has not the time come for a complete clean up of a department that has been failing us, that has failed to co-operate with the Militia Department and that actually thwarted the efforts of the Prime Minister himself?

It is true that there is something to be said in extenuation. The Department is handicapped because it must act through local authority, and provincial and municipal officials are as sceptical of German propaganda as the Asquith-Haldane-Churchill gang were of a German war. That does not excuse them but it proves the need for a virile Dominion Police force.

AN opportunity for full inquiry is now open. Press despatches say that the Manitoba Government is investigating the causes leading to the Winnipeg strike and the results. The Commissioner cannot do his work effectively unless he procures all the data in the Department of Justice and particularly the reports submitted by C. H. Cahan, K.C., and the information received and offered but ignored from other very important sources. In an article on "Why Canada Let Trotsky Go" published in June MACLEAN'S, I referred to the appointment of Mr. Cahan as Director of Public Safety. I did not then, and do not now know Mr. Cahan, I have never even seen him and have therefore no personal interest in him. What I know, and am giving here is the result of special inquiries. The fact more than confirms what was said on Page 66, in June MACLEAN'S, about the Trotsky influence at Ottawa and the persistent propaganda carried on by his agents through his groups in Canada to hamper our war efforts and bring on trouble connected with labor and returned soldiers. Conditions were so bad and the Department of Justice showed such helplessness, that the outlook seemed hopeless and Sir Robert Borden brought Mr. Cahan all the way from California and asked him, as a personal favor, to take charge of the situation, as Director of Public Safety. Certain persons in Canada co-operated with him and he had the assistance of the secret sources of all our Allies so that he soon uncovered a mass of amazing information. But officialdom blocked him at every turn. Men who should have helped him sneered at his work. Sir Robert, who knew the seriousness of the situation, was at the Peace Conference and other Cabinet Ministers were not only indifferent but they hampered Mr. Cahan's work. Only in the Militia Dept. where they had a strong Minister and a very capable chief of staff, General Gwatkin, was his work understood.

Santeri Nuorteva, the German who is inspiring and directing from New York the labor troubles in Canada.

Tracing It Back to Martens

BUT the Winnipeg strike came and happenings leading up to it began to be gossiped about. Cahan's reports were recalled. The raids and the arrests of the leaders in Winnipeg and Toronto, the raids elsewhere, the splendid work of the N. W. Police under Com. Perry and finally the big raids in New York produced evidence that proved that the trouble was all directed from one centre in New York. At the head of that centre was a German, Martens, with millions of money available for propaganda. Martens claimed to be a Russian, but the U.S. Government produced his own sworn and signed statement made in 1916 proving he was a German and that he registered there as a German. A further study of the names uncovered in the raids and their activities that led to the strikes show that had the Department of Justice arrested and jailed or deported about thirty men whose names they had they would have put out of the way the real trouble makers and there would have been no strikes.

And again, Canada owes a tremendous debt to the Minister of Labor and to the Trade Union leaders who supported him in Canada, and to Gompers and the heads of the International Unions in the States. These men had a broader knowledge of world situations than the Ministry of Justice. But for their foresight and steadfastness there is no doubt but that Canada from Port Arthur to Vancouver would have come under Soviet rule in May.

Help the Labor Unions

NOR is it fair to put all the blame upon the Ministry of Justice. A lot of us, manufacturers and employers of labor, have not done and are not doing what we should to help our best friends the legitimate labor unions and the men in them in the present life and death struggle with anarchy. We are hearing a great deal about *conciliation*, but General Mitchell, whose brilliant intelligence and propaganda work in France and Italy brought him international recognition, started a new and vastly better idea when he said in a public address that it was not *conciliation* that was needed between employers and employees, including returned soldiers, but co-operation. Writing from my own experience of over a third of a century with the seven different unions in my own employ and with the mass of information now at hand I would impress upon all employers the recognition of and the standing by all *bona fide* unions, meeting all reasonable requests as to methods of bargaining, wages and hours. I have had many a fight with my own Unions, I have had strikes, and will probably have trouble in the future. My actual experience always favored International Unions. The men at the head have a world experience and outlook which overcomes the narrowness of a small locality—and they are almost invariably fair and conscientious in their dealings. I believe I am right in saying that the master printers of Toronto were the first to grant the nine-hour day, then the eight. More than that we inaugurated collective bargaining. In 1907 we entered into a five year collective agreement with seven allied printing trades. At the end of that time the leading Union said: "No more collective bargaining for us," and we have never gone back to it. We now have to spend weeks settling seven different wage scales with seven different unions.

The labor view is expressed by Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, who notified last week the International Trades Union Congress at Amsterdam, when he said his delegation was pledged to advocate the broad principles of democracy and justice to which the workers are entitled as against Bolshevism.

Some of the most important facts in this article have been given me by U.S. and Canadian labor leaders.

NOT only in Canada but in Britain and the United States have we employers been short-sighted. Mayor Hanson of Seattle, who fought the I. W. W. when his city found itself one day under a Soviet Government, told the business men of Chicago last week that the indifference of employers in the North-West to the conditions in which lumbermen lived had given opportunity for Radicals to promote trouble and Samuel Crowther, who had been investigating conditions in Europe for a U.S. business paper takes a similar view. "The question," he says, "which the European employer formerly asked himself with respect to labor was 'How can I get an adequate production at a proper cost from my force?' The question that he is now asking himself is 'How can I avoid going out of business?'" He concludes his report with: "If I should be asked to state in a word what will be the policy of British employers—and I have talked with a great many of them—I could only say that there is no policy as yet. But there is an open-mindedness in the majority which may work out the situation once labor itself can determine what it stands for. If the trade unions win out, then industrial peace is possible. If they do not win out, then anything may happen. The main difficulties in England have been brought about by the employer refusing to face facts until he was opposed by a great movement—a movement which is an effect and not a cause. And that is the lesson which British industrial policies hold for America."

Sir Robert Hadfield explains why the British are not getting back their markets because the "manufacturers' hands are tied because a very great proportion of his time is occupied with the settling of labor troubles."

The British situation, according to William Allen White, editor of the Kansas City *Star*, who has been reporting the Peace Conference, is likely to lead to a bloodless uprising in England and that sooner or later England would be flourishing under Soviet government. "It will be a bloodless and orderly procedure," he said, "with King George as a sort of royal Soviet ruler. The King is playing with the radicals of England in about the same fashion as if Mr. Wilson were 'kowtowing' to the Debs element in this country. The British soldiers fought for democracy and are insistent that they have democracy in England. Higher wages in England will be the first fruit of this bloodless revolt, and the signs apparent just now are plentiful."

The labor troubles that have been going on and are constantly breaking out across Canada are well known. In the United States they are becoming so bad that one State after another has been deeply stirred up. And an attempt was made to break up the greatest labor organization with its three million members, to be followed by nation-wide impossible labor demands. Cables tell us of great strikes in France, Italy and the Australias.

Investigations conducted in Germany by British business men and financiers show that there are no serious wage or other labor troubles there; that the few agitators are dealt with promptly, generally shot; that employers and employees are working loyally together, as partners; that they are quickly reorganizing their industries, and that their production costs will be so low that they will soon get back many of their old markets, where in many lines they can undersell Britain, United States and Canada.

Thus we have a peaceful, aggressive Germany, but in all the allied countries simultaneous labor troubles. All are conducted on exactly the same lines as those leading to a Soviet Russia—the lines Trotzky learned in America. All are aiming to establish a Soviet in unison with Russia. In Russia 279 out of the 282 controlling that country are German.

Can there be but one explanation? Germany wants to keep us occupied with our own troubles and out of Russia, while she gets back her markets and retains her hold on Russia. If she succeeds she wins the war.

German Propaganda in Canada

But let us see what evidence there is of German influence. In Canada we had our Investigating Committee, but only the surface was touched and the real facts underlying all the troubles were not uncovered because of disorganization in the Department of Justice and the lack of investigators. It was a free-for-all show. No effort was made by the committee to prepare and present evidence. It was a *complaint* bureau, not an *Investigating Committee*.

In New York State, however, they have gone about it in the right way. A Committee of the Legislature was appointed under Senator Lusk. They had the sympathy and support of the great majority of Trade Union leaders. The Senator at once selected a corps of able investigators—men who had been trained in the Military, Justice, and Naval Departments. They began to delve under the *surface*. They got at the cause—German propaganda. The little they have let out has alarmed the nation. It has now got beyond a question of labor troubles, and one State after another has appointed Legislative Committees to investigate these wide-spread Bolshevik activities. Apparently investigations are to become nationwide. Everywhere these investigations are leading to Canada. They show that the Bolsheviks regard Canada as the most promising of all their fields, with Australia next. They show that the movement is backed by Germany. Back of it all is one of the brainiest Germans on the continent—the unofficial representative of Germany in America—a man who at one time had $40,000,000 of German money at his disposal. Under him a figurehead, Ludwig A. K. Martens. One day last year Martens announced that he had been appointed Soviet Ambassador to the U. S. But Washington refused to recognize him officially. Washington, it appears, knew that Trotzky had selected a very clever German who went under the name of Santeri Nuorteva. As his own record was not good and for other reasons he suggested Martens, who had been posing as a Russian. But in 1914 he had registered as a German in England and in the United States. As late as 1916 he had sworn that he was German. The State Department bided its time. Martens' place was raided by, and he was summoned before the Lusk Committee. He protested his Russian citizenship when the above facts were flashed at him. He and his large staff occupied two floors in a large office building. They were all very busy for months. He said they were engaged in making large purchases for Russia; that they had $200,000,000 cash to spend. They spread this in Canada. Cornered, he had to admit that they had not bought one dollar's worth of goods, and finally it was shown that they were engaged in the most wide-spread, most nefarious propaganda that ever happened in the history of the United States and Canada. The king-pin of the organization was Nuorteva. Nominally a minor employee in the Soviet Bureau, he was really the clearing house for all the Bolshevik activities on the continent, including South America—the man who exerted such power at Ottawa, where he frequently went. The Bureau directed the I. W. W. and various subsidiaries, among which were all those banned from Canada, the Rand School occupying every floor of a big office building from which emanated, or were directed, publications totalling 750,000 daily circulation. From this centre too went out a large staff of lecturers. One letter intercepted showed a Church of England Bishop wanted to deliver a series of lectures for the "Reds" in New York.

The Revolutionists are divided into three groups. The first is a small minority who would resort to any extreme to carry out their programme of revolution. The second is made up of loose-mouthed, mentally unbalanced political reformers. The third consists of a depraved few drawn together by talk of free love, nationalization of women and that sort of thing. The Lusk Committee intend to put each of them on the stand and give them an opportunity to explain.

Papers seized in the New York raids show that they had an extensive mailing list of persons to whom literature was regularly sent advocating directly or indirectly revolution in Canada and the United States. These comprized Anarchists, Socialists, I. W. W., and other well-known fomentors of discords. Among the names on that list is a well known Canadian labor leader, a man who is largely responsible for the troubles at present in the Maritime Provinces. He has been more or less ostracized by reputable labor leaders. One of them tells me they have the evidence that he is in constant communication with the Soviet, leaders of the I. W. W. and left wing of the Socialist party in New York. He further tells me the papers show not only this but a direct line of relationship between Canadian agitators and the revolutionary leaders in New York, and practically every move that has been made in Canada in the past year has been the result of conferences held and lines of action decided upon by the recognized radical leaders in the Union Square district.

Some other items selected at random from the papers read and translated by Senator Lusk's committee are:—

Martens, who posed as Bolshevik Ambassador to the United States. He is a German.

Prof. Scott Nearing, who was expelled from Pennsylvania University because he was endeavoring to prevent Americans from enlisting, is being paid a large salary to lecture and write for this Rand School. Prof. Nearing's main activities have been in the direction of arming the mob and taking away all arms from owners of property, including Trades Unionists who have worked hard, saved a little money and bought their own homes. With the members of the Soviet armed and all the other Unionists, employers and the public generally unarmed, Prof. Nearing points out it will be quite easy to seize the Government.

German Agents in Our Regiments

Another of the lecturers paid by the Rand School is J. E. Coldwell, convicted under the U. S. espionage law. In fact the society that owns the school has been convicted of sending men to enlist in U. S. regiments for the purpose of creating insubordination and mutiny. How far were our troubles in England inspired by the same source? In both Canada and the U. S. it was the Military Intelligence Departments who first uncovered German propaganda, but our Department of Justice and the public generally treated their reports as the wildest fiction and no systematic action was taken. Now it is definitely known that at least one German accompanied every Corps leaving Canada. They were thoroughly organized, there being the chief agent with each division, one captain for each brigade to which the regimental spies reported and from whom they took orders. A number of them were caught and executed. But, it was not until the end was approaching that we in this country realized how thoroughly the German propaganda had been organized. The agents had two duties: to pass on reports and spread discontent leading to Bolshevism. Exactly the same thing happened in the U. S. Overseas Forces, and a number of officers and men were caught and sentenced.

They hope for as little bloodshed as possible, but the organ of the I. W. W. and *One Big Union* quotes as follows: "The United States is in the grip of a bloody revolution! Thousands of workers are slaughtered by machine guns in New York City! Washington is on fire! Industry is at a standstill and thousands of workers are starving. The Government is using the most brutal and repressive measures to put down the revolution. The above is what we may expect to see on the front pages of what few newspapers survive the upheaval."

The Socialists who want reform by evolution and not by bloody [illegible] say that the Soviet and I. W. W. have lists of men and women to be hanged, which include many labor leaders as well as so-called employers. Other captured documents show 52 I. W. W. publications, a number of these being under cover, with an aggregate daily circulation of 750,000. They also tend to show that the I. W. W. control a majority of the members in 100 trade unions and that when they are ready to strike, they can tie up the industries of the country if they all hang together. The method used was to get one I. W. W. in each trade union and for that one member to give all his spare time to his one factory in regard to the I. W. W. propaganda.

Also one or more reporters on each newspaper and at all possible centres of news disseminating bureaus.

Nuorteva says those who oppose the Soviet are in the pay of the English Imperialists and this story is being assiduously spread in the U. S.

Senator Lusk, chairman of the Committee investigating the activities and under whose direction the raids were made, sizes up the situation as follows:—

"There is a big radical element on every hand. To get at the matter intelligently we must separate this radical element into its proper classifications. Worst of all is the wilful and deliberate or insane extremist who believes in the bomb and other forms of wanton destruction. Along with him is the man who would set aside all of the laws and beliefs that have been handed down to us since the days of Washington and overthrow our Government by violence and revolution. There is only one way to deal with this radical element. Whatever force is necessary on the part of the Government must be used to protect our institutions and the persons and property of our citizens from violence.

"The best of the radical element is comprised of men who feel that there are many existing wrongs in our country and who brood over what they consider to be these wrongs and who want to see them remedied. This appears to be a growing class. These are the men to whom we should give consideration and attention.

Continued on page 48

The Month's Vital Question

Will War-time Prices *Ever* Drop?

THE fact that "one can buy ten cents' worth of almost anything now for thirty cents" fills many columns of Canadian newspapers, both news and editorial pages. The recent action of the Government in creating a Court of Commerce and in passing certain other presumably remedial legislation has once again focussed the attention of the entire Dominion on our ever present bugaboo, the High Cost of Living.

"Getting prices back to normal," says the Toronto *Star*, "is as difficult as coaxing a frightened kitten down out of a tree. The more you coax, the higher climbs kitty."

That this is the view taken by the committee of the House of Commons which inquired into the H. C. of L. is shown by the Woodstock *Sentinel-Review* in its summary of the committee's report: "All that the committee can say, as a result of its investigations, is that the price level is not fixed. Prices may come down, but, so far as the committee can see, *they are just as liable to go up*."

Those newspapers—and those members of the general public—who expected war-time prices to cease with, first, the termination of hostilities, and later, with the signing of the peace pact, have met with keen—and even amazed disappointment, and many newspapers are busy trying to explain why we're paying war time prices in peace-time.

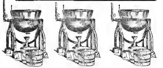
The basic economic causes, underlying the present era of high prices, are very little discussed by editorial writers. The Montreal *Gazette*, Victoria *Times* and others refer to the world shortage of almost all commodities, the large numbers of men still withdrawn from productive activities, the currency inflation, the large issue of securities, and other non-local, fundamental causes in a more or less perfunctory manner. Many papers ignore them altogether, and lay stress upon certain minor and contributory causes, with the apparent purpose in view that these secondary causes may, perhaps, be removed, or their effect minimized.

"The love of the almighty dollar is the principal cause of the high prices of things," in the opinion of the Stratford *Beacon*. This view is shared by the London *Advertiser*, which excoriates profiteers and laments that "fortunes have been greedily grasped out of the misfortunes of the world, and that dividends beyond the richest dreams of promoters have been piled up."

'Tis But Cold Comfort

In the same vein, the Woodstock *Sentinel-Review* says: "It may be some consolation to the consumer to know that his own extravagance is held partly responsible for the high prices. Expensive tastes in sweets and other things and the demand for frequent deliveries, are mentioned as among the things that help to increase the cost of living."

The prevalence of strikes is referred to as an aggravating factor. The Toronto *Star* emphasizes the fact that during June, 1919, there were 39 strikes, involving 67,917 people, and resulting



This is a photographic reproduction of a section of our kettle room and one of the thermometers. These make for absolute uniformity in Wethey's Orange Marmalade.

Absolute Standardization in Marmalade Making

Wethey's Marmalade is firm, but tender; mild, but full-flavored, and perfectly smooth.

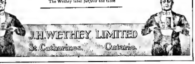
It never varies. Every jar of it is the same. Carefully selected Seville oranges, pure cane sugar and scientific cookery make

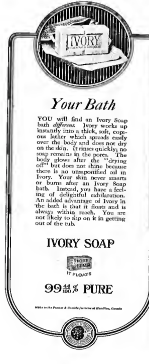
Wethey's Orange Marmalade

—the perfect marmalade. The perfected Wethey formula is developed in minute detail by our exacting scientific cookery methods.

Ask your grocer for Wethey's Orange Marmalade. It satisfies the most critical. If your grocer is out of Wethey's he can easily get it for you.

The Wethey label *perfects* the table





Your Bath

YOU will find an Ivory Soap bath *different*. Ivory works up instantly into a thick, soft, copious lather which spreads easily over the body and does not dry on the skin. It rinses quickly; no soap remains in the pores. The body glows after the "drying off" but does not shine because there is no unsaponified oil in Ivory. Your skin never smarts or burns after an Ivory Soap bath. Instead, you have a feeling of delightful exhilaration. An added advantage of Ivory in the bath is that it floats and is always within reach. You are not likely to slip on it in getting out of the tub.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

99$\frac{44}{100}$% PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

In a loss of about 1,445,921 working days, in June, 1918 there were 32 strikes, involving 11,868 people, and the loss of only 46,941 working days. The Manitoba *Free Press* is authority for the statement that "the strike . . . has prevented the manufacture of 2,000,000 pounds of butter within the province of Manitoba alone The farmers and creameries have lost $1,640,000, the farmers, of course losing the major portion of that amount," and concludes its editorial by asking "Are methods which produce the above results calculated to reduce the high cost of living?"

The Edmonton *Bulletin*, and many others call attention to the fact that not the least important factor in the "vicious circle" is the high cost of labor The *Bulletin* remarks: "The higher the cost of producing in the city what the farmer has to buy, the higher the cost of producing on the farm what the city dweller has to eat."

The Commons Cost of Living Committee reported that 'the present price of wheat is a notable factor in the high cost of living."

Combines, mergers and profiteers appear to be legitimate targets for anyone who wants to lambaste some concern or individual, without fear of a "come-back." Certainly during the sessions of the Cost of Living Committee, no opportunity was neglected to give publicity to extraordinary profits, in the opinion of the editor of the *Canadian Military Gazette* who alleges that "the trouble arises mainly in the desire of the newspapers for sensational copy."

'*Some* of the profits,' retorts the Toronto *Star*, 'have been sensational enough to suit any such demand.'

"Given a fairly-administered excess business profit tax and a well-administered income tax" the *Military Gazette* asks "Is there anything very bad about large profits made by companies?"

These Huge Profits

In an editorial headed "How the Robbery is Carried Out," the Belleville *Ontario* answers this query in no dubious fashion. "Such a state of affairs is nothing short of damnable and entitled to rank with high crimes for which the most serious punishment is provided."

The Saskatoon *Phoenix* believes that the revelations before the Committee should result in the formation of two parties in Canada—"the party of the protected interests and the party of the unprotected interests."

The Manitoba *Free Press* ascribes a great deal of the present industrial unrest to the attitude of the general public toward profiteering and says "The profiteering to which the natural evolution of trade and commerce is giving rise must be stopped. It is a fruitful source of popular discontent. It is a powerful weapon in the extension of ultra-socialistic doctrines which become revolutionary."

The C of L. Committee reported that some profiteering was found to be "involuntary" and adds that "individual cases of high profits have been discovered but these are probably not more numerous or excessive than during ordinary times of peace. In some cases they are due to war orders, in other cases to speculation and efficiency, and again in other cases to a favored condition and greed."

A special investigation into combines was made to supplement the committee's report by Dr W T Jackman, of the University of Toronto, and the Toronto *Globe* quotes him to the effect that "there is a good deal of combination everywhere in Canada, but in nearly every case its purpose is protective and not predatory." "Combinations for protective prices" the *Globe* concludes, "can mean only higher prices for consumers than those which would prevail otherwise."

What can we do about it?

Well, what is the remedy? What can be done to make the H. C. of L. less of a bogey? Sir Thomas White Minister of Finance, quoted by the Halifax *Chronicle* suggests as the panacea:

"The remedy is to increase production and reduce consumption. These are the remedies—just simple thrift and hard work. That is as old as humanity, but it is sound When you have high prices all over the world, you may depend upon it that they are not due to any local conditions."

With this simple formula the Toronto *Star* agrees, remarking that 'old fashioned remedies are often the best, and, by the same token, frequently overlooked.' The Kingston *Standard* calls Sir Thomas' statement "the merest truism," and emphasizes the fact that "people who practise thrift, work hard, and produce more, object to having all this made use of by profiteers for their own advantage."

In its report, the C. of L. Committee decides that fixed prices and export embargoes would be "unsound on economic lines."

No material reduction in prices can be expected, the Committee reported, "except by increasing the volume or by lowering the cost of distribution." "Get back into productive industry," and "encourage co-operative buying" are two other Committee admonitions.

If the Government fixes a price on wheat this year the Port Arthur *News-Chronicle* asserts that a remedy for the H. C. of L. must be found in the fixing of other prices on articles of everyday consumption This paper contends that "if the Government is going to agree to the farmers' demands, then it must, in consistence, accede to the demand of the people generally for a fixing of profits on all other articles of daily consumption. If it is fair to make certain the profits of the wheat growers, it surely is nothing more than fair to adopt such regulations as will assure consumers that they are not going to be robbed all along the line."

It's Up to The People

The solution of the whole question, says the Toronto *Star*, rests with the Canadian people. As the Manitoba *Free Press* says 'There is clear recognition of the point that it is impossible to restore pre-war prices. That is part of the price of the war. The fact might as well be faced. There may be a slight lowering in quotations here and there but an advance at some other point will neutralize it."

The moral the *Free Press* expresses tersely is: "Buy!—you people—buy!" But buy wisely, judiciously, carefully, intelligently

"Buy—buy to-day!
"Buy those things you need.
"Buy wisely but buy now.
"Now's the time—Let's Go!
"That is a good spirit for Winnipeg to emulate in tackling its post-war, post-strike problems."

That the whole of the Dominion should emulate this spirit is emphasized in the H. C. of L. Committee's report. This says, 'In the final analysis the solution of the whole problem rests in a willingness on the part of all Canadian people to seize and make use of the splendid opportunities before them."

In other words: "IT'S UP TO YOU"

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

Britain Winning Supremacy in the Air

How Great Britain is Developing Her Peace-time Programme in Aviation

THE present supremacy of Great Britain in flying will probably be questioned by no one. As the need of defence of an island gave her supremacy in the sea, so the need of defence of an island and an empire has pushed her to supremacy in the air. Richard Washburn Child, in an article in *Collier's* tells of the remarkable and complete programme Britain has for conquering the air.

In 1914, he writes, just before the war, the British Army asked Parliament for $5,000,000 for the air service. When the armistice came, I am told, the Air Ministry was preparing to ask for forty times as much. Peace has cut the estimate to something less than half a billion dollars for this year.

When the war came to an end there were more than 27,000 flying officers in the British air forces; toward the upkeep of a substantial air force there is no wobbling in the present British attitude.

"How many air battles were fought by your men during the war?" I asked.

"All in all, not less than 40,000," said the young major who has access to the figures. "It is one of the reasons why we are asking for a sizable air force. We shall have a peace footing of over 100 squadrons, with over 8,000 officers and at least 50,000 men."

It is, however, in civil flying that the present imagination of the Air Ministry, of Parliament, and of the British press and people is caught to a degree of which we Americans know nothing.

The kind of fact which stimulates this imagination is found in the rounds made these days by the political officer of the British at Bagdad. An inspection which once took him two months is now finished in forty-eight hours.

The kind of fact which stimulates this imagination is found in the plans for the "all red routes" which the British are making to bind the empire together—to Egypt, from Cairo to Calcutta, Calcutta to Singapore, Singapore to Australia and New Zealand.

The chief of the British Air Staff and Controller General of Civil Aviation is Major General Sir F. H. Sykes. No doubt there are British flyers who believe that the imagination and foresight of this remarkable young man are too much restrained by his practical mind and the vast experience which the war, which his command of the air forces at the Dardanelles and in France, and his capacity for work and for infecting all his subordinates with work have brought under his nose. But the British have put under his charge with full faith the development of peace aviation. They have ruled the wave. They will rule the air.

General Sykes has a map. It shows the various stages of the aerial route. The line touches Cairo, stretches out to Karachi, Singapore, to the Sunda Islands, to Wyndham in Australia, over the rough country to the railway line through Queensland and New South Wales to Melbourne, and then by way of Tasmania to New Zealand.

Some one asks what has been done besides map work. Sykes would say at once that pioneer flights have already been operating as far as to Karachi, Delhi and Calcutta; he would point to the lessons of the regular air service now being operated between Boulogne and Cologne so that when this service is extended across the Channel to London the War Office can reach occupied territory in seven hours instead of five days. He would say that the system of wireless stations, the captive balloons to guide pilots flying above the clouds, established only a month or two for a route which since then has been afflicted with "horrible" weather, would be installed under the favorable weather conditions which make the Cairo-to-Australia aerial line an assured development.

Civil flying during the war was prohibited; it is good prophecy that the removal of the restrictions will result in the British taking to the air in a way to astonish us. Manufacturers relying upon the attitude of the Air Ministry, are going forward with planes for commercial work.

Not to private initiative, however, but rather to Government oversight, control, patronage and research the British are intrusting the future of civil and commercial flying.

The truth of the matter is that it is doubtful whether civil aviation will keep pace with the times in any nation which sleeps over its opportunity. People who live under Governments which turn their backs upon aviation as a new and vital factor in war and in the economic and social life of the world may buy airplanes and go up in them, but ultimately for the public safety Governments will have to treat flying as a national and not a private affair.

The British are treating flying as a national affair.

The men who have put the British first in the field of war flying and of making war flyers are going to put the British first in the field of peace flying and the making of peace flyers. These men begin with the idea that flying is a national necessity.

General Sykes believes that international rules are even more important than the laws which are now being prepared for flying within the air space above the United Kingdom. Not only is it necessary to deal as a nation with flying in its legal aspects, but the British believe that the flying of the future must be developed upon a base of auxiliary services, without which flying will remain as more of an individual venture than as a part of the life of a people. There is no agency which can supplant the Government in furnishing these services. The war has shown it.

Before the war where were the flying fields, the aerodromes, the markets for manufacturers, the research bureaus, the experience, the utilization of national communication systems, the wireless stations, the balloon guides, the beacon lights which all stand ready to-day as a background for the development of flying in peace times for commerce and transit?

What other agency than a Government can furnish a continuance of these auxiliary services upon which a nation's flying must depend?

The British, finding no answer to this latter question, have prepared to spend $2,500,000 at once on the organization and first work of the Civil Flying Division in the Air Ministry; they have prepared to spend $10,000,000 on research and experimental work. Some of this work will be done by the Government; some of it will be done by manufacturers who themselves could not command the capital necessary.

An investigation of the fields of labor and probable results to be obtained by this governmental work indicates closely enough that it is folly for any people—the people of the United States, for instance—to rely upon private initiative for development of peace flying any more than they would rely upon it for the development of national air-fighting power.

Let us look into it. Flying is not only as dependent upon rights of way, signals, beacons, weather, as water navigation; it is more so. He is a dull man indeed who cannot see that "navigation" of the air will require more services of the state and perhaps in the end give more service to the state than navigation of the sea.

The British Air Ministry, with this fact in mind, has favored Government patronage from the first, when control and assistance will count, rather than ultimate Government control and patronage when the control is made necessary by abuses of flying.

The plan of the ministry is to divide the attention given to civil flying into state flying and commercial flying. State flying is aviation for the mails, the customs service, the police and for the multitude of official errands of importance.

The same Government promotion of the auxiliary or ground services which make the "background" for a nation's flying is needed as much for commercial flying as for state flying.

There is the weather. As General Sykes says, it is still the great natural enemy of aviation. No agency except a Government can furnish an adequate aviation weather report. None other can furnish the daily forecast such as the aviation forecast which now appears every morning in one London morning newspaper as a beginning of a service now in its infancy. When one is planning to fly to Paris, it is with the same interest which the boy had in reading the weather prognosis for the Fourth of July: "that visibility in the Channel is low, cloud banks on 20 mile southerly wind will arrive over Dover at 11 a.m. Wind velocity at 10,000 feet is 18 miles an hour," and so on.

Already the flight of man has dropped a bomb into the camp of the meteorologists, and already the weather studies extending to great heights above the earth promise to open up to weather reporting whole new fields of researches yielding not only information to aviators but to all mankind. In the United Kingdom there already are nearly forty meteorological stations of the Royal Air Force. Without a national service, linked with an international service, the very bud of flight is nipped.

"Oh, it must be an international service for my purpose," said a pilot to me. "If it isn't, it's really very little good. A man can't get a really decent day's flying over England, you know."

Aerial navigation cannot be developed quickly without Government assistance. There are two sides of aerial navigation. One is skill and knowledge of the pilot, that ever-increasing requirement of technique which will lift the civil flying pilot out of the class of chauffeur, to which some misguided persons think he will belong, and perhaps above the class of marine navigator as well.

The useful flyer of peace will even have to be much more of a trained man than the flyer in war—more of a navigator. Not all, but most of the war flying, say some of the British who did it, was short-flight, calling for dash and daring, but not for the calm head and technical knowledge needed by the flyer of an airplane carrying twenty or thirty precious passengers from Stockholm to Marseilles or His Majesty's Royal Mail from the Sunda Islands to Australia, when it is a question of "going around the outside" of a typhoon.

Whatever may be one's opinion about Government oversight of peace-flying education, there can be no argument about the need for the Government to provide, as it provides for sea navigators, the services necessary to develop air routes.

But unlike the mariner, the flyer of commerce and of Government service will probably require, if he is to fly in all weathers, constant touch with, and guidance by, the devices of wireless telegraphs and of wireless telephones which are developing so rapidly. He will navigate not by landmarks, not by charts, not by observation of the stars, but by directions sent up to him as he hangs in the bowl of the sky or bores his way through the clouds.

Is this a fantasy of the future? Not exactly. Not long ago one of the larger planes left Henderson Flying Field for Paris. An aerial navigator, without looking out of his craft, gave all the steering directions and calculated within a minute or two when Paris could be sighted. He could tell within a mile whether or not the machine was over Brighton at the moment he was asked the question. All this rather useful information to a navigator came through many miles of unwired space and was crystallized into human knowledge on a little metallic device at his finger tips. But it takes a Government to provide a service of this kind at the many points necessary.

If the war had not enlisted the British Government in aircraft research and experiment, and made desperate the need for improvement of the art of flying under a central authority such as the British Air Ministry, civil flying might have been ten years behind its present development.

The British will fly. Government and people are shoulder to shoulder on this. Even some of the labor Members of Parliament, who are just now railing at Government expenditure, are ready to see money spent by the Civil Flying Department of the Air Ministry.

Vital to the development of flying for peace is a definite and continuous Government policy, with Government support and supervision of flying under one central authority.

Kaiser Employed Famous Beauties

How Germany Enmeshed the Balkan States by Use of Women

HISTORY tells us how in times past the fate of nations has at times been influenced by the machinations of beautiful women, but the story of how the late Kaiser made use of the eternal feminine to spin his web around the various Balkan principalities is as full of interest as any similar story of ancient history. H. de Wissen, in the *Forum*, lays bare the planning and plotting by which Mad Wilhelm hoped to secure these minor nations to his own ends.

There was no state of the Balkans, he writes, too small for the Kaiser to desire. In Montenegro there ruled a very clever king, Nicholas I.

From the centre of the web in Potsdam the Kaiser focused his eyes upon Montenegro. He knew that the old king had never looked leniently upon Pan-German intrigue, despite attractive inducements. But the Kaiser knew also that it might be possible to win these little Balkan countries one by one to his side. Cherchez la femme!

The old king of Montenegro was ambitious for his daughters. There were six very charming girls. The aged and crafty matchmaker had succeeded in marrying five of them into high positions of European royalty. There remained the beautiful dark-eyed Princess Helene. Wilhelm suggested to Rome that among the beautiful daughters of Nicholas, of Montenegro, a suitable wife might be found for the Italian Crown Prince. Acting upon the Kaiser's advice, the Prince of Naples journeyed to Cetinje, met the dark-eyed Helene with a result that their betrothal was soon announced. And the spider in Potsdam was pleased.

The Italian Crown Prince and Helene came to the Italian throne. The Kaiser promptly asked the new King whether he would undertake the office of mediator in settling the terms of a defensive and offensive alliance between Germany and Montenegro. Being an exceedingly wise and capable man, Victor Emmanuel suavely declined, on the pretext that his father-in-law, the old King of Montenegro, was such an opinionated character that he never dreamed of suggesting anything to him, particularly where politics were concerned. The Kaiser's matchmaking had gone for naught.

The spider spun on. His eye fastened upon Danilo, the young Montenegrin Crown Prince. He invited the prince to Berlin. Danilo was entertained royally. This led to the meeting of Danilo with an attractive German Princess, Jutta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and to her smile and charm Danilo yielded. She went back with him to Montenegro as his bride. At last the Hohenzollern had caught the little kingdom in his web.

Jutta was clever and she made herself liked in Montenegro. From the day she was installed as the Crown Prince's wife in Cetinje she began to intrigue and to plot, carrying out the instructions of Berlin. Insidiously she inflamed the people and to-day, discontent with the reaction of war, susceptible to the spirit of revolt sweeping westward from Russia, Montenegro is fertile Bolshevistic soil. The inflaming of the people by Jutta's acts and camp have their sequel in old King Nicholas wandering around Paris to-day, fearful of going back to the land that once loved him.

There was Servia under the Obrenovitches.

The young King Alexander had just come to the throne.

The eye of the Kaiser fastened upon

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a Shoe

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this young man. The spider of Potsdam spun and brought him under his control. The Kaiser told young Alexander's mother that, were a conspiracy to be made, enabling the boy to seize the throne before he became of age, Berlin would give him recognition. The coup succeeded and in Servia a boy king was enthroned. There came rivalries, animosities, strife and intrigue and sick with all young Alexander decided to take a vacation. He went to the Riviera. The tentacles of the spider of Berlin followed him there. At the tip of the tentacle was a face that smiled the lovely Madam Draga Maschin.

She was a divorcee. Clever, insinuating, possessing a magnetic charm Draga was decidedly attractive. She was pledged the support of the Kaiser if she could make young Alexander her husband.

Still a boy in years and experience the young King fell easily under the fascination of Draga Maschin. He asked her to marry him. The affair was a scandal. Here was the divorced wife of a Servian army officer, a woman with a questionable past, a woman not of the nobility, and young Alexander proposed to install her on the throne of Servia! The Servian capital, when it heard the news, was furious. The young King flew in the face of public opinion and he married Draga.

She secure in the backing of the Kaiser, in return for which she was to induce the King to eliminate all Russian influence from Servia and make German paramount, went blindly ahead. She invited the German Minister to come to the palace and she told him that she was ready to favor the development of the Kaiser's policy in the Balkans. When news of this reached the *Servian* Foreign Office the old Ministers were furious. A plot was hatched.

One night the conspirators invaded the palace. The young King fought to protect his wife only to receive a knife in the heart. His body was hurled out of the window into the street. Then the assassins fell upon Draga with knives and her body was also hurled out of the palace window. The next day a dynasty, the Karageorgevitches, came to rule in Servia. It was a dynasty hostile to German plans. If it had not come Servia would have been on the side of Germany in this war, the little country would have been enmeshed by Draga in the Kaiser's web.

Not a country of the Balkans escaped the plotting of the Kaiser. Likewise in almost every case it was a woman whom the Kaiser used to ferment the trouble to win the rulers of the little country to his side. The world knows the many treacheries of Ferdinand, once Czar of Bulgaria, now another ruler without a job. But it is not generally known that behind Ferdinand the inspiration and the source of the overwhelming ambition which brought about his downfall was a woman, the Princess Clementine, his mother.

There was a powerful man in the Bulgarian capital. They called him the "King Maker." He was better known as that than by his name Stambouloff. There was a certain cruelty in his nature but he was incapable of deceit. Ferdinand, on the other hand, had been instilled with the doctrine of the Princess Clementine that the end justified whatever means were used to attain it. The Kaiser whispered from Berlin, the Princess Clementine whispered to Ferdinand. Ferdinand told Stambouloff that it was his intention to contract an alliance with Germany. Stambouloff declared with emphasis that he could not sanction Ferdinand's plan and, possessing a power which had caused him to be known as the "King Maker," he bluntly told Ferdinand that such treacherous plans would not be tolerated in Bulgaria. Shortly after that Stambouloff was unfortunate enough to return home one evening on foot. He was found the next morning in the street almost covered with knife wounds. The end justifies the means.

The "King Maker" out of the way, Princess Clementine had other plans for her son. He must be married. She arranged for him to marry the Princess Marie Louise of Bourbon-Parme, the eldest of the eleven children of the exiled Duke de Parme. She was a sweet woman with lovely hazel eyes, very attractive and with a sharply defined sense of right and wrong. Her straightforward character, her contempt for treachery and intrigue got on the nerves of the Princess Clementine and of course after that it was only a question of time when she too would go. Ferdinand and his wife became estranged, they spent most of their time apart and once more the Princess Clementine was the only woman to rule in Sophia.

One of the most brilliant and unscrupulous women ever sent down to create havoc in the Balkans Princess Clementine was another of the Kaiser's tools and she too cost the man through whom she worked, her own son, his throne.

Another monarch lost his throne—lost it because the web of Wilhelm was spun around him because of a woman of the Hohenzollerns. Although King George of Greece had been a Dane and quite hostile by tradition to German aggrandisement the Kaiser was able to bring about with him a certain spirit of friendliness. Indeed Wilhelm prevailed upon him to send his son Constantine the Crown Prince to be trained in a German military school. Once in Berlin the heir to the Greek throne was subjected to the plausible Teutonic persuasion with the result that, his military schooling completed, the Kaiser was able to induce him to remain a while longer in Germany. Constantine was attached to a Prussian regiment of the Guards garrisoned at Potsdam. Of course there he met the Princess Sophie of Hohenzollern, an attractive and clever woman with singular discernment, strong ambition and for a Hohenzollern [illegible] tact. And, as the Kaiser had hoped, Constantine of Greece fell in love with her and asked for her hand. To the dismay of Queen Olga of Greece they were married.

At the break of war Constantine was not pro-German. When in 1915 it seemed for a time that Greece aroused by Venizelos would rise and strike Bulgaria should the Bulgars, as was expected then, invade Servia, Constantine was in a receptive mood toward the cause of the Entente. Then it was that an ugly story came out of Athens. It was that Sophie had threatened to kill Constantine and herself were her husband to declare against Germany. He was confined to his bed for weeks. It was whispered that Sophie had violently quarreled with him and that in his side was the wound of a knife. One wonders. It is known that Greece did not go to Servia's aid, that Constantine became terrified as the Teutonic hordes swept down through Servia; that he became "man afraid-of his wife"; that, prophesying Greece would be turned into a waste land, like Belgium, were Constantine to oppose the Hohenzollerns, Sophie came to rule Greece. She it was who incurred for her consort the wrath of the Entente; she it was who blocked Venizelos' plans for a glorious Greece aligning with the little nations against German conquest; she it was who so turned Constantine's people against him that, like the Kaiser, he lost a throne.

There was one other Balkan land around which the Kaiser sought to weave his web—Roumania. There too was a woman, but the woman was not of the web, nor could she be enmeshed in it. On the contrary she broke the strands of the web which were creeping over the capital city, gay Bucharest. The woman was the Crown Princess, now Queen Marie.

As in other Balkan countries, the Hohenzollerns had their clutches upon Roumania. The old King Carol was a Hohenzollern. As a youth he was invited to assume the Princeship of Roumania, then a turbulent principality. Liking peace, he soon came at odds with the Kaiser, who never dangled before his eyes tempting baits, the fruits of conquest. Withal, Carol was a Hohenzollern and true to his blood. So it was that when the Kaiser went to win Carol, although he would not align Roumania on the side of his relative, loving peace, maintained a somewhat friendly neutrality.

All this was not to the liking of the Crown Princess Marie. A woman of decided ideas on right and wrong, a woman secretly detested by the Kaiser for the English characteristics of her face, Marie believed that the hopes of Roumania lay with the Allies. Her influence upon the Crown Prince was powerful. Like her he felt bound in no way to the Hohenzollerns; indeed, bound only to the cause of right. Marie worked against the influences at court which, in 1916, sought to make Roumania enter the war on the side of the Germans. She was instrumental, it is said, in discovering several intrigues whose end was this, and in exposing the plotters to the old King who wanted peace. And as Marie and the Crown Prince saw the Kaiser's conquests spreading, they feared the future. What would happen to Roumania? With the cabinet ministers inclined to the Entente, an understanding was reached. Russia pledged aid and, in 1916, Roumania swept into the war, bravely invading Austria.

The old King died. Marie and her consort ascended the throne. Then calamity. The Russian aid did not materialize. Roumania was betrayed. The Germans invaded. With their outnumbered but stubborn little armies Marie and her King fled. Their palace became a hut at the front. Like Albert and Elizabeth of Belgium they awoke to the roar of the guns. Until peace came, this Balkan woman alone of them all to brave the Kaiser's wrath, to keep free of his intrigues, kept up heart and the heart of her people to the end. Tireless, ever working with the wounded, braving shell-fire and army hardships she remained with her consort's troops. And soon, the cables tell us, Roumania's queen will come to America to plead for her devastated country—devastated because she dared the Kaiser's wrath.

Has Japan Two Governments?

Imperialistic Forces Work Separately From the Cabinet and Possess Greater Power.

A PECULIARITY of the Japanese form of Government has been revealed to the world in connection with the Peace negotiations. Although there is a ministerial Government in charge of the affairs of the Eastern Empire that is democratic in policy and personnel, certain powers are vested in a Japanese version of the House of Lords known as the Elder Statesmen. The Elder Statesmen have so much power that it almost amounts to this, that Japan has two Governments, one on the surface, the other behind the scene, and of the two the latter is the more powerful. Such at least is the construction put upon recent happenings by *Current Opinion* which says:

Universal suffrage remains a dream of the proletariat in Japan, to quote the announcement of the Tokyo *Chuwo*, and Prime Minister Hara must remain content with a moderate enlargement of the franchise. The Elder Statesmen are opposed to the whole democratic agitation, which makes administration along traditional Japanese lines more and more difficult. The franchise bill has been worked half way through the diet and represents a series of compromises. It will increase the number of voters to something less than three millions. Mr. Hara wanted to enfranchise every male above the age of twenty-five. The ministry contains too powerful a conservative element to make such a revolution possible. The program for the moment is to bring about a gradual extension of the suffrage until the empire is a democracy in the Western sense. The compromise is very distasteful to the proletarian element. There have been demonstrations in Tokyo and in the more important urban centres of the interior. The press remains under a rigid censorship which extends to foreign as well as domestic questions. Hence it is not easy to determine what truth there may be in statements that Japan is at present under the sway of the bayonet. There have been strikes in large factories. Police have invaded editorial offices to make sure that no journalistic indiscretions take place. In summing the situation up, the London *Post* feels bound to admit that something like exasperation has set in, owing to the alarm of the trading and financial interests. They are at present in a combination with the Clansmen to drive the Hara ministry from office, but the great democratic leader is holding on to power, although with increasing difficulty.

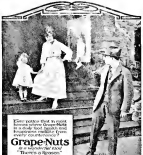
One of the misfortunes of the Hara ministry is its impotence in the sphere of international relations. The *Temps* of Paris understands that the Elder Statesmen hold sway in diplomacy above the head of the Prime Minister and the deputies behind him in the House of Representatives. The Marquis Saionji would not dream of taking orders from Mr. Hara, and it is the Marquis who speaks the decisive word at Paris. Mr. Hara has had the mortification of discovering that the Elder Statesmen have a set of envoys of their own knocking about the world, especially in China. The diplomatist who nominally held the post of minister to China was a cipher compared with a mysterious envoy speaking for the clans. There has thus been a sort of duplex Japanese Government. Mr. Hara went into power determined to put an end to this state of affairs, but the European press is suspicious of the announcement that he has now succeeded.

The New Duty of the Church

Religion Must Accept Responsibility of Improving World Conditions.

MANY people have arisen to say that the church has failed to line up to the opportunities created by the war and that it is failing to-day to meet the needs arising out of the disturbed world conditions. The fact that in England people are flocking to spiritualistic seances to find the consolation that they seemingly have failed to secure from the church is held up as the tangible proof. On the other hand there is a wide and general belief that the church has stood the shocks of war well and that the trials of the five years of devastation have caused the light of faith to glow more brightly in the heart of man.

Out of the turmoil of opinion has arisen one understanding, however. The church must undertake a wider responsibility with regard to matters apart from those purely religious. It is possible indeed that a new conception of what is meant by religion will be gained and that the church will not be



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content with individual salvation, but will strive to save mankind as a whole, in other words interest itself still more widely in creating conditions that will save the race. This idea is convincingly brought forward by an English writer of note, Arthur Clutton Brock, in the course of an article in *The Atlantic Monthly*. He writes:

> Christianity will not be itself until it insists that no politics are secular, that the political aim of mankind is to establish Christ's Kingdom of Heaven here and now on earth, and in all human institutions. This it can do only by insisting that the universe and man are of a certain nature, which it must define and express both with precision and with passion. Early Christianity prevailed because it brought an immense hope into the world. Christianity can prevail now only if it renews that hope in the terms of our time and in relation to our problems. At present no church and no sect does that.
>
> There is the Salvation Army, but it is possible only for the poor. It is evangelical in the old sense, offering men individual salvation. It can and does cure them of drink, but there is no philosophy in it, no political hope. It talks of the Blood of Jesus, but not of the nature of the universe. Its one aim is immediate rescue—a noble aim, no doubt, but altogether hand-to-mouth. It is concerned with what it shall do to comfort an overworked charwoman; it has no faith by which it can change the world so that charwomen shall not be overworked.

The Triple Labor Alliance

Miners, Railway Men and Transport Workers Join Forces

"IS peace with honor possible with the gigantic labor combine?" Sir Leo Chiozza Money, member of the Royal Commission on the coal industry, asks in the London *Magazine*. He speaks of the "New Triple Alliance," which he describes:

> A few months before the war broke out a growing need for solidarity of expression and action culminated in the formation of a remarkable Labor Alliance. Three great federations of Labor, the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, the National Union of Railwaymen, and the Transport Workers' Federation, came to a significant and far-reaching agreement for joint counsel and action. The movement began with the miners, was approved and adopted by the railwaymen and transport workers, and a practical scheme for common purposes was hammered out between them by October of 1914.
>
> In four years of war abroad and of social and of industrial dissolution at home, industrial questions have come to be canvassed as never before and this great Labor Alliance, which was first mooted in 1913 and brought to fruition in 1914, is destined to play a great part in the reconstruction of industry and society upon which we are now definitely entering.
>
> The three great parties to the Alliance are headed by three very remarkable men. Unfortunately, as I think, only one of them is in Parliament. Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., who won a personal triumph at the General Election, has achieved a great position in Parliament, and has the ear of the House not only as the spokesman of a great trade union and as an official leader of the Labor Party, but as a man of extraordinary force of expression and of judgment and readiness in debate. Outside the House of Commons Mr. Smillie has, on several occasions, crossed swords with the Prime Minister in conference and very easily held his own. His statement of the miners' case on February 21st, 1919, at 10 Downing Street, made a tremendous impression, and extorted admiration from the most unfriendly critics. Mr. Robert Williams is also a man of great strength of character and it may safely be predicted that he will soon find his way to the House of Commons and play a notable part in its proceedings.
>
> What are the forces ranged behind these three Labor leaders? The membership of their unions is in itself impressive enough. The Miners' Federation embraces 800,000 men, the Railwaymen's Society, familiarly known as the N. U. R., 450,000, the Transport Workers' Federation 300,000. The aggregate membership is thus 1,550,000.
>
> Mining, railway work, and transport work embrace in all—assuming demobilization completed—about 2,400,000 workers, and the activities of the three federations necessarily affect them all, whether organized or unorganized.
>
> Let us think what that means. If we assume that of the 2,400,000 workers 1,600,000 are heads of families, and the remainder unmarried, and that the heads of families each represent five persons, we get a total, roundly, of 8,800,000 men, women and children dependent upon work done in mines, railways, and transport, and all of them, in effect, under the leadership of the Triple Alliance of Labor.
>
> Our population at the present moment, including the Army at home and abroad, is about 46,700,000, after the loss of nearly 1,000,000 of our finest young men in the war. *The Triple Alliance, therefore, represents nearly one-fifth of the entire population of the United Kingdom.*

Getting Out Slowly

Punch Humorist Describes Adventures in Getting Out of English Army

CANADIANS may think that it takes a long time to effect demobilization in certain cases. But—take it from one who has been through the mill—the men of the C. E. F. are infinitely better off than the English Tommy, where red-tape is so all-entangling. A. A. Milne, in *Punch*, describes a "typical" scene:

> "If you belong to any of the following classes," said the Demobilization advertisements, "do nothing." So Lieut. William Smith did nothing.
>
> After doing nothing for some weeks he met a friend who said, "Hallo, aren't you out yet?"
>
> "Not yet," said William, looking at his spurs.
>
> "Well, you ought to do something."
>
> So Lieut. William Smith decided to do something. He was a pivotal man and a slip man and a one-man business and a twenty-eight-days-in-hospital man and a W. O. letter ZXY/999 man. Accordingly he wrote to the War Office and told them so.
>
> It was, of course, a little confusing for the authorities. Just as they began to see their way to getting him out as a pivotal man somebody would decide that it was quicker to demobilize him as a one-man business, and when this was nearly done, then somebody else would point out that it was really much neater to reinstate him as a slip-man. Whereupon a sub-section just getting to work at W. O. letter ZXY/999 would beg to be allowed a little practice on William while he was still available, to the great disgust of the medical authorities, who had been hoping to study the symptoms of self-demobilization in Lieutenant Smith as evidenced after twenty-eight days in hospital.
>
> Naturally, then, when another friend met William a month later and said, "Hallo, aren't you out yet?" William could only look at his spurs again and say, "Not yet."
>
> "Better go to the War Office and have a talk with somebody," said his friend. "Much the quickest."

> So William went to the War Office. First he had a talk with a policeman, then he had a talk with a porter, and then he had a talk with an attendant, and then he had a talk with a messenger girl, and so finally he came to the end of a long queue of officers who were waiting to have a talk with somebody.
>
> "Not so many here to-day as yesterday," said a friendly Captain in the Suffolks who was next to him.
>
> "Oh!" said William. "And we've got an army on the Rhine, too," he murmured to himself, realizing for the first time the extent of England's effort.
>
> At the end of an hour he calculated that he was within two or three hundred of the door. He had only lately come out of hospital and was beginning to feel rather weak.
>
> "I shall have to give it up," he said.
>
> The Captain tried to encourage him with tales of gallantry. There was a Lieutenant in the Manchesters who had worked his way up on three occasions to within fifty of the door, at which point he had collapsed each time from exhaustion, whereupon two kindly policemen had carried him to the end of the queue again for air. He was still sticking to it.
>
> "I suppose there's no chance of being carried to the *front* of the queue?" said William hopefully.
>
> "No," said the Captain firmly, "we should see to that."
>
> "Then I shall have to go," said William. "See you to-morrow." And as he left his place the queue behind him surged forward an inch and took new courage.
>
> A week later William suddenly remembered Jones. Jones had been in the War Office a long time. It was said of him that you could take him to any room in the building and he could find his way out into Whitehall in less than twenty minutes. But then he was no mere "temporary civil servant." He had been the author of that famous W. O. letter referring to Chevrons for Cold Shoers which was responsible for the capture of Badajoz; he had issued the celebrated Army Council Instruction, "Commanding Officers are requested to replace the giants," which had demobilized Marlborough's army so speedily; and, as is well known, Henry V had often said that without Jones—well, anyhow, he had been in the War Office a long time. And William knew him slightly.
>
> So William sent up his card.
>
> "I want to talk to somebody," he explained to Jones. "I can't manage more than a couple of hours a day in the queue just now, because I'm not very fit. If I could sit down somewhere and tell somebody all about myself, that's what I want. Any room in the building where there are no queues outside and two chairs inside. I'd be very much obliged to you."
>
> "I'll give you a note to Briggs," said Jones promptly. "He's the fellow to get you out."
>
> "Thanks *awfully*," said the overjoyed William.
>
> A messenger girl took him and the note to Captain Briggs. Briggs listened to the story of William's qualifications—or rather disqualifications—and considered for a moment.
>
> "Yes, we ought to get you out very quickly," he said.
>
> "Good," said William. "Thanks awfully."
>
> "Walters will tell you just what to do. He's a pal of mine. I'll give you a note to him."
>
> So in another minute the overjoyed William was following a messenger girl to the room of Lieutenant Walters.
>
> Walters was very cheerful. The thing to do, he said, was to go to Sanders. Sanders would get him out in half an hour. He'd give William a note, and then Sanders would do his best. The overjoyed William followed the messenger girl to Sanders.
>
> "That's all right," said Sanders a few minutes later. "We can get you out at once on this. Do you know Briggs?"
>
> "Briggs," said William, with a sudden sinking feeling.
>
> "I'll give you a note to him. He knows all about it. He'll get you out at once."
>
> "Thank you," said William faintly.
>
> He put the note in his pocket and strode briskly out in search of the dear old queue.
>
> "It will be quicker after all," he told himself, as he took his place at the end of the queue next to a Lieutenant in the Manchesters. ("Don't crowd him," said a policeman to William; "he wants air.")
>
> * * * * * *
>
> And you think perhaps that the story ends here, with William in the queue again? Oh no. William is a man of resource. The very next day he met another friend, who said, "Hallo, aren't you out yet?"
>
> "Not yet," said William.
>
> "My boy got out a month ago."
>
> "H'm, how?" said William.
>
> "Ah, well, you see he's going up to Cambridge. Complete his education and all the rest of it. They let 'em out at once on that."
>
> "Ah!" said William thoughtfully.
>
> William is thirty-eight, but he has taken the great decision. He is going up to Cambridge next term. He thinks it will be quicker. He no longer stands in the queue for two hours every day; he spends the time instead studying for his Little Go.

How Men Act When Dry

Veteran Hotel Proprietor Relates Effect of Dry Legislation in Detroit and Makes Some Prophecies

INSTEAD of calling up wife from the bar telephone and pleading "business," the man-who-liked-his-glass in convivial company is now phoning wife to come down town for dinner, says E. M. Statler, owner of four ultra-modern American hotels, in discussing in the *American Magazine* "How men act when they can't get a drink." In the "old days," says Mr. Statler, there used to be a line-up of men at the telephone booths near the bar between five and six o'clock every evening, telling their wives not to expect them for dinner as they were 'detained on business.' A more or less protracted sojourn, with cronies at the bar, followed, and later dinner in the grill with liquid trimmings. Mr. Statler says:

> The old bar still exists in the hotel at Detroit. That is, the counter is there just as it was. Even the convenient foot rail remains. The little tables are still in place, as they were when men sat at them and had their drinks. But back of the bar there is a soda fountain now. Soft drinks, ice-cream sodas, hot coffee and chocolate are the only liquid refreshments obtainable.
>
> Do the men still go there? Yes, to a certain extent; but, so far, not as much as they patronized the bar. As time goes on, however, more and more men certainly are going to take to soft drinks. In the new Hotel Pennsylvania in New York we will have three soda fountains, and I expect they will do a big business. In Detroit the two most popular temperance drinks with men are the "grape-juice highball"—which is grape juice and seltzer—and the vanilla ice-cream soda.
>
> I have been making inquiries, and I find that men have been patronizing soda fountains more and more in recent years, even where there was no prohibition. A woman told me the other day of going into one of these places in the New York financial district several times lately. On each occasion she was the only woman in the place, aside from the girls behind the counters. And the men in there were not office boys or young clerks, but solid, substantial business men who were taking their ice-cream sodas, their phosphates, and even their 'nut sundaes' with evident enjoyment. If they did this when bars and saloons were open, they will surely do it

BENSON'S
CORN STARCH

Pie Fillings

A LITTLE Benson's Corn Starch should be introduced into juicy fruit pies, such as rhubarb, cherry, etc., to prevent running over.

Orange Cream Pie (see Recipe below) is not difficult to make and will prove a happy addition to your dessert recipes.

Serve custards, blanc mange, sauces, gravies, cakes and puddings made with Benson's Corn Starch. *Write for booklet.*

PIE CRUST

Take ¾ cup flour with ¼ cup of Benson's Corn Starch, ¼ teaspoonful baking powder, 2 tablespoonfuls of Mazola, or butter, ¼ cup of cold water, ¼ teaspoonful salt.

Sift flour, corn starch and baking powder in a bowl, add shortening, rub this through flour, add last water and salt. Turn onto board, roll lengthwise till smooth and use as desired.

ORANGE CREAM PIE

Place in saucepan over the fire 1 tablespoonful Benson's Corn Starch, ½ cup water, ½ tablespoonful of sugar and 1 tablespoonful of Lily White Corn Syrup. Boil five minutes. Remove from fire, add yolks of two eggs, ½ rind of an orange and juice of one orange and ½ lemon; mix well.

Line prepared pie pan with very thin pie crust, brush out with butter, egg and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Pour in above mixture and bake in medium oven till crust is light brown.

Beat the whites of the eggs very stiff, add one tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Arrange by spoonfuls on top of pie and set in hot oven to brown a nice color.

Serve cold.

The Canada Starch Co., Limited, Montreal

OUR NATIONAL OBJECTIVE

To most Canadians the future spells business opportunity, liberation from restriction, restored markets—all that goes with a freer and fuller industrial progress.

Doubtless this is an objective worthy of great activity, great effort and great concentration—but is it big enough for men who have just passed through a life and death struggle in which they consecrated all the industrial resources of this nation to an ideal, untainted by purely selfish purpose?

For more than four terrible years the objective of Canadian business has been one to which all alike could subscribe. Producer, distributor, competitor and customer—every worker from least to greatest—all stood on a common platform. We have witnessed the results of unity of command, unity of purpose, and unity of effort, in what was not only a great moral and military achievement, but one of the greatest industrial achievements in history.

The future holds for us equal community of interest and equal opportunity for a common objective.

We do not believe that commercial success—measured purely by its material reward—will ever again satisfy Canadian business men. But if we can regard business achievement as public service, business success as a contribution to world progress, business management as a great human responsibility, the lessons of the war will not be lost.

Canada can help the world in solving great industrial problems affecting the welfare of all humanity.

Canada can produce food to feed nations, materials and manufactured products to increase the usefulness and comforts of millions.

Canada can create wealth—not solely for the aggrandizement of a few but for enjoyment by all, and can show the world how great things can be accomplished by inventive genius and executive ability coupled with ideals of service.

The great industrial organizations of the future will be known not simply as successful business institutions, but as definite contributors to human progress.

But if this larger achievement is to follow, we business men must appreciate the vital importance of closer co-operation, more efficient management, and a vision that looks beyond the narrow limits of a competitive market.

To help attain that objective this company enlists its product, organization and physical equipment in the service of Canadian industry.

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WINDSOR, ONTARIO

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You've been promising yourself this trip for several years—don't let this summer slip away without enjoying this delightful six day sail from Sarnia to Sault Ste Marie, Port Arthur, Fort William, Duluth and return. The cool fresh air of the north country will do you worlds of good. The delicious meals on board, the joyous promenades, the dancing—in fact, every feature of the daily life on shipboard where you spend six full days as members of one big family—will prove of absorbing interest.

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SPECIAL FEATURES

Dancing—Music by the full ship's orchestra, every week day evening. Refreshments at its close. "Northern Navigator"—Daily paper with latest news brought in by wireless, a merry chronicle of doings on board ship. Afternoon Tea—Served in the grand saloons. Concerts Every afternoon and evening. Well-known artists as entertainers. Ashore—At Port Arthur, Fort William, and Duluth. Kakabeka Falls—Near Port Arthur, where all the ship's Company go for a picnic. Moonlight Charm—After the dancing all join in singing old-time melodies in the open out on deck. Sarnia to Duluth and return, 6 full days, 1,200 miles, the fare including meals, berths, and everything $56.50

For full information ask any Grand Trunk Ticket Agent, the Company at Sarnia, or your local ticket or Tourist agent. Write F. H. Geoghegan, Eastern Passenger Agent, Sarnia, Ont., for Cruise Booklet.

NORTHERN NAVIGATION COMPANY, SARNIA

still more when there is no place else to go.

I will tell you further on how I think the new order of things will work out in time. But first I will explain what has already happened in Detroit. There has been a radical change in our restaurant business. The crowded hours used to be those for late suppers, beginning about eleven o'clock, after the theatres closed. That business has dropped off since the state went dry. The busy time now is from 6.30 to 8.30 p.m. and that business is constantly growing better.

Another effect of the new conditions is that people are spending more for food when they go to the restaurants. The average check for luncheon and dinner is twenty per cent. higher than it used to be. Remember! This increase is in spite of the fact that all charges for drinks are now absolutely gone! That means that one large item has been subtracted from the amount spent in the restaurants, and yet the sum has increased. I mean the average sum per person.

Of course, in the meantime, the cost of many food items has also increased, and you may think that this would make up the deficit due to eliminating wine and liquor from the menu. But we have worked this all out, and it seems to be a fact that people are spending about sixteen per cent. more for food than they did when they could get liquor to drink. This is contrary to my expectation, for, in common with most restaurant proprietors, I thought that men ate more when they had wine or liquor to drink.

I think it may be accounted for in two ways. In the first place, a man is generally willing to spend a certain amount on a meal. When part of it had to go for drinks, he cut down on the food. He is still willing to spend the old amount on his meal. But now that none of it goes for liquor, he adds certain items that he used to get along without. Instead of having a cocktail, he takes oysters. The price is the same. Or he has soup, or perhaps a dessert, which he used to cut out when he put that money into drinks.

Another reason is probably that when a man is drinking he is not as hungry as when he isn't.

A good location for a bar is generally a poor location for anything else. It is apt to be more or less sequestered, which is not an advantage for a soda fountain or for anything else.

Shall we turn it into a tea-room? And if we do, will men go there? Outside of a few large cities, I don't think that they will, not now, at any rate. The dinner hour—or the supper hour, whichever it happens to be—is too early in this country to make people want tea at four or five o'clock in the afternoon. In time, we may become afternoon tea drinkers as the English are. In fact, I look for a start in this direction, undoubtedly in the cities where the dinner hour is seven o'clock or later.

People who know more about it than I do assure me that good hot tea is a great pick-me-up, that it really is "the cup that cheers" and does not inebriate. They tell me that it encourages conversation and that, with a reserve supply of hot water and some trimmings of toast and French pastry, it is capable of holding a group together in animated talk for an hour or two. I certainly hope so. For it looks now as if we hotel men have got to "beat our swords into plowshares," figuratively speaking. And if we can do it by turning our bars into tea rooms, so much the better.

This making over process may not be so revolutionary as it seems to us now. Drinking to excess has unquestionably become less frequent in recent years. It is no uncommon thing to see perhaps four men at a table in one of our cafés, three of them taking soft drinks and only one having a cocktail, a highball or something of that sort. Two or three men go up to the bar, and one of them does not hesitate to order a seltzer. Nobody comments on it now, whereas ten or fifteen years ago a man who did that was guyed by his companions.

This Month's Cover

The cover on this issue features Miss Norma Talmadge, one of the most talented and deservedly popular of "movie" stars.

Alberta's Mammoth Animals

Hunting for Remains 3,000,000 Years Old

THE present day hunter in search of big game would little think of going to Alberta in pursuit of his quarry, yet there was a time when that province produced animals larger than any now living. That was so long ago that nothing remains of these creatures but their bones, and they are turned to stone. Instead of the living animals, therefore, it is their bones which are now hunted, hidden away under strata of earth, with their epoch long since grown cold. The hunt is a difficult one, and is described by Barnum Brown in the *National Geographic Magazine*, in part, as follows:

Between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains, just north of the Canadian boundary, lies a vast area of level land, prairie in the east and forested near the mountains, with a narrow intervening section that is brush-covered. A number of small rivers drain this area, uniting in the province of Alberta to form the Saskatchewan, which flows into Lake Winnipeg. The Red Deer River is one of these tributaries that rises in the mountains north of Banff. Numbers of lesser streams fed by mountain snows and prairie lakes join it, making an irresistible stream that has cut through the prairie land, forming a miniature grand canyon, a mile wide at the top and from two to five hundred feet deep.

Although black, fertile soil forms the surface of the country, the earth below is composed of horizontal layers of clay and sandstone, and a journey of 250 miles down the river reveals four distinct geologic periods in the canyon walls. The strata representing these periods overlap like shingles on a roof, and in each are preserved the fossil remains of animals and plants which enable us to picture former conditions and life during past ages.

In the lower reaches of the river, 200 miles from the mountains, only sea-shells are found in the rocks, indicating that the ocean—an inland sea extending from the Gulf of Mexico northward to the Arctic Ocean—covered this area during a long time, in which several hundred feet of strata accumulated.

In these marshes of prehistoric times dwelt a host of reptiles, some large, some small, and of various forms, flesh-eaters and herb-eaters, but all sharing certain characters in common and known as dinosaurs. Not any were closely related to any living reptile, yet they had some characters common to the lizards, crocodiles and birds.

Of the kinds characteristic of the period, one species, an herb-eater named *Trachodon*, was more than 30 feet long and about 17 feet high when standing erect. Its head, with broadly expanded mouth, resembles that of a duck, and back of the beak there are more than two thousand small teeth disposed in many vertical rows, each containing several individual teeth, the new ones coming up from below as the old ones were cut.

The long hind legs terminated in three large hoofed toes, and the shorter, slender front feet were partly webbed. A long, thin, slender tail acted as a powerful swimming organ, and the body was covered with rough tuberculous skin. Having no means of defense, it lived chiefly in the water, where it was free from attacks of the flesh-eaters.

Along the shores lived *Ornithomimus*, bird mimic, as the name implies, one of the most remarkable of the dinosaurs. A skeleton found last year shows it to have been a toothless creature, the jaws sheathed like the beak of a bird.

The bones were light and pneumatic, like those of birds, but the skeleton closely resembles that of the flesh-eating dinosaurs. It was about 12 feet in length, with long slender hind legs and shorter front legs. This was an agile creature, different from the typical flesh eaters in feeding habits and doubtless a shore-living type that may have fed on crustaceans.

On land there were hoofed quadrupedal herbivorous kinds, some like *Monoclonius*, having an immense skull six feet in length, with three horns, a short one over each eye and a longer one above the nose. The jaws terminated in a sharp clipping beak like that of a turtle, and further back in the mouth there were rows of double rooted teeth. The back of the skull was developed into a broad shield, with scalloped border, extending over the neck. It was ancestral to the later *Triceratops*.

Strongest of all was the herbivorous *Ankylosaurus*, a stocky, short-legged, big-bodied creature completely encased in armor. Dermal plates covered the skull, followed by rings of plates over the neck and rows of flat plates over the back and hips. Its tail terminated in a huge club, and the belly was covered by a pliable mosaic of small, close-set plates. It was further protected by a movable plate that could be dropped down like a shutter over each eye, thus completing its protection from insects and formidable foes.

Preying on the various herbivorous kinds were powerful flesh-eaters, such as the *Albertosaurus*—an active animal 30 feet long and about 18 feet high. Armed with large, serrate dagger teeth and sharp, bird-like claws, it was capable of destroying any of its herb-eating relatives. It walked habitually on its hind legs, balanced by a long tail, while the short, reduced front legs could have been used only in grasping its prey.

That great numbers of these creatures lived in the ancient marshes is evident from the numerous remains found in the rocks. In a single quarry, of which there are many on the Red Deer River, bones representing several hundred individuals have been washed out of the bank, and more or less complete skeletons and individual bones are scattered all through the strata.

At that time southern Canada and the northern part of the United States enjoyed a climate similar to that of Florida, for fig fruits and palm leaves are often found in these same rocks. Numerous coal veins and petrified wood bespeak the tropical abundance of the vegetation.

Above the *Edmonton* beds, flanking the mountains, there are several hundred feet of sandstones and clays called the *Paskapoo* beds, which were deposited after the dinosaurs became extinct.

These strata mark the beginning of the Age of Mammals. The giant reptiles had disappeared, their remains are never found in this formation, but in places the beds contain mammal teeth, bones, leaves, and fresh-water shells.

Planning Soviet Rule in Canada

Continued from page 34

"There seems to be a pretty general belief among even the most moderate radicals, with which I personally agree, that there is not a decent division of the dollar, that labor is not getting a fair division of the profits earned by the combination of capital and labor. If there is not a decent division of the dollar the condition must not be permitted to continue, breeding unrest and dissatisfaction in a land whose resources and wealth and Government have in them the greatest possibilities of any nation.

"Some of the laboring men tell me that they now realize the fallacy of the ordinary wage-increasing programme, which is almost immediately met by an increased cost of living, which in many cases more than offsets the increased wages.

"The large bodies of radicals, as far as I have been able to learn, have no objection to the rich man having a great deal out of life. They do not object to his having a fine estate or a yacht or his motor cars. But they think that some course should and can be found so that the rich man can get all of the necessary pleasures out of life and a great many of the luxuries and still leave a much fairer share for the poor man.

"The radical who does not want to play fair and the capitalist who does not want to play fair must both feel the hand of the law."

The Strike Situation

THE Minister of Labor says we have lost so far $100,000,000 because of strikes. The ultimate losses to Canada will far exceed that huge sum. He could have added that thousands among whom this money was to be distributed may be living on borrowed money or charity this winter, that some of the strikes were prepared with German money by German agents directed from New York, that one of the most prominent labor leaders in Canada receives his instructions from and reports regularly to this headquarters which is not a hundred miles from Union Square, that part of these instructions were to start trouble, but avoid settlements, to keep the workers discontented and unemployed, to make demands impossible to meet, that monies for the Winnipeg strike were carried there regularly by German agents sent from New York. The actual U.S. bills were captured. It is known that one agent, a clever, well educated woman received $310,000 from two other women whose German connections are beyond doubt. The names of all three are well known.

Senator Robertson is and has been for many years an aggressive leader in the Telegraphers Union. He is big mentally as well as physically and, mixing much with all classes, has increased his general knowledge of men and affairs. He is no demagogue but rather cautious. When he says the workers of Canada lost a hundred million through unwise strikes inspired by German agents he compels serious thought. He does not blame the workmen. The best of us are constantly misled by plausible demagogues. He wants them now to understand. He knows that labor is being used by a lot of "intellectuals" who are not union men at all. They are making labor the "goat." When they do understand they will want some explanation from the Ministry of Justice. Some are beginning to talk that way now. It is getting out that the Department has the names and history of the men and women who have been gold bricking the unions. The Ministry was warned nearly a year ago. About thirty names were listed. Among them were Irene and others who have since come into the open as trouble starters. If Orders-in-Council had not been cancelled on the personal representations of Nuorteva, if these men had been arrested or if the men found guilty had not been promptly released by the Ministry of Justice the workers and the people of Canada would probably have had $100,000,000 more money on hand to carry them through this winter.

How do we know that the arrests and counter propaganda would probably have stopped the trouble? Experience. In some places in Canada and the U.S. they have had little trouble. The chief weapon has been counter propaganda which brought out the true facts, and exposed the misrepresentations of the German agents. In Winnipeg the strikes stopped when the promoters were arrested. In Toronto the great strike arranged for May 1 went flat because the day before the German who was directing it and his two chief accomplices were arrested. His numerous agents and the dupes assembled for action, but with leadership gone, they dispersed quietly. A few weeks later a big general strike was planned. Employers and the Government, anxious to get back quickly to normal production, met every reasonable demand, giving the workers more than they expected, but a settlement was the last thing the promoters wanted, and every proposal was side-stepped. This time they gathered in thirteen of Trotzky's agents and a lot of correspondence as they were sitting in secret conclave arranging details for the coming strike. There were no Canadians among them. A number were aliens. A panic spread among their agents, and again the leaderless misled thousands on strike or awaiting the order quickly melted away, back to work or to seek the quickest and best compromise employers would make. The more prominent of the thirteen were given penitentiary sentences and others lesser terms, and for the first time the Ministry of Justice has not promptly pardoned them. There are German agents or dupes or converts in nearly all unions and the propaganda is being vigorously pushed. They have not yet uncovered the man higher up in Canada. After all we must recognize that it will pay Germany to spend millions to weaken Canada and the United States by seriously limiting the quantity and increasing the cost of production. They are extraordinarily cocky. They expect to have their old markets back in three years and to be stronger than ever in ten, in both commercial and military sense. They are now trying to create discord between Britain and U.S.—They are forming a new alliance with Russia which means eventual control of that country. They are working on Japan. Their friends have already a big say in Palestine. In ten years they will wipe out Poland. "God help Poland then!" is the way one of their agents puts it.

THE authorities are discussing an interesting phenomena brought to their attention by the capture of April 30. This man who had planned the May 1 outbreak had a marvellous power over his audiences. His plausible theories for the seizure of all property and the nationalizing of women brought him scores of converts, who became his secret agents to work upon unsuspecting men in the various unions. When brought to police headquarters it was found he was suffering from a disease that leads to insanity. Further investigation showed that a number of men of this demagogue type are in the same condition. Because of this he was ordered deported and he went direct to the Soviet Bureau in New York. J. Murray Clark, K.C., who has just read an interesting paper before the Ontario Historical Society on the craze for a form of municipal trading that swept the province and bankrupted many places, points out that it was the work of the demagogues of the 1840 and 1850, and he tells of a man of this type who ran for mayor of Toronto. Medical experts said he was insane but he was elected by a big majority and by foolish schemes added enormously to the city debt. But within the time specified by medical men who observed him he was taken to an insane asylum and died. An M.P. and medical officers have been making investigations which may lead to examination of all these agitators who are urging Canada to join the Soviet System fastened on Russia by the German Agents. The British Government white paper recently issued on Russia is considered by the authorities as rather suggestive. It shows that day after day in the Petrograd newspaper issued under Trotzky direction about two-thirds of the advertisements are cures for this insanity provoking disease.

Maligning the Church

A COMMON explanation of the neglect of the Justice Department is the Minister is a Roman Catholic—the only representative of that church in the Cabinet. A friend brought a stranger from over the border who spent part of one afternoon attempting to prove to me that this church was back of the Bolshevik movement. Also he saw others in Ottawa and Toronto impressing the same thought. I did not believe it but started an investigation on my own account. I found unmistakable evidence to the contrary. The greatest obstacle to Bolshevist propaganda to-day is the Roman Catholic Church. It has been the big factor in the New York State situation and in keeping Canada safe so far. Instead, the trouble in the Department seems to be due to an entire misunderstanding of the propaganda, and a disposition on the part of the Minister and his subordinate, to trust the statements of the German emissaries, cleverly disguised.

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What of Future Conditions?

WHAT is the present situation in Canada? All this year there has been plenty of work for all at high and increasing wages. This was generally expected and employers made their preparations for it. While there was much uncertainty as to whether history would repeat itself, conditions have run true to after war experience. Therefore we should have perhaps another year or two of boom times with high wages and money plentiful if we produce, although unskilled labor is running short. When the boom subsides look out. No one knows what will happen. Canada should come through better than any other country. We have the resources and a strong people to handle them but we need to prepare for bad times, lower wages and much unemployment, that are sure to come, by earning and saving now and finding the big leaders who will carry us over this trying period.

What have we done so far? Here is a typical experience. It is that of a large machinery concern. The President was one of the group of Americans who had established big plants in Canada and who proved most helpful to us in supplying high grade munitions in large quantities. Speaking to one of our editors the other day, he said that when the war ended they ordered over $200,000 worth of machinery for the production of labor-saving farm implements, heretofore largely imported. Just as they were about to start production to fill large orders that had been booked in advance from Canadian farmers, about five hundred of their men went on strike. All efforts to conciliate them or to co-operate with them, to meet them on any reasonable terms were offensively cast aside. The season is now practically over and this concern will not require their machinery until early next spring. The management is now debating whether their best policy will not be to close the works until the spring of 1920. Any investigation among these men on strike showed that in nearly every instance they had been satisfied with conditions and wages. They had been earning big money for a long time, far more money than the majority of Trade Unionists had been getting. They frankly admitted this. They would have been perfectly content to go on. They did not want to press their demands and certainly did not anticipate going out on strike or being out as long as they have. They are now spending their savings and worrying about the future, about the money to buy food and coal this winter. They would like to go back but the leaders will not let them and they have not the courage to

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stand up against them, for which they cannot be blamed. This case is typical of scores of others everywhere in Canada. Thousands of good men are on strike against their better judgment and wishes. You can verify this by having a confidential chat with almost any of them anywhere in Canada. Who got them out? What is keeping them out? Labor leaders, who know, say it is not their nominal leaders and that the Department of Justice or an expert investigation among German propagandists will show who.

The Remedy? Counter-Propaganda

Is the situation serious? Let me quote what one man who has got on the inside and knows, says—and he is not an employer but depends upon his daily earnings—"If I could be sure that on my death, half of my savings would go to my wife and children, I would give up the other half to-day."

It is worse in Canada than in the States. Despite tremendous efforts the Germans have not yet got control of any important U.S. labor organization, but they have captured Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto and other central bodies; and more are on the way.

The remedy is for Hon. Mr. Doherty, the Minister of Justice, to at once detail some capable trusted agent—Sir Percy Sherwood, if he can be induced to come back temporarily—to investigate. His report will more than confirm what is published here and what other departments can tell him. His course will then be clear. I am sure he will grant no more pardons and he will spare no cost on a thorough country-wide investigation in conjunction with the Militia and Naval officials and submit the evidence to a Commissioner at Ottawa, that the country may know the real facts. This to be followed by the punishment to the limit of all the guilty. At the same time a capable director of propaganda should be called in—a man with experience like Major-General A. D. MacRae or Brigadier-General C. H. Mitchell—to conduct a counter propaganda that the sturdy English and the Scotch emigrants here may no longer be led astray. Have you noticed how few Irish Catholics or Orange are giving trouble? We don't want to deport anyone who can be induced to become a good Canadian. We need them and honest propaganda will bring nearly all of them back to sound understanding—even the average alien. Mr. Varley, returned soldier and labor organizer, has been bringing this phase very successfully to the attention of the Unionists. They should recognize that the war that is on now is not between the Teutons and the Allies—not a racial war—but between the persons who live in Canada, Teutons as well as Saxons, and the persons who reside in Germany. It is a war for trade, for money, and it is the hired agents of the latter who are creating our trouble. When our people understand this there will be fewer labor troubles. There will be a getting together of our employers and employees.

A Party in the Making

Continued from page 33

Levi Thompson of Qu'Appelle and Tom McNutt of Saltcoats have both succeeded in raising luxuriant crops of face foliage in addition to unmentioned bushels of No. 1 Northern. They both belonged under Laurier in more normal days, but will hardly wander back to the McKenzie as their habit is to make known the crying needs of their constituents. And said constituents are prairie farmers.

John Archibald Campbell of Nelson, Man., is younger, abler and more outspoken. He was Commissioner for Northern Manitoba before adopting statesmanship as a trade. He has faith enough in his country to be a firm believer in the Hudson's Bay Railway and as a consequence should be able to accomplish all things. Anyway he promises to cut some figure in the farmers party. Jimmie Douglas of Strathcona is another intelligent little farmer from Frank Oliver's neighborhood. In spite of his environment, he is able to retain a sunny disposition.

Fred Johnston of Last Mountain and Robt. Cruise of Dauphin make up the doughty dozen. Both are farmers and both are farmer Liberals. In fact you can look over the whole farmer force without finding anything that savors of farmer Toryism. But it doesn't follow that they are on their way to the Grit benches. It may be that they will turn up at the August Convention. But there are many indications that the old-line Laurier Grits will hold sway there even as they did in Toronto where H. Hartley Dewart, who made the last trip with the Plumed Knight, was elected Provincial leader.

Now if there is anything more thoroughly glued to things as they were through Union Government it is the so-called Liberals of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. They have nothing in common with the farmers from the Prairie and look on the platform of the Council of Agriculture as a heresy to be abhorred. For political purposes they may camouflage their alleged principles for a time. But even farmers are suspicious. They will probably turn up at the August Convention. But they won't feel at home. And in the end they'll come back to Parliament in a solid block prepared to do their own dickering, express their own views and fight valiantly for their own share of the loaves and fishes.

NOW the farmers have occupied the major part of this article even as they have taken the limelight stand of Parliament's attention. But there are other politics brewing in other quarters. The Unionists have met in caucus and behind closed doors, with the keyhole stuffed, on motions and by standing vote duly christened the new Unionist party. But all is not joy and peace in their ranks. The old Conservatives have suffered long in silence. Now they are muttering that it is a shame to see the party of Sir John Macdonald first apologized for and then committed to the grave at the hands of a bunch of Grit pall-bearers. And sure it is that these old Tories are far from fond of following in the footsteps of Hon. J. A. Calder, Hon. Wesley Rowell and Hon. F. B. Carvell. Neither do they relish the promised reconstruction of Cabinet which will give them yet more Grits to apologize for. The open revolt is not far off. It may be that even before this is printed a Conservative Convention will have been called in Ontario. In the Maritime Provinces the party lines are still intact and the feeling is none too friendly towards a Government that furnishes a Tory following with Grit Leadership.

With the Cabinet reorganization adding to the grievances of the Tories, the Unionist following trying to drive the farmers' party into the Grit ranks, the Grits repelling them by their adherence to old beliefs and ancient prejudices, the political future is a guessing match. But four factions at least are assured: Tories, Grits, Unionists and Farmers. And these will be just as surely added to, as soon as the Government decides to submit its policies and its personages to what it fondly hopes will be an endorsation by the people.

Solving the Problem of the Arctic

Continued from page 28

done by him better than we could do the same portion in fog. The only improvement we could hope for would be here and there where our luck in weather was better than his. Furthermore no one can with reasonable ease make a map of this coast in winter for the land slopes so imperceptibly into the sea-ice that, so long as snow covers land and ice alike, their limits can be ascertained only by digging. A good map of this coast can be made only when the land is free of snow, in May or early June.

After following the coast north for a few days we had confirmed Mecham's opinion of the absence of game. Accordingly we went offshore about ten or twelve miles to where the land fast ice meets the moving pack and where in the open lead we were able to secure seals. It is a curious fact, confirmed by the experience of other years besides this one, that bear tracks are absent in spring north of the south end of Prince Patrick Island. This is doubtless because seals in those latitudes are difficult for bears to secure on account of the peculiar ice conditions, although they are easily secured by the more skilful human hunter.

We Reach Unexplored Land

BECAUSE we traveled parallel to the land ten or twelve miles offshore, we found a series of small islands on reefs that had not been noticed by Mecham. When finally we came to the portion of the coast which Mecham and McClintock had been unable to explore in 1852, we loaded up our sledges with meat and blubber and proceeded toward shore. The coast turned out to be rather complicated and there were several little islands. It took us three days to complete the survey between the most northerly point reached by Mecham and the most westerly reached by McClintock who had been working from the opposite direction.

In a cairn at Cape McClintock which is the northern extremity of Prince Patrick Island, we found a record left by McClintock sixty two years before. It ends with the sentence, "I have searched the islands and reefs lying off shore to the northward," which recalls the tragic reason for McClintock's and most of the other expeditions that gave us our knowledge of the islands to the north of Canada. Theirs were not primarily voyages of geographic discovery, they were searching not for islands unknown since the beginning of time but for men lost in the search for a Northwest Passage, the hundred and twenty men who made up the crews of Sir John Franklin's ships. As we now know, this portion of the search was being conducted and hope was still being maintained five years after the last of the men they were searching for had died.

It is a matter of curious interest that this record is dated P.M., June 15, 1852, and that we found it on June 15th, and in the afternoon, sixty three years later.

We Discern New Land

JUNE 17th after taking the necessary astronomical observations to check up with those of McClintock we started north and after traveling twenty miles discovered new land. In order to keep a more careful account of the various courses by which we traveled it was my custom at this time to follow several miles behind the sledges and to take frequent compass bearings of them as well as in this case, the outlying islands north of Cape McClintock so long as they remained in sight. After making what was considered a reasonable day's travel the men camped with me about five miles behind them. After camp had been pitched and while the others were cooking supper, Storkerson climbed an ice hummock about forty feet in height just back of the camp and with his glasses sighted to the northeast a new land which he could see at once was of considerable extent and about fifteen miles away. I was watching him through my glasses, and when I saw him shouting and signaling to the other men I knew that a discovery of some sort had been made. I climbed the highest available hummock in my vicinity, but it was not high enough and I did not see the land until some two hours later when, after taking all the necessary compass observations, I arrived at camp.

My men were all Norwegian, and as any one may see from reading the books of Nansen and Amundsen Norwegians are prone to the celebration of any sort of event in any way possible. In this case they had cooked some malted milk they had saved for no particular reason, and had discovered some biscuit crumbs in the corner of a box in which we had long been carrying something else, and had made the two into a sort of stew. I don't think any of them considered this any better than seal meat, but, since seal meat was the food of every day, stew was a sort of celebration.

June 19th we landed at what I have called Cape Murray in honor of James Murray, our oceanographer and the friend and Antarctic traveling companion of Shackleton. Murray lost his life on the ice near Wrangell Island on the *Karluk* branch of our expedition. During the following two years, as we gradually explored this land and located its extreme points we named cape after cape for the scientists and sailors who lost their lives with Murray or not long after.

When I was exchanging my fur clothes at Nome, Alaska in 1912 for a suit of the well advertised American kind the clerk who sold them to me said that he could not understand how I could waste five years of my life in the Arctic. That is one point of view and a common one. This young man had spent the same five years behind a clothing store counter. Colonel Roosevelt had spent them in African travel, in the writing of books and in the making of history. He said to me a month or two later that he envied me my five years in furs and snow houses, in new lands and among new people. That was another point of view. And a third was mine for I in turn envied him his power and achievements and the character which had made them possible. But while I concede that accident plays so large a part in determining the momentous or trivial nature of geographic discovery that the greatest geographic discoverers must for that reason be ranked lower than the great ones in other fields still there is much to be said for exploration as a career, so long at least as there remains possible discovery of lands previously undreamed of. The tourist who crosses the Atlantic for the first time will spend hours on deck awaiting the predicted rising of Ireland above the rim of the sea, and from then, unless he is neither young nor imaginative, a thrill which he does not forget the rest of his life. Yet Ireland to the tourist or America to the immigrant can never be what San Salvador was to Columbus, and though you may not for the thrill of San Salvador be willing to change places with Columbus, you may well envy us who are still alive our first sight of the new land and our first landing upon it. While you may think what you will about the greatness of the achievement, the permanence of it cannot be denied. The next generation and the next will find that land upon their maps and, if they care to visit, they will find it there bounded by the ice-covered sea. If it is not an important, it is at least a tangible, contribution to the world's knowledge of itself.

SUMMER was fast approaching when we reached the new land on June 19th. There was snow on most of it, but some of it was bare and there were ponds and puddles here and there although the rivers had not opened. We found lemmings which are a sort of bob tailed mouse running about, several species of birds had arrived and their nesting was about to commence and there were tracks of caribou and of wolves and foxes. The caribou had not come from the south for it is another one of the many pieces of misinformation about the north that the caribou migrate south in the fall and north in the spring. This may be true in some places, but it is not true in others and in general the same islands that are inhabited by caribou in summer are inhabited by them in winter.

The wisdom of the fox is not so evident as the saying is wide spread, but the more I see of wolves the more respect I have for their intelligence, which is unique among the non human inhabitants of the north. The second day on the new land I met a wolf that came running toward me at first, for he could not fail to mistake me at a distance for a caribou, but when he got within two

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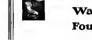

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hundred yards and could see me more plainly he realized my strangeness and, what is truly remarkable, inferred that I might be dangerous. This wolf could certainly never have seen a human before, and the only dark thing of size comparable to mine that he had ever seen must have been either a caribou or a musk-ox. The caribou are his prey, and while he seldom kills a musk ox, he at least has no reason to fear that exceptionally clumsy and slow-moving animal. But at two hundred yards this wolf paused and after a good look that satisfied him that I was something new in his experience, commenced to circle me at that distance to get my wind. When he got it it took him but a sniff or two and he was off at top speed. The similarly unsophisticated foxes of this region will commonly run within ten or fifteen yards of you and follow you around for miles barking like a toy dog following a pedestrian.

The season was so far advanced that, after following the south coast of our island for three days and determining that it was of considerable size, we turned south on June 22nd. On our way toward Melville Island we completed the mapping of Fitz William Owen Island which had been sighted by McClintock, discovered a little island only about five miles in diameter, and followed the west coast of Melville Island south. Here we killed two musk-oxen as well as some caribou, and saw a number of musk-oxen that we did not disturb.

The 4th of July we left Melville Island and in six days crossed McClure Straits to the Bay of Mercy on the north coast of Banks Island. Here we stopped to rate our watches. The place is an exceptionally interesting one. It was here that McClure wintered two years with his ship, the *Investigator*, which he abandoned eventually, retreating with his men to another ship at Melville Island. As I learned from the Eskimos of Victoria Island on my previous expedition, the ship had been broken by the action of wind and ice some years after McClure left her, and all that we found to mark the place were a heap of coal and a great many barrel-staves and fragments of packing-boxes, with here and there a piece of rusty iron.

A Pleasant Journey Back

WE left our sledges at this point, cut up the tarpaulin that had served us so well in crossing many a lead of open water and made it into pack-saddles for our dogs in which to carry meat and other heavy things, while we ourselves carried the bedding and other bulky articles. The journey south over Banks Island was delightful. The caribou were fat and were seen in large and small bodies here and there on the rolling green prairieland. We usually killed one toward evening and our party was large enough so that we consumed about a whole animal at each camp. There is no wood for fuel but our knowledge of the botany of the country enabled us to pick greaselike plants that have a resinous substance so that they burn well even when wet from rain or fog. I am unable to see any great hardships in polar travel in winter whether it be on sea-ice or on an uninhabited land, and am still less capable of seeing anything in the nature of hardship in a summer journey overland.

We arrived at Cape Kellett on August 9th to find everything well at the camp. But two days later Capt. Louis Lane with the *Polar Bear* arrived, bringing us the unbelievable news of the death of eleven members of our expedition at Wrangell Island in the spring of 1914, and the no less unbelievable news of the World War which had been raging more than eleven months when Captain Lane left the last telegraph point at Nome, six weeks before.

(To be Concluded)

Petite Simunde

Continued from page 32

"Bon soir, mademoiselle"
"Bon soir, monsieur."

Commonplace, perhaps, in the telling, but in France it was the commonplace that became romance.

A smile crept into the officer's eyes, which were blue and kindly, though they had a glint in them—something like metal—a look that a mother always noticed first when her son returned from the line.

'Ou est le village?' he ventured.

"Le Curois?"

"Oui! Le Curois."

"Mais monsieur"—her eyes widened and her hands indicated the village dwellings—*"c'est ici Le Curois!"*

He breathed deeply and ventured again:

"Connaissez-vous un billet pour dix officiers?" He felt rather pleased with the sentence; it was true he had intended to get accommodation for eleven officers, but it was moderately accurate for a foreign tongue.

For answer, Simunde led him, preceded by the four cows, to her domicile. "Madame," like all French housewives, had received billeting instructions in the first year of the war. In conjunction with her neighbors on either side she speedily arranged accommodation for eleven officers in their cottages, and for the officers' "domestiques" in the barns.

ONE hour later the guests of war, their battalion having come out for rest, were dining comfortably in the home of Petite Simunde while a sow, attended by ten small pigs, snorted approvingly outside the door.

Less than an hour afterwards Private Des Rosiers, acting as temporary batman to Major Douglas Campbell, was sitting on a chair in the farm-yard, in the glittering moonlight, regaling Simunde and her mother with grossly exaggerated stories of the mining country of Cobalt. He told them of his misdeeds, not in humility, but with much *braggadocio*, and his auditors listened, lost in gesticulatory admiration. Simunde was thrilled from her ill-shod feet to her braided brow. Jacque Des Rosiers was the first really wicked man she had met, and woman-like she was fascinated; also he had nice teeth and flashing eyes.

The picture of a young officer on horseback whose brown hair was almost red and whose humorous blue eyes had a glint in them like metal, faded as completely from her mind as the memory of the sunset that had thrown its spell upon them.

Unromantic? . . . *Que voulez-vous? C'est la guerre!*

TWO weeks passed, during which period the placid fields about Le Curois resounded to the shouts of Canadian troops rehearsing open warfare (for rumor had it that the hour was almost at hand when Foch was to release the forces of retribution). For pastime, the troops played baseball and held field-days of many and varied sports. Whatever they did, they shouted lustily and continuously while doing it, for they had mastered one elemental truth, that nothing can be accomplished without intensity.

Des Rosiers explained baseball to Simunde, who enjoyed the description without allowing it to interfere with her innumerable domestic and agricultural duties. It was quite true that Jacque Noir had never played the game or even mastered its rudiments, but he had the narrator's instinct that rises above mere accuracy of detail.

Every evening he accompanied Simunde to the pasture-land and together they guided the patient cows homeward. When darkness set in and Simunde's tasks were finished for the day he sat with her in the barn-yard and told lurid tales of Northern Canada—to all of which "madame, whose tasks were never finished, lent a delighted and adjoining ear.

He pictured to Simunde the snow—how it filled the rivers till they ran no more, how it covered the great pine-trees until, as far as eye could see, there was nothing but white, and he told of the wind that was never still. And she listened, as only a Frenchwoman can listen, with every emotion he called forth registering in her face, as clouds racing across the sun will throw their shadows on the ground.

Just before the battalion was to return to the line the second-in-command, Major Douglas Campbell, was called to Divisional Headquarters for a prolonged conference. As a result Des Rosiers was returned to his company for duty though he contrived to spend every free hour with the little belle of Le Curois. As the time for parting approached with cruel celerity he talked less and took to long spells of moody silence. His heart had been melted as completely as the snow in the Northland is melted by the sun in spring. As for her, the little artifices of gesture and the ceaseless coquetry of the eyes became less noticeable. For the first time in her life she felt the anguish of a woman's tears. Petite Simunde's guileless and innocent heart had been won by Jacque Des Rosiers, the bad man of Northern Quebec.

In a tempest of passionate ardor but with becoming deference he addressed his suit to the mother, who promised consideration that night and her answer on the morrow.

It was hardly twilight when he wandered back along the main road towards the fields where his battalion was bivouaced. Full of the picture of the little woman who had bewitched him, he failed to notice the approach of an exceedingly smart young staff-officer ablaze in a glory of red and brass. With unseeing eyes Des Rosiers looked directly at the young gentleman, but failed to make any sign. The officer, fresh from a staff course in England, stopped him with a sharp command.

"Just a moment, my man. Don't you know enough to salute?"

Des Rosiers awoke from his dream, came to attention and saluted very badly.

"I no see you, sair," he said.

"Don't lie to me," snapped Brass Hat (who wasn't a bad chap on the whole), "of course you saw me. Damn it, you looked right at me. It's fellows like you who give the corps a bad name."

He was wrong there. It was the presence of several thousand men like Des Rosiers that had given the Canadian Corps a wonderful name—but let that pass, as Jack Point would have said.

THE element of tragedy seldom enters the lists of life with a fanfare of trumpets. It steals in unobtrusively like a poor relation. It comes in the garb of the commonplace, or masked in triviality or gaiety. One is unaware of its presence until it throws off concealment and points its yellow fingers at the throat of its victim. What dramatist would have read tragedy into the absurd tableau presented by a slouchy French-Canadian soldier and a youthful staff-officer? Yet as inexorable as Fate it was approaching Jacque Des Rosiers, and only a few yards away, hiding its skeleton's grin behind the mundane countenance of Sergeant Smith, returning to the battalion after a day's work in the orderly room.

The officer, who had just made a move to resume his walk, noticed the sergeant, and called him over.

"You are from the same battalion as this chap?"

"Yes, sir."

"Report him to his company commander for failing to salute an officer. Impress upon him that I would not have made this complaint, but your man looked directly at me and—well, discipline must be maintained, especially out here."

Whereupon, feeling that he had rendered unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, the youthful captain sauntered on to the chateau occupied by Divisional Headquarters, and dined with extra zest. And lest it be thought that the narrative treats him unkindly, let it be written that, three months later he was badly wounded while performing a very gallant action. He was a professional soldier, somewhat lacking in psychology, that was all.

A little later Private Des Rosiers was arraigned before his company commander, a gentleman who was neither a soldier nor a psychologist. The heinous crime of passing an officer without acknowledgment was laid to the

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charge of the battle worn and love-lorn villain from Quebec.

"What have you got to say for yourself?"

Des Rosiers said it. The officer shook his head.

"It's not good enough," he said. "You French-Canadians seem to think there's one law for yourselves and one for everybody else. You threw all your comrades down by deliberately insulting an officer—a staff-officer, who reports it to the G. O. C., and there you are. We're known as a bad battalion just because of a few slackers like you. Put him on the horse line picket for two eights, and confined to camp during the day."

The prisoner started. "Sair," he said. "I can no be here to-morrow night. *C'est impossible.*"

"Oh, is it impossible?" answered the officer who prided himself on a gift of neat retort. Des Rosiers's eyes protruded to their utmost.

"By Gor!" he cried "and nex' morning we go back to the line *encore*, yes?"

"Well? Have you any objections? If so I am sure the divisional commander would appreciate hearing them."

"Ah, but *monsieur l'officier*"—his hands were stretched forth in an agony of appeal—"Petite Simunde, she wait for me. I promise to come—I no come—it is terrible."

The judge in khaki laughed.

"I am fed up with the stories of you French Canadians and your village sweethearts—and, confound it, stop waving your hands about!"

"Stand't attention!" bellowed the sergeant-major.

"Consider yourself lucky to get off so lightly my man.—That will do, sergeant-major."

"Escor' eprisoner—ri' tun — qui' mawch —Lef' ri' lef' ri'—Pawty, ha't —Report to horse line, N C O right away.—Escor' dees-mi'."

Rather late for mess, by reason of holding orderly room at an unusual hour, the company commander sat down to dinner with a glow of virtue in his bosom. He had been a lawyer-politician in a small Ontario town and it pleased him to find that he had not lost the art of Buzfuzian browbeating.

And through it all the Fates had woven a thread of tragedy about the life of Jacque Noir using in their scheme of things a non-psychological staff-officer, a non-military and non-psychological company commander, and a sergeant whose name was Smith.

"There is humor in all things," said Jack Point. Gilbert would have been equally correct if he had substituted the word 'tragedy.'"

Before sundown of the next day the prisoner was reported absent, and when the battalion marched away for the line Jacque Des Rosiers was not with it.

VI.

FOUR days had passed before the second-in-command rejoined his unit in the trenches. He had been held at Divisional Headquarters and for the first time learned of Des Rosiers's desertion. With a stiffening of the jaw and an ugly contraction of his shoulders he quickly interrogated tragedy's schemers—a sergeant named Smith and a politician-lawyer company commander. To the former he said nothing; the man had done his obvious duty. To the company commander he gave a careful hearing, then in short staccato sentences that had an odd resemblance to a machine gun in action, subjected him to a brief questioning.

"What is Des Rosiers's conduct-sheet like?"

"Pretty bad, sir."

"What were his crimes?"

"Oh the usual things—dirty on C.O.'s inspection, equipment missing, late for parades and generally slovenly. If he hadn't had such a poor sheet, he would have been decorated."

"In other words his crimes are billet ones. Is that correct?"

"Well—yes sir."

"But in the lines he earned a decoration?"

"Yes—at Vimy, he"——

"Have you known him to lie?"

"Well you know what these French-Canadians are like."

"You understand what I mean. Have you ever known him to lie when put on his honor?"

"Er, no."

"When he told you that he had to see this girl did you find out if he was speaking the truth?"

"No, sir!"——

"Did you look for him at the girl's place when you were coming away?"

"I sent a picket through the village."

The blue in Campbell's eyes became unpleasantly light. "I had Des Rosiers in my company at Ypres when the Hun sent over his first gas—you were addressing meetings in Canada at the time—and I know him for a brave chap and as faithful as a dog. It's men like you with a sense of vision no greater than a mud-puddle that are making the French Canadian question another Irish one. They are like children easily swayed and true as steel to those they trust; but so long as you and your kind make a political cat's-paw out of them, alternately yelling 'Kamerad' and 'Traitor' according to the political exigencies of the moment so long will Canada be without the sympathy and enriching of a wonderfully virile race."

The junior officer's face flushed. "I acted according to the evidence," he persisted hotly.

"Damn the evidence," said Campbell furiously. "Play the man, not the charge-sheet. Does Des Rosiers strike you as a chap who would deliberately insult a staff-officer? When he is caught he will be shot. It can't be helped—discipline must be maintained; but I tell you, every few days, when I read in the adjutant-general's orders that Private So-and-So, charged with desertion in the presence of the enemy, was apprehended in a certain village, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot, sentence duly carried out at 4.15 a.m. on—— You know the ghastly rhythm of the thing as well as I do—I never read one of these things without having a bad ten minutes afterwards. I don't question the decision of the court—a deserter must pay the penalty—but, mark my words, behind every one of these cases there is the unseen part played by some officer or N.C.O. who punished at the wrong time or failed to punish, as the case may be. There are far too many machine-made, routine fed chaps in the army, with stars on their shoulders who don't know that there are times when the grip of a hand on a Tommy's shoulder, and a few words as man to man, free of any cursed condescension are worth all the conduct-sheets in existence."

"You are making a mountain out of a mole-hill, sir. I consider you are very unfair to me."

"You do, eh? . . . What about your unfairness to Des Rosiers and his little French girl, when he faces a firing-squad in the early morning?"

WITH an angry gesture, Campbell left the dug-out and hurried to Battalion Headquarters. For twenty minutes he and the colonel, a gentleman and a soldier, quietly but firmly discussed the case of desertion.

"I agree with everything you say, Campbell," said the older man, "and I shall strongly recommend mercy to the court, but I am commanding a unit made up of many personalities, and I must think of the example to all."

"Very good sir. By the way, colonel, I know where Des Rosiers is."

"You do? Then send word to the A. P. M."

"Excuse me, sir, may I go and bring him myself? I ask this as a very great favor."

The colonel pondered for a moment. "When will you be back?" he asked.

"Before 'Stand to' in the morning."

"Right—but, Campbell, my boy."

"Sir?"

"Whatever you have in mind remember that your duty and mine is to think of the example to the battalion."

The blue in Campbell's eyes deepened, then with an imperious gesture of the head, like a horse that hears the sound of galloping hoofs a mile away, he saluted.

"I shall not forget what you say, sir."

"Thank you, Douglas."

With a restless impatience for delay, he left the dug-out and climbed from the trench to open land. Heedless of a machine-gun that spat at him from the enemy lines, he hurried on until he reached the brigade transport lines, where he secured a motor-car.

"Where to sir?" asked the driver.

"Le Carois," said the major, "and drop me just before you come to the village."

VII

IN the scorching heat of a summer afternoon, Petite Simunde was washing some linen outside her cottage. The silence, like the heat, was oppressive, and seemed more so by contrast with the noisy troops who had been there a week before. An apple falling from a tree to the ground . . . the restless pounding of a horse's hoof in its stall . . . the distant hum of an aeroplane . . . the rumble of guns, faint but ominous . . . these and the sighs of the little woman at her task, were the only signs that broke the stillness of the air.

She heard footsteps and her heart, more than her eyes, told her that the man she dreaded had come. Her face blanched and she caught her breath with a spasm of pain.

"Simunde"—Campbell's voice was gentle but firm—"where is Jacque?"

She continued her work without looking up.

"Simunde"—again the quiet monotone—"where is Jacque?"

She shook her head. "No compree," she faltered, falling into the jargon of war.

"Simunde." There was an inflection in his voice, an almost imperceptible note of severity, that set her heart throbbing with fear. This was a new person to her, this calm, stern blue-eyed man who showed no excitement, no anger, only a quiet, kindly severity that gave her no chance for subterfuge. She hated him for his calmness—because he was English—because he was unfair. If he had only shouted or gesticulated—but this brown-haired giant! To oppose him was like trying to stem the incoming tide. And not many miles away a German Emperor was feeling the same sensation of impotence. It is a strange world when an emperor and a French peasant girl have to share the same emotion.

She looked up suddenly, and her dripping hands were clenched in a fever of supplication. Madly, passionately, she pleaded for her lover, as a woman will only do for the man she loves or for her child. Tears ran down her cheeks, and her voice was choked with sobs.

Patiently he listened, gathering from the anguish more than from her words the story he had already guessed. In a climax of grief she groped for him with her hands and would have cried on his breast. But he made no move; only his eyes were very grave and tender.

"Simunde," he reiterated in English, "where is Jacque?"

With a shrill cry of rage, she stamped her foot on the ground. This great iceberg of a man was a devil! He had come for her lover. He would take him away to be shot. With an involuntary instinct of dismay, she glanced at the barn some little distance away, then, fearful that he had read her meaning, she forced a smile with her lips only to find that her fear was correct.

Without a word he put her gently aside and started for the barn. He had gone ten steps before she moved, then he heard her hurried breathing and her hands were on his arm.

"Monsieur," she cried, "Monsieur le major—Jacque—Jacque *keel you*!" she spoke in broken English, remembering one of Des Rosiers's stories of his madende. Releasing her fingers he reached the barn in a few short paces. Opening the door, he cautiously entered and tried to accustom himself to the semi-darkness . . . and saw the barrel of a rifle from the loft, slowly aligning itself in his direction.

"Des Rosiers!" His voice rang out like a pistol shot. "It is I—your officer!"

There was no sound for almost a full minute then the rifle was lowered and the unshaved, dishevelled French-Canadian stood before him.

"Why you come?" he said brokenly, "I

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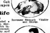

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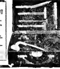

can he shoot my officer. Why you come, eh?"

"Because you will go back with me, Des Rosiers."

The deserter's eyes filled with tears. "By God!" he said, "it is not, what you say, play fair. I say I shoot who come, and Jacque Des Rosiers he is no afraid. But you—me, bon—mais non. Maybe I go back with you and maybe they shoot me, yes?"

"You have deserted, and the punishment is—well you know as well as I. If you come with me now there is a small chance of mercy."

The man's eyes flashed. "I no ask for mercy," he cried. "I, Jacque Des Rosiers, want mercy? Pouf! I laugh. They tell me I no see Simonde again, when I do nottings wrong. Très bien—I say sometings about it too. I go, I stay more close—I am shot. Good! I stay with Simonde."

Campbell took a step forward, and there was metal in his voice as well as his eyes. His hand fell on the other's shoulder and gripped it like a vice. "You will come back with me," he said, and again there was the strange similarity to a machine gun, "not that you may receive mercy but because you are a coward, and must face your punishment for desertion in the presence of the enemy."

Des Rosiers's face darkened.

"Now, at this minute," went on Campbell, "the battalion, your battalion and mine, is in the line. Because you were not there, another man is in your place, perhaps at sentry duty. He may be dead by now, and why? Because he did his duty and took the place of a man who was afraid."

The French-Canadian's breath was hot with fury. He clenched his fists, and great veins stood out on his forehead. "By gosh me!" he yelled. "who say Jacque Noir, she is afraid?"

With apparent calm, but his muscles poised for action, the officer looked squarely at him. "I say you are a coward," he answered. "You were afraid to go to the line with your comrades. You are afraid now to face your punishment."

He noticed that the fellow was crouching for a spring. With a shrug of his shoulders he produced a cigarette case and put a cigarette into his mouth.

"Well?" he said.

It was the second time he had beaten Des Rosiers. The poor fellow paused, then knelt at his feet and expounded his passion in a sobbing explanation that would have been ludicrous but for the sincerity of anguish behind it.

A FEW minutes later they went together from the barn. Simonde was standing by her door. From the interior of the house the lamentations of "madame" could be heard. With a simplicity that strangely ennobled the rough fellow, Des Rosiers stooped and spoke to Simonde in French, then kissed her on the lips with a reverence that was more moving than the deepest passion. Without a word, he entered the motor-car and stared fixedly ahead at the road which climbed by the château. With a half-sob Simonde turned to the officer. She said nothing but her brown eyes spoke a language that needed no words. The metal in his eyes melted into a deep compassionate blue, and Petite Simonde's troubled little heart thanked God for the great, broad-shouldered man with the hair that was almost red.

The two men slept in a deserted hut that night but an hour before daybreak they were wending their way through the communication trenches to the front line. It was half an hour before "Stand to" when the major and his unkempt companion reached the last dark trench where sentries were straining their eyes at the blackness of No Man's Land. A junior officer stepped up to the major and reported, quietly, the situation during the night.

"They've got a machine gun post," he said at the end, "somewhere over by those three trees. Can you see them, sir? They got five of our chaps last night and two the night before."

"Humph! They tried for me too yesterday afternoon. Can't the guns do anything?"

"They've tried, sir, but the rise in the ground seems to protect them from anything except a direct hit."

Even in the darkness the young lieutenant could notice the sudden look of decision which flashed into Campbell's eyes.

The lieutenant handed him a message-pad, on which he wrote a few words.

"See that the colonel gets this," he said, "and pass word along to the other companies that Private Des Rosiers and I are going to get that machine-gun post, so if we come back don't give us too hot a reception from your sentries. Sergeant, some bombs, and let Des Rosiers have that revolver, old chap. My batman will give you one of mine. Right—thanks."

"But, sir"—the young officer was vastly troubled—"it's not up to you. I'll go, major—honestly I want to"——

"Thanks, old man, but this is a bigger job than it looks. Not that you couldn't do it as well or better, but—well, I've set my heart on going, that's all."

He glanced at Des Rosiers, and noticed that his face was grim and set.

"But, my officer, it is not fair," began the French-Canadian, "it"——

"Not fair?" There was a rasping sound in the major's voice.

"For me, mais oui, but for you, non. Please—I do my bes'—I go alone."

Without a word the second-in-command put out his hand and grasped that of the deserter, and Des Rosiers felt that death for the other would be easy. Truly as Campbell had said, war is a great big game, and men are like children. Three minutes later two figures were crawling like panthers towards the German lines.

The colonel of the battalion took the message from the runner's hands. It contained seven words:

"As an example to the battalion.
CAMPBELL."

"What's that noise?"

"Sounds like Mills bombs," said the adjutant.

"And revolvers," muttered the colonel, and swore softly to himself with a lip that quivered strangely.

VIII

IF you ever go to the Cobalt country, do not fail to take the boat to Ville Marie, on the blue shores of Northern Quebec.

There is an excellent hostelry at Ville Marie called "Les Voyageurs," where a little lady, known as Petite Simonde, has worked wonders in making it the cosiest, warmest, neatest little place that ever warmed the heart of a lumber-jack or a mining-prospector. At night her husband leads the singing with a mighty voice that shakes the rafters. For did not the former proprietor, Pierre Generend, say that singing encouraged thirst?

At times, when Madame Des Rosiers is away for a day, Jacque Noir will regale his old friends with tales of his past life, tales that differ with every telling and seem to indicate that the narrator himself is beginning to doubt their accuracy. At these times, too, he has been known to sing of a sailor who loved a Portuguese maid, but at the first sound of his wife's footsteps outside Monsieur Des Rosiers is the model husband, a role, to be frank, which suits him quite well.

When the snow is very thick on the ground, and the wind howls mournfully over the lake, Jacque Noir talks of France and the weary years of war. He will point with pride to his artificial foot and then to his decoration, and slowly tell how two men went out into the dark after a machine-gun post.

And when the guests are gone and the fire is low, when the wind is moaning quietly, while the snow falls thick—thick—thick, they speak to each other of the officer who will never come back ... of the one whose hair was brown, almost like red ... whose blue eyes were stern and yet so kind.

Hand-in-hand they sit close together, and the only sounds are those of the crackling logs and the wind that is never still.

Unspoiled Country

Continued from page 15

burns to-day by the tent camp there which, by the way, is owned and operated by a young Toronto girl—meaning "in the shadow of tall rocks" though there is still a difference of opinion as to this even among the Ojibways, some claiming that it should be interpreted "the camp of flowers."

We put it up to Paul and got this answer: "Me think it say in dark of tall High Rock; maybe no, Chippewa talk, me don' know, guess."

Near it is sacred ground where Indian chieftains have been buried in the curious method of the redman. In front of it is a small cove guarded by a single barren rock rising just above the water and holding aloft like a standard one lone pine though not a particle of earth nor a vestige of vegetation can be seen above the water.

Then, as the eye follows the Arm, the same feeling of elation returns that we had experienced as we came in up that stretch of wide and narrow water. Sitting there, up high enough for us to trace our course all the way from the "Station" to Bear Island, we recalled how the cloak of conventionality slipped unnoticed from "we city-folks" when the witchery of the North touched the hidden spring within us that loosened our true natures and gave us back the care-free vivacity of youth. In a moment the barriers were swept aside and we were old friends with our fellow passengers, discussing with boyish frankness our vacation plans till we rounded Metagami Point and headed for "Friday's Clearing." This was Temagami where everyone was a friend and where the millionaire, awed by the tremendous wealth of Nature, travels incognito.

The Prowess of the Friday Boys

MY gaze swept leisurely across the hundred and more islands thronging Pickerel Bay till it came to a quick rest on the eagle's nest in the high crotch of an aged balsam towering over the portage from Spawning Bay into Spawning Lake. Old "baldhead" was sitting meditatively on the topmost branch, seemingly lost in wonder at the idle canoes upturned in front of the Friday cabin. This was a sight most unusual, for the "Friday Boys" are very popular guides.

"How much can the Friday boys carry over a portage, Paul?" I asked.

"Very much, heap much," replied one Ojibway after a few puffs at his pipe. Then, as if to express his envious contempt, he opined: "Too damn much."

We had watched with amazement, and not a little envy, the ease with which Paul swung a seventeen foot canoe weighing eighty to ninety pounds, to his shoulders and trotted off with it across the rough trails which appeared impassable to our tenderfoot eyes. We had seen him take both a canoe and a hundred and fifty pound pack while we struggled courageously under single canoes or fifty to sixty pound loads. But the Friday boys are champion packers, carrying loads that seem incredible even to the seasoned woodsman.

"Can they carry more than you, Paul?" our curiosity impelled us to inquire, even though we knew it might be treading dangerous grounds. For the redman never likes to be excelled.

"Me carry much heavy, t'ree hundred pounds, maybe more, all you have need, or more," explained Paul, watching us anxiously to detect any signs of our dissatisfaction with his portaging powers before permitting himself to advertise his competitor's ability. His fears for his own popularity allayed, he said: "Him, Big George, him carry four hundred fifty heap times long time, maybe two, t'ree mile. Too damn much. Him at big war now."

Crossing to the opposite side of the tableland of our lookout we discovered the thin arm of land embracing Portage Bay, forcing its waters back from the wide expanse of the South Arm and guarding them from the seductive attractions of Outlet Bay which leads its victim waters on to the bewitching Temagami Falls, below which lay Cross

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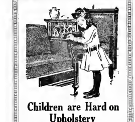

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lake McAdam Lowry, and Hanging Stone Lakes. Across the wide waters of the South Arm of Temagami dividing it from the swarving deeps of the Southwest Arm with its piscatorial beauties—namaycush, bass, pickerel, pike—lay the pine-clad slopes of McLean Peninsula which narrowly escaped the common fate of being an island by the scant thread of land just a few hundred feet wide, tying it to the main land at the south.

From where we were the Southwest Arm was faintly discernible where it flung heavily against the foothills of the upper levels of the Reserve to the west. We could see the tops of the high cliffs, a mile sheer out of the waters of Gull Lake to which the visiting Nimrods are invariably directed with the solemn warning to get behind a tree every time a hook is baited. That is not the joke it first appears, for the writer was one of a party which caught sixty-six lake trout there within two hours, none of them less than two-pounders, and I personally caught on a single troll within *fifteen* minutes three gamey small mouth black bass weighing three and a half to four pounds. Gull Lake should have been named Big Catch Lake. It is a picture—towering sheerness of cliffs, lonely browns of burnt islands, warm greens of waving balsams, greyness of exposed crags leaning fearfully away from the assaults of the rippling blueness of the laughing waters, and over all the smile of a summer sun.

Between the Gull and the Southwest Arm on the easiest route in, are two lakes, Nobodye and Skunk. We had traversed them a previous year with another guide named Tom, who spent his winters in trapping through those lakes. While crossing Skunk Lake—some people prefer to call it Elbow Lake because of its shape—we had expressed concern lest we meet up with the gentleman whose name it carried. To quiet our fears our guide had quickly interposed:

"No danger that, me ketch him las' winter in mink trap, me stay at bush heap long time."

With one last look out across the South Arm to where Camp Cochrane—known to the Ojibways as Mitawangu—(the Upper Canada College Camp) hid its charmingly situated island behind the group of green dots sheltering it from the open water, we turned reluctantly away to the last remaining lookout, before which lay the North and Northwest Arms.

It was the most beautiful of the four. Below us the blue waters stretched out in a curve around the little bay formed by the peculiar shoreline of High Rock Island at this point, and then ran away through innumerable islands, past the startlingly incongruous whiteness of the Indian village of Bear Island, past Devil's Island where courageously stands Keywadin Camp, past Ferguson's Mountain with its deserted mines to the long beaches of Sandy Inlet, there to greet the incoming waters of the Annima-Nipissing, on to fling a flashy wave at the only farm of the district—Father Paradis's. Flanking the North Arm the wide deeps of another arm, where twenty to thirty pound namaycush are frequently caught, swing sharply to the Northwest between two haze-crowned hills to finally exhaust itself in the twisting waters of Obabika Bay.

The high rippling forests of green made it impossible to see the short portage across the Wakimika head of land into the spreading waters of the sister Arm—the North—where they gather in Devil's Bay and Granny Bay as if crouching for the spring against the island-split head waters of Whitefish Bay to the north, or to the west against the compact Sharp Rock Inlet waiting confidently behind the two narrow channels leading into it, the one guarded by Fire Rangers who are sufficiently blasé to ask for "military papers" and licenses. The western portal of the inlet is even the rough trail from which it derives its name—Sharp Rock Portage—leading into the Nonwakaming or Diamond Lake, a sparkling gem of rare splendour.

Diamond Lake is shaped somewhat like a thumb and forefinger, the thumb leading away to the west across a diamond-shaped body of sparkling water to lose itself in the rocky canyons across which one has to portage to the Wakimika and the Obabika. Near this portage end of Diamond is a curious pile of small boulders, about as big as pumpkins, which rises about four feet above the level of the lake, being about a hundred feet long and twenty wide. It has the appearance of being hand-built but is a relic of the glacier period. Nearer the portage is a strange riven cliff which legend says was split asunder by the gods in anger at the cliff for sheltering the murderous, ambushing Iroquois. Seeing the rock, the legend sounds more than plausible.

The Reserve to the west of Wakimika and Obabika is almost a solid forest of white, red, and banksome pine, spruce, tamarac, birch and poplar through which roam moose, deer and black bears. Wakimika is a favorite haunt of wild fowl and it is not uncommon to come close to does feeding near the entrance to the Wakimika river—a strange swift creek reeling, twisting and twining, in and out, over and under, back and forth through a maze of fallen trees. This river is about two and a half miles as the crow flies and its current runs at least six miles an hour, yet so zigzagging is its course that it takes nearly three hours to traverse it, canoeing with the current. The thrills of the trip are beyond expression. I have threaded it twice but would go many weary miles to repeat those pleasures. At its mouth is the ruins of a big motor launch which a mining company induced Oderic Ferrone to portage into those wilds. It took ten guides of the Friday class to carry it across the rocky ravines. How they got it in is still a mystery, for they never brought it out. Oderic rarely abandons anything valuable.

The other branch of Diamond, the forefinger, points the way up to the Falls of the Lady Evelyn, at the foot of which four-pound bass wrestle with the strong currents. Beyond the Falls is the gloriously beautiful Lady Evelyn Lake, at the head of which, to the northeast, is the open route to the Montreal River, to the northwest the speckled trout streams. Near the Falls, painted on a flat cliff rising sheer out of the water, with that wonderful time-defying red pigment lost with the Indian warrior, is the hieroglyphic story of the death of the angel of the Iroquois who are called the "snakes of the lakes" because their tribe signature was a writhing snake bent downward, through whose coils was driven an arrow with six feathers. The story is of the drowning near the rock, of the Iroquois uncel princess of her bridal on the top of the rock itself, and a history of the conquest of the country by the invincible Iroquois who came down the Annima-Nipissing.

A scant four miles away, the new home of the Honorable the Hudson's Bay Company's post on Bear Island stood in quiet relief at one end of the outstanding group of guides' houses lining the trail from the Post to the Fire Rangers Hall at the nearest point of the island. Midway between we could see the tiny school before which stood a tall flag-pole holding its ragged flag against the breeze, ripping the background of emerald green, which raised in one long wave from the village to the hill behind atop of which stood a new Reserve observation tower, stark and yellow against the blue haze.

The Mystery of Keywadin

"PAUL," we inquired as our Ojibway rose to pack for the return trip to Bear Island, "is that Keywadin up there beside the mountain beyond Bear Island?"

"You him heap bad place," was the non-committal reply.

"What does Keywadin mean in Ojibway and why is it a bad place?" I persisted quite innocently.

"Him say 'north wind' him bad place for Ojibway. Go home now." And go home unsatisfied we had to, for, when the redman wishes to avoid embarrassment he travels. So with our curiosity unsatisfied we made the journey home.

Continued on page 83

Ebb and Flow

Continued from page 18

"Just about that," said the other.

Barnsley made no reply for some moments. It was on his tongue to refuse at once. Though he had been expecting nothing better, possibly something worse, his pride revolted against all that the tremendous reduction would mean. He had been king.

This youngster before him, the man who had stepped into his shoes, was more than twenty years his junior. He, Barnsley, had been starting out as a fully fledged mining engineer when this lad was born, and now—! He reflected on the irony of the situation. Christie had come of poor folks, few advantages had been his, but he had made himself, advancing swiftly and surely by grit, courage, strength. He, Barnsley, had started out well with some money and more influence at his back. He had been in the saddle, firmly established, as he had thought, but had taken things easily, lost much of his grip and force, and had been unseated, thrown aside.

Twenty-two hundred dollars—and when the other privileges incidental to the free house were taken away, as they would be, the salary would be a couple of hundred less than that. It meant that his income had been sliced down by two-thirds.

"I know it must seem small, and I can understand your feelings," said Christie, with more sensibility and consideration in his tone than Barnsley had thought him capable of. "I suppose that when a man comes to middle life he does not look at such a position in the same way that a younger man would. Still the thing has to be looked at from a practical standpoint. A younger man would take the small opportunity and make something bigger out of it, but—well, you can't very well set the clock back. I want a man who will want, and fight, to make the bigger thing out of it. I don't hold altogether with the common view that when a man gets to middle life, he should be scrapped. The point is has he got the fight in him, or has he made up his mind that he's a back number? If he thinks so, no amount of opportunity will be any use to him. If he forgets the clock, has the confidence in himself that is wanted, and has ambition, he, with his experience, should be a better man than one who has his experience to gain. What I mean is that everything depends on the man himself, what he thinks of his own powers. The men, I find, who drop out in middle life are not driven out by anything but their own verdict on themselves, which, of course, the world has to adopt. If one thinks he can go no further, and virtually quits, you can't blame the rest of the world for assuming that he knows best about what he is.

"This job that's offered you is not charity, not consideration for you, but it's a chance to make good in the bigger sense. Perhaps, you may think that I, a much younger man, oughtn't to speak to you in this way, as it is no concern of mine, but I want you to look at it in any light, if you can."

WITH all his hurt pride, and something of jealousy, Barnsley did not dislike Ewan Christie, nor did he resent what he said. He knew that what the other man advanced as to candidates for the position was true. For a young man it would be a great opening. It might be possible for him to pick up something better, but there was a great deal of doubt as to that. He had not made a conspicuous success of the position he had held. There were a hundred ways, he had seen since coming into contact with Christie, in which he could have made a bare success a big one. That was generally known. If he had made the best of his opportunities it would not have been necessary to bring a new man in. Of course, in making the appointment, the new Board had taken into consideration the available men on the spot. He had lost out on his record, and it would not help him to find another suitable place.

Then he was not sure of himself, he knew he had lost grip. He wasn't the man he had been, and the deterioration had been brought about by slackness. He was touchy, too, about his age. It is late before a man who has been active and vigorous and still feels young will acknowledge to himself that he is going back. At over fifty Barnsley felt that he was as good a man as ever he had been, but he knew that such was not the impression of onlookers. John Barnsley felt in this moment of review, that the crisis in his life had come, that he was at the final parting of the ways.

In youth if a man feels he has made a mistake there is usually time to correct it. In middle-age, it is not so easy. Inspiration comes easily to youth. Life has usually administered little punishment as yet. There is a buoyancy of spirit, an assimilative power in taking blows, the gift of quick recovery after them, the ability to come back, that late life lacks. The biggest tragedies are those of middle-age, when a man is disposed to take what has gone as the final verdict and stop fighting. Many every man quits too soon, often when the race is but half or two-thirds run, and quits when a chance still remains to make good. John Barnsley, in his moments of swift thought, felt that if he let go now, it would be practically a final decision. Could he step down, take the lower place, and fight a young man's fight, or the fight, rather, of a man young-spirited in spite of the discouraging tale of the years?

Something within him said:

"You can't step down in this way. You have some pride left in you. What will the world you've known say and think about it? Somehow you'll manage to scrape along to the finish. Take this kid's job and the whole town that has known you as you were will laugh you to scorn. It's the crust thrown to the man who has nothing left wherewith to buy his own loaf."

"I'd like a day or two to think it over," he said to Christie. "It means a good deal to a man with a family."

"Sure it does," the other replied. "Take a few days."

BARNSLEY was very silent that evening at dinner. When the meal was over he went alone into his den. Presently he called his wife in, and Edith came with her.

He was standing with his back to the hearth when they entered.

"Well, the thunderbolt fell to-day," he said. "Christie had a talk with me. He was fair enough, even considerate, much more so than I believed him capable of. You see, there is really no place for me as the staffs have been arranged before. But there is a new position, a kind of assistant managership without executive power. It would be all right for a young man with ambitions as to the future. The salary is only twenty-five hundred a year, and out of that rent would have to be paid and I should no longer have some of the incidentals, such as water and light. It is practically little better than a two thousand job." Then he stopped.

"What reply did you give, John?" asked his wife anxiously.

"My first impulse was to decline, and then I asked time for consideration. I haven't decided yet whether it was mean and snivelling of me or not," he replied.

"But there are other positions, outside, father," said Edith.

"Yes there may be," he said. "And yet, it loomed up before me rather discouragingly that I was past fifty. I had never realized before fully, what that grim fact really means. Then again, I remembered that I was practically a discarded man. If I should apply for another position it would be kept in mind that I wasn't considered good enough to hold my former job. A superseded manager is like a skipper who has lost his ship—there's the black mark set against him. Then again, we've nothing saved. We've lived up to the last cent of our income and if I quit I'd step out with nothing."

Mrs. Barnsley could not have quite

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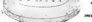

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explained it to herself why she was not more depressed than she felt by reason of the announcement. She had expected it weeks since. None knew better than she the quick pride of her man. Yet he was taking it well, gravely, bravely. A few years back he would have snapped his fingers at such an offer and gone out to take chances. She was not really afraid of being poor. But the moment she thought more of the change in the man than in the money situation.

"I think one ought to consider carefully before dropping a reduced certainty for a doubtful hope," she said. "Of course it is for you to make the decision, but you must not let thoughts of us influence you. We could live on the reduced salary if we had to, couldn't we, Edith?"

"Of course we could," Edith replied.

"And then one never knows what it might lead to," said Mrs. Barnsley encouragingly. "It isn't as if you were an old man, John. Probably it would be just a little temporary set-back and presently we would come up again."

The maid in the kitchen called Edith and she left the room. Barnsley drew his wife down to the sofa by his side and took her hand.

"Then you say I am to take it, Grace?" he asked.

"I think you should," she replied. "Don't you think so?"

"It is a big come-down," he said ruefully. "I was disposed at first to turn it down, but there were lots of things to consider. It wasn't so much the money end that touched me, though that was serious enough. Something told me that my pride wouldn't let me take an inferior position, and then the whole thing seemed to take another slant. Something prideful in me answered the first thought, and it said:

'Tackle the job and show them that you can master the grim facts of the come-down and the fifty odd years.' Christie said it was an ideal position for a young man, or a man with young thoughts about himself. I've muddled things, I know. It's no use kicking about Christie being put over me; that's where he ought to be. He's a hundred per cent efficient and I feel his superiority every day. Something he said to me about a man in middle-life not being put to the mat by outward circumstance, but getting there because he reluctantly laid down, roused me. He was right—right in my case. I have been making too much of the years, taking things too readily for granted, and I believe there's a big fight in me yet. Foolish old man's egotism, I guess."

"It is nothing of the sort," she replied. "If you believe in yourself as much as we do—I believe in you—you will win out of this small difficulty. It would be a far greater humiliation to my pride in you if you resigned just because of this reverse than if you held on and we had to live differently and occupy a different position than formerly. We'll give you all the help we can in the home here, but, there's something I want to say. I've got to be taken in as financial partner. No more charge accounts, no more random ordering. You give me a hundred and twenty five a month and you'll see how things can be managed. It will be like a new beginning, a clean fresh start after twenty five years of married life. The children will back us up, you'll see. They've been in some ways a little careless and extravagant about money, but that's our fault, not theirs. They are really gritty children and sacrifice and effort will be the greatest thing possible for them."

"I've been afraid that the come-down would hurt them," he said. "Their standing in the place will not be the same and, perhaps, there will be times when they'll feel it."

"You don't know them, perhaps, as well as I do," his wife smiled. "They needed something like this to bring out the best in them. Edith, of course, has always been reliable."

"What about her and Richard Chipperfield?" he asked suddenly.

"I don't know," she answered. "Probably it was more the talk of the place than anything else. Of course she never speaks about such matters."

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"I don't see him round here as much as he used to be," he said.

"No, he very rarely comes," she replied.

"I've noticed the change in him since Christie came more than in anyone else in town," he observed. "He fawns on Christie every chance he gets, and instead of the old affability he used to display toward me there is something in his manner that implies I'm not what I used to be. Perhaps I'm unduly sensitive. Do you think Edith takes notice or cares?"

"It would be hard to say," the wife replied. "She doesn't wear her heart on her sleeve, and you may trust her to look after her own dignity when it's necessary. Perhaps Richard assumed too much."

"Then I am to say that I'll take the place?" he concluded. And there the discussion ended.

"I've thought your offer over," he said next day to Christie. "I'm obliged to you for it, and would like to accept."

"Good!" said Christie. "I had a sort of notion you might. Now about—" And without further observation on the personal matter, they plunged into work.

CHAPTER IV

EDITH chose a time of the day when she knew her father would be away from the office on a trip to one of the more distant mines. She was shown into the private office of Mr. Christie. Presently he came bustling in through the private side door. He saw a small, neatly figured girl awaiting him. She was dressed very trimly, skirt and blouse and tie all very becoming in a quiet rather stylish way. He had a swift impression that she looked a nice, sensible kind of a girl, despite her prettiness. He decided in his own mind as he gave her a stiffish little bow that she would produce a book and pencil, proceed to explain that the minister's gown was worn out, and that really he must have a new one, or that a testimonial was to be presented to the most worthy organist, and would Mr. Christie please—and so forth. He was figuring on how much it would cost to get rid of her nicely.

"I called in reference to your advertisement for typist and stenographer," she began. Then she was not on blessed charity bent. The smile vanished from his face and he was the business man, the live wire person, the efficiency expert, on his guard lest decent sympathies would permit something to be put over on him.

"Yes," he said shortly, dropping into a chair. She was not a girl but a candidate cog in the machine. It was strict business from now on. "I had the notion of a man in mind."

"I think I am competent," she advanced in her quiet way.

"Experienced?" he asked gruffly.

"If you mean have I held a position before—No," she replied. "I am qualified though. Here are my certificates from the Business College at—"

"Don't want to see them," he interrupted her intention to hand to him a beribboned roll. "Certificates are about the most misleading things in the world. I've had more diploma'd and certificated noodles apply to me for positions than any other kind."

She looked somewhat indignant, as if he had included her among the noodles.

"Efficiency would suggest a practical test," she fired back at him. He looked up sharply, as if something had stung the least bit. She didn't look like a hat-back kind of girl, but those cool grey eyes had a kind of fighting look in them, not peppery or gingery, but more of the steel couple order. She was a girl, he guessed, who could hold her own should the necessity arise. Therefore he was interested.

"There's a pad, here's a pencil," he said, indicating the articles. "Ready?" She nodded, and he fired off a letter at her at a rate his conscience rebuked him for, but she stood the gaff all right, to his surprise, without any request for mercy.

"There's a machine." He pointed to a typewriter. She went to it, and typed the letter expeditiously under his eyes, handing the product for his inspection.

He ran his eyes over it carefully, hunting for slips. It had been a maliciously crafty letter with "there" and "their" and "receive" and "achieve" in it. She had come out all right, though: punctuated properly, spaced and margined neatly and had a close notion as to style. He sniffed and laid the sheet down.

"Deaf?" he inquired in machine-gun fashion. One of his grievances was that the modern typewriting girl has her hair skilfully arranged over her ears so as to screen them usefully. He detested the "What's that, Mr. Christie?" drawled in professionally languid manner as he did the devil.

"Not at all," she replied. He noticed that her hair, quite pretty brown hair, was swept back from her temples above her ears. She had neat little ears too.

"Chew gum?" he demanded inquisitorially.

"No." The reply was serious and emphatic.

"Spell?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered with great confidence.

"Salary you think you ought to get?" he wanted to know.

"Eighty dollars a month to begin with," she replied, her heart beating violently at thought of her capacity.

"I can get my pick of the office full for half the money," he said.

"Deaf gum chewers, bad spellers probably," she retorted gravely. Yes, she was a girl who did credit to her grey eyes.

"You can keep your tongue still?" he asked rather rudely it seemed.

"I think so," she said with the faintest flicker of a smile.

"What I mean is that some stenographers have the impression that office business is a suitable theme for conversation among their friends. My stenographer is a confidential employee, and a girl who must yap ——" he remarked.

"I never yap," she interrupted quite agreeably.

"I didn't mean that," he explained half apologetically. "Slipped out. You understand that what transpires here must not be carted outside."

"I understood," she said.

Then he took a good look at her. It was a very impersonal look, and she did not in the least resent it; she was a stenographer and not a woman.

"You can try it," he replied. "There's your private room through that door. It will be exclusively yours. I object to social callers, and we do not serve afternoon tea. The office staff will have nothing to do with your work and you will have nothing to do with theirs. I shall pay you eighty a month, probably you will never get any more, but—we pay according to value. When can you start?"

"Now," she replied.

To be Continued

The Lecturer at Large

Continued from page 14

This last was a great error. The audience for want of guidance remained very silent and dubious, and well behaved during my talk. Then somehow, at the end while somebody was moving thanks, the chairman discovered his error. So he tried to make it good. Just as the audience were getting up to put on their wraps he rose and knocked on his desk and said:

"Just a minute please, ladies and gentlemen, just a minute. I have just found out—I should have known it sooner, but I was late in coming to this meeting—that the speaker who has just addressed you has done so in behalf of the Belgian Relief Fund. I understand that he is a well-known Canadian humorist (ha! ha!) and I am sure that we have all been im

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ensely amused (ha! ha!) He is giving his delightful talks (ha! ha!) though I didn't know this till just this minute—for the Belgian Relief Fund, and he is giving his services for nothing. I am sure when we realize this we shall all feel that it has been well worth while to come. I am only sorry that we didn't have a better turn-out tonight. But I can assure the speaker that if he will come to Burlington again, we shall guarantee him a capacity audience. And may I say that if there are any members of this association who have not paid their dollar this season, they can give it either to myself or to Mr. Whitton as they pass out."

His Majesty's Well-Beloved

Continued from page 21

ed to have lost count of their manners. They were either too wrathful or too much taken aback to speak. Mistress Euphrosine, with her nose in the air, was preparing to sail majestically out of the room.

MR. BETTERTON then stepped in. He threw down his hat and playfully made pretence to intercept Mistress Euphrosine.

"Sister, I do entreat you," he said with mock concern, "do not carry your well-shaped nose so high. The scent of Heaven will not reach your nostrils, try how you may. . . . 'Tis more likely that you will smell the brimstone which clings to my perruque."

And before Mistress Euphrosine had time to think of a retort, he had turned to her Ladyship with that gentle air of deference which became him so well.

"How comes it," he asked, "that I have the privilege of meeting your Ladyship here?"

"A mere accident, Sir," my Lord Stour interposed, somewhat high-handedly I thought. "Her Ladyship, fearing to be molested by the crowd, came to meet Lord Douglas here."

"I understand," murmured Mr. Betterton. And I who knew him so well, realized that just for the moment he understood nothing save that he was in the presence of this exquisitely beautiful Woman who had enchained his fancy. He stood like one transfixed, his eyes fastened almost in wonderment upon the graceful Apparition before him. I should not be exaggerating, fair Mistress, if I said that he seemed literally to be drinking in every line of her dainty Figure, the straight, white throat, the damask cheek and soft, fair hair slightly disarranged. He had of a truth lost consciousness of his surroundings, and this to such an extent that it apparently set my Lord Stour's nerves on edge, for soon he said with evident irritation and a total disregard both of polite usage and of truth, since of course he knew quite well to whom he was speaking:

"I did not catch your name, Sir, though you seem acquainted with her Ladyship."

He had to repeat the query twice, and with haughty impatience, before Mr. Betterton descended from the clouds in order to reply.

"My name is Betterton, Sir," he said, no less curtly than my lord.

"Betterton? Ah, yes!" his Lordship went on, with what I thought was studied insolence, seeing that he was addressing one of the most famous men in England. "I have heard the name before . . . but where I cannot remember. . . . Let me see, you are . . . ?"

"An Actor, Sir," Mr. Betterton gave haughty answer. "Therefore an artist, even though an humble one, but still a World contained in one man."

Then his manner changed, the stiffness and pride went out of it and he added in his more habitual mode of good natured banter, whilst pointing in the direction of Mistress Euphrosine:

"That, however, is not, I imagine, the opinion which my worthy Sister—a pious lady, Sir—hath of my talents. She only concedes me a Soul when she gloats over the idea that it shall be damned."

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"You are insolent!" quoth Mistress Euphrosine as she stalked majestically to the door. "And I'll not stay longer to hear you blaspheme."

Even so, her Brother's lightly mocking ripple of laughter pursued her along the course of her dignified exit through the door.

"Nay, dear Sister," he said. "Why not stay and tell these noble Gentlemen your doubts as to which half of me in the hereafter will be stoking the fires of hell and which half be wriggling in the flames?" Then he added, turning gaily once more to the visitors as Mistress Euphrosine finally departed and banged the door to behind her: "Mistress Baggs, Sirs, is much troubled that she cannot quite cannot make up her mind how much of me is Devil and how much a lost Soul."

"Of a surety, Sir," retorted Lord Douglas, with the same tone of malicious spite wherewith he had originally spoken of Mr. Betterton, "every Gentleman is bound to share your worthy Sister's doubts on that point . . . and as to whether your right hand or your sharp tongue will sizzle first down below."

THERE was a moment's silence in the room—oh! the mere fraction of a second—whilst I, who knew every line of Mr. Betterton's face, saw the quick flash of anger which darted from his eyes at the insolent speech. Lady Barbara too had made an instinctive movement, whether towards him in protection or towards her Brother in reproach, I could not say. Certain it is that that movement chased away in one instant Mr. Betterton's flaming wrath. He shrugged his shoulders and retorted with quiet mockery:

"Your Lordship, I feel sure, will be able to have those doubts set at rest presently. I understand that vast intelligence will be granted to Gentlemen—down there."

At once my Lord's hand went to his sword.

"Insolent!——" he muttered, and my Lord Stour immediately stepped to his friend's side.

Like the Fleet Street crowd awhile ago, these two Gentlemen meant mischief. For some reason, which was not far to seek, they were on the verge of a quarrel with Mr. Betterton—nay! I believe that they meant to provoke him into one. In wordy warfare, however, they did not stand much chance against the great Actor's caustic wit, and no doubt their sense of impotence made them all the more wrathful and quarrelsome.

Mr. Baggs, of course, servile and obsequious as was his wont, was ready enough to interpose. A quarrel inside his house between valued Clients and his detested Brother-in-law, was not at all to his liking.

"My Lords . . ." he mumbled half-incoherently, "I implore you . . . do not heed him . . . he . . ."

His futile attempts at conciliation tickled Mr. Betterton's sense of humour. The last vestige of his anger vanished in a mocking smile.

"Nay, good Master Theophilus," he said coolly, "prithee do not interfere between me and the wrath of these two Gentlemen. Attend to thine own affairs . . . and to thine own conspiracies," he added—spoke suddenly under Mr. Baggs' very nose, so that the latter gave a jump and involuntarily gasped:

"Conspiracies? . . . What—what the devil do you mean, Sir, by conspiracies?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing—my good friend," replied Mr. Betterton lightly. "But when I see two hot-headed young Cavaliers in close conversation with a seedy Lawyer, I know that somewhere in the pocket of one of them there is a bit of handwriting that may send the lot of them to the Tower first and to—well!—to Heaven afterwards."

MY heart was in my mouth all the time that he spoke. Of course he could not know how near the truth he was, and I firmly believe that his banter was a mere Arrow shot into the air, but even so it grazed these noble Lords' equanimity. Lord Douglas had become very pale, and my Lord Stour looked troubled, or was it my fancy? But I am sure that her Ladyship's blue eyes rested on Mr. Betterton with a curious, searching gaze. She too wondered how much knowledge of the truth lay behind his easy sarcasm.

Then Lord Douglas broke into a laugh.

"There, for once, Sir Actor," he said lightly, "your perspicacity is at fault. My Lord the Earl of Stour and I came to consult your Brother-in-law on a matter of business."

"And," exclaimed Mr. Betterton with mock concern, "I am detaining you with my foolish talk. I pray you, Gentlemen, take no further heed of me. Time treads hard on your aristocratic heels, whilst it is the slave of a poor, shiftless Actor like myself."

"Yes, yes," once more interposed the mealy-mouthed Mr. Baggs. "I pray you, my Lords—your Ladyship—to come to my inner office——"

There was a general movement amongst the company, during which I distinctly heard Lord Douglas Wychwoode whisper to my Lord Stour:

"Can you wonder that I always long to lay a stick across that man's shoulders? His every word sounds like insolence. . . . And he has dared to make love to Barbara . . ."

Her Ladyship, however, seemed loth to linger. The hour of a truth was getting late.

"Father will be anxious," she said. "I have stayed out over long."

"Are the streets safe, I wonder?" my Lord Stour remarked.

"Perfectly," broke in Mr. Betterton. "And if her Ladyship will allow me I will conduct her to her chair."

Again my Lord Stour flashed out angrily, and once more the brooding quarrel threatened to burst the bounds of conventional intercourse. This time the Lady Barbara herself interposed.

"I pray you, good my Lord," she said, "do not interfere. Mr. Betterton and I are old friends. By your leave, he shall conduct me to my chair. Do we not owe it to him," she added gaily, "that the streets are quiet enough to enable us all to get home in peace?"

Then she turned to Mr. Betterton and said gently:

"If you would be so kind, Sir—my men are close by—I should be grateful if you will tell them to bring my chair along."

She held out her hand to him and he bowed low and kissed the tips of her fingers. Then he went.

VI

LORD DOUGLAS' spiteful glance followed the distinguished Actor's retreating figure until the door had closed upon him. Then he said drily:

"Perhaps you are right, Bebe. He may as well fetch your chair. It is raining hard and one Lacquey is as good as another."

He turned to Mr. Baggs, who standing first on one leg and then on another presented a truly pitiable spectacle of servility and unmanliness. I think he had just come to realize that I had been in the room behind the screen all the while and that my presence would be unwelcome to their Lordships if they knew that I had overheard all their conversation. Certain it is that I saw him give a quick glance in my direction, and then he became even more fussy and snivelling than before.

"In my inner office," he murmured. "I pray you to honour me, my Lords . . . A glass of wine perhaps . . . until the copies are finished. I should be so proud . . . and . . . and . . . we should be quite undisturbed . . . whereas here . . . I only regret . . ."

I despised him for all that grovelling, and so did the Gentlemen I make no doubt. Nevertheless they were ready to follow him.

"We must wait somewhere," Lord Douglas said curtly.

"And I should be glad of a glass of wine."

Lady Barbara was standing in the window recess waiting for her chair. She insisted on my Lord Stour going with her Brother into the inner room. Undoubtedly she did not wish either of them to meet Mr. Betterton again.

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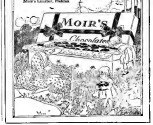

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speak with him. I'll watch through the window until my Men bring the chair, then I will go down at once."

"But——" protested his Lordship.

"I entreat you to go, my Lord!" she reiterated tartly. "And you too, Douglas. My temper is on edge, and if I am not left to myself for a few moments I shall have an attack of nerves."

She certainly spoke with unwonted sharpness. Thus commanded, it would have been churlish to disobey. The young Gentleman after a second or two longer of hesitation finally followed Mr. Boggs out of the room.

Now, I could not see the Lady Barbara, for she was ensconced in a window-recess, just as I was, but I heard her give a loud sigh of impatience. There was no doubt that her nerves had been jarred. Small wonder, seeing all that she had gone through—the noise and rioting in the streets, her terror and her flight, her unexpected meeting with her lover, then the advent of Mr. Betterton and that brooding quarrel between him and the two Gentlemen, which threatened to break through at any moment.

The next minute I saw her Ladyship's chair brought to a halt down below, and she crossed the line of my vision between the window and the sofa, where she had left her cloak. She picked it up and was about to wrap it round her shoulders when the door was flung open and Mr. Betterton came in. He gave a quick glance round the room and saw that the Lady Barbara was alone—or so he thought, for of course he did not see me. He carefully closed the door behind him and came quickly forward, ostensibly to help her Ladyship on with her cloak.

"It is kind of you, Sir, thus to wait on me," she said coldly. "May I claim your arm to conduct me to my chair?"

She was standing close in front of him just then, with her back to him and her hands raised up to her shoulders in order to receive her cloak, which he had somewhat roughly snatched out of her grasp.

"My arm?" he riposted with a vibrating note of passion in his mellow voice. "My life, myself, are all at your Ladyship's service. But will not you wait one little moment and say one kind word to the poor Actor whose art is the delight of Kings and whose Person is the butt of every Coxcomb who calls himself a Gentleman?"

He flung the cloak upon a chair and tried to take her hand, which however she quickly withdrew, and then turned, not unkindly, to face him.

"My Brother is hasty, Sir," she said more gently. "He has many prejudices which no doubt time and experience of life will mend. As for me," she added lightly, "I am quite ready to extend the hand of friendship not only to the Artist but to the Man."

SHE held out her hand to him. Then, as he did not take it, but stood there looking at her with that hungry, passionate look which revealed the depth of his admiration for her, she continued with a bantering tone of reproach:

"You will not take my hand, Sir?"

"No," he replied curtly.

"But I am offering you my friendship," she went on, with a quick nervy little laugh, for she was woman enough, believe me, to understand his look.

"Friendship between Man and Woman is impossible," he said in a strange hoarse voice which I scarce recognized as his.

"What do you mean?" she retorted with a sudden stiffening of her figure and a haughty glance which he, of a truth, should have known boded no good for his suit.

"I mean," he replied, "that between a Man and a Woman who are both young and both endowed with heart and soul and temperament, there may be enmity or love, hatred or passion, but friendship never."

"You talk vaguely, Sir," she rejoined coldly. "I pray you, give me my cloak."

"Not," he retorted, "before I have caused your Ladyship to cast one short glance back over the past few months."

"With what purpose, I pray you?"

"So that you might recognize as you gaze along their vista the man who since he first beheld you hath madly worshipped you."

She stood before him, still facing him, tall and of truth divinely fair. Next this no one could gainsay. For the moment I found it in my heart to sympathize with his infatuation. You, dear Mistress, were not there to show him how much lovelier still a woman could be, and the Lady Barbara had all the subtle flavour, too, of forbidden fruit. Mr. Betterton sank on one knee before her; his mellow voice sounded exquisitely tender and caressing. Oh! had I been a Woman how gladly would I have listened to his words. There never was such a voice as that of Mr. Betterton. No wonder that he can sway the hearts of thousands by its Magic; no wonder that thousands remain entranced while he speaks. Now I assure You, Mistress, that tears gathered in my eyes: there was such true passion, such depth of feeling in his tone! But Lady Barbara's heart was not touched. In truth, she loved another man, and her whole outlook on life and men was distorted by the environment amidst which she had been brought up.

The exquisite, insinuating voice with its note of tender appeal only aroused her contempt. She jumped to her feet with an angry exclamation. What she said I do not quite remember, but it was a remark which must have stung him to the quick, for I can assure you, dear Mistress, that Mr. Betterton's pride is at least equal to that of the greatest Nobleman in the land. But all that he did say was:

"Nay, Madam, an Artist's love is not an insult even to a Queen."

"Possibly, Sir," she riposted coldly. "But I at least cannot listen to you. So I pray you let me rejoin my servants."

"And I pray you," he pleaded without rising, "humbly on my knees, to hear me just this once!"

SHE protested, and would have left him there, kneeling, while she ran out of the room, but he had succeeded in getting hold of her hand and was clinging to it with both his own, whilst from his lips there came a torrent of passionate pleading such as I could not have thought any Woman capable of resisting for long.

"I am not a young Dandy," he urged, "nor yet a long-haired, crazy Poet who grows hysterical over a woman's eyebrow. I am a man and an Artist, rich with an inheritance such as even your Ancestors would have envied me. Mine inheritance is the mind and memory of eminent England and a Name which by mine Art I have rendered immortal."

"I honour your genius, Sir," she rejoined coolly, "and because of it, I try to excuse your folly."

"Nay!" he continued with passionate insistence. "There are passions so sweet that they excuse all the follies they provoke. Oh! I pray you listen. I have waited in silence for months, not daring to approach you. You seemed immeasurably above me, as distant as the Stars; but whilst I, poor and lowly born, waited and worshipped silently, success forged for me a name so covered with Glory that I dare at last place it at your feet."

"I am touched, Sir, and honoured, I assure you," she said somewhat impatiently. "But all this is enough. But folly and reason should teach you that the daughter of the Marquis of Sidbury can be nothing to you."

But by this time it was evident that the great and distinguished Actor had allowed his folly to conquer his reason. I closed my eyes, for I could not bear to see a man whom I so greatly respected kneeling in such abject humiliation before a Woman who had nothing for him but disdain. Ah! Women can be very cruel when they do not love. In truth, Lady Barbara, with all her rank and wealth, could not really have felt contempt for a Man whom the King himself and the highest in the land delighted to honour; yet I assure you, Mistress, that some of the things she said made me blush for the sake of the high-minded man who honours me with his friendship.

"Short of reason, Sir!" she said with unmeasured hauteur at one time. "I pray you recall your far-famed sense of humour. Let it show you Thomas Betterton, the son of a scullion, asking the hand of the Lady Barbara Wychwoode in marriage."

THIS was meant for a slap in the face, and was naught but a studied insult, for we all know that the story of Mr. Betterton's father having been a menial is utterly without foundation. But I assure you that by this time he was blind and deaf to all save to the insistent call of his own overwhelming passion. He did not resent the insult as I thought he would do, but merely rejoined fervently:

"I strive to conjure the picture, but only see Tom Betterton, the world-famed Artist, wooing the woman he loves."

But what need is there for me to recapitulate here all the fond and foolish things which were spoken by a truly great man to a chit of a girl who was too self-centred and egotistical to appreciate the great Honour which he was conferring on her by his wooing. I was holding my breath, fearful lest I should be seen. To both of these Proud People before me, my known presence would have been an added humiliation. Already Lady Barbara, impatient of Mr. Betterton's importunity, was raising her voice and curtly bidding him to leave her in peace. I thought every moment that she would call out to her Brother, when Heaven alone would know what would happen next.

"Your importunity becomes an insult, Sir," she said at last. "I command you to release my hand."

She tried to wrench it from his grasp, but I imagine that his hold on her wrist was so strong that she could not free herself. She looked around her now with a look of Helplessness, which would have gone to my heart if I had any feeling of sympathy left after I had poured out its full measure for my stricken Friend. He was not himself then, I assure you, Mistress. I know that the evil tongue of those who hate and envy him have poured insidious poison in your ears, that they told you that Mr. Betterton had insulted the Lady Barbara past forgiveness and had behaved towards her like a Cad and a Bully. But this I swear to be untrue. I was there all the time, and I saw it all. He was on his knees and never attempted to touch her beyond clinging to her Hand and covering it with kisses. He was an humble and a stricken Man, who saw his love rejected, his passion flouted, his suffering mocked.

I tell you that all he did was to cling to her hand.

VII

THEN, all at once, I suppose something frightened her, and she called loudly:

"Douglas! Douglas!"

I don't think that she meant to call, and I am sure that the very next second she had already regretted what she had done.

Mr. Betterton jumped to his feet, sobered in the instant, and she stood alone in the middle of the room, gazing somewhat wild-eyed in the direction of the door, which had already been violently flung open and through which my Lord Stour and Lord Douglas now hurriedly stepped forward.

"What is it, Baba?" Lord Douglas queried roughly. "Why are you still here? . . . And what . . . ?"

He got no further. His glance had alighted on Mr. Betterton, and I never saw quite so much concentrated Fury and Hatred in any one's eyes as now appeared in those of Lord Douglas Wychwoode.

But already the Lady Barbara had recovered herself. No doubt she realised the Mischief which her involuntary call had occasioned. The quarrel which had been slowly smouldering the whole afternoon was ready to burst into living flame at this moment. Even so she tried to stem its outburst, protesting that she had been misunderstood. She even tried to laugh, but the laugh sounded pitiably forced.

"But it's nothing, Douglas dear," she said. "I protest. Did I really call? I do not remember. As a matter of fact, Mr. Betterton was good enough to recite some verses for my delectation

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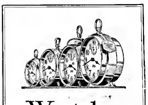

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My enthusiasm must have run away with me and, unwittingly I must have railed not.

Obviously the explanation was a lame one. I felt myself that it would not be believed On the face of my Lord Stour thunderclouds of wrath were fast gathering and though Mr Betterton had recovered his presence of mind with all the Art at his command, yet there was a glitter in his eyes which he was powerless to veil, whilst the tremor of her Ladyship's lips while she strove to speak calmly only fed my Lord Stour's ever-wakeful Jealousy.

Lord Douglas, as was his wont apparently whenever he was deeply moved was pacing up and down the room his hands were clasped behind his back and from time to time I could see their convulsive twitching Lord Stour now silently helped her Ladyship on with her cloak. I was thankful that Mr Baggs and Mistress Euphrosine were keeping in the background else I verily believe that their obsequious Snivellings would have caused my quivering Nerves to play me an unpleasant trick

Mr Betterton had retired to the nearest window-recess so that I could not see him All that I did see were the two Gentlemen and the threatening clouds which continued to gather upon their brows. I also heard my Lord Stour whisper hurriedly in Lord Douglas' ear

"In the name of our friendship, Man, let me deal with this."

I felt as if an icy hand had gripped my heart. I could not conjecture what that ominous speech could portend Lady Barbara now looked very pale and troubled her hands as they fumbled with her cloak trembled visibly. Lord Stour, with a masterful gesture took one of them and held it firmly under his arm.

He then led her towards the door Just before she went with him, however, her Ladyship turned, and I imagine sought to attract Mr Betterton's attention

"I must thank you, Sir" she said with a final, pathetic attempt at conciliation "for your beautiful Recitation. I shall be greatly envied methinks by those who have only heard Mr Betterton declaim upon the stage"

Lord Douglas had gone to the door He opened it and stood grimly by whilst my Lord Stour walked out, with her Ladyship upon his arm.

CHAPTER FIVE

The Outrage

I

LORD DOUGLAS WYCHWOODE did not speak to Mr Betterton after her Ladyship and my Lord Stour had gone out of the room, but continued his restless pacing up and down I thought his silence ominous.

Half consciously, I kept my attention fixed upon the street below, and presently saw the Lady Barbara get into her chaise and bid adieu to his Lordship who remained standing on our doorstep until the Sedan was borne away up the street and out of sight. Then to my astonishment, he walked down as far as the "Cock" tavern and disappeared within its doors.

The silence in our parlour was getting on my nerves I could not see Mr Betterton, only Lord Douglas from time to time, when in his ceaseless tramping his short burly figure crossed the line of my vision

Anon I once more thought of my work. There were a couple more copies of the Manifesto to be done and I set to, determined to finish them. Time went on, and the afternoon light was now rapidly growing dim Outside, the weather had not improved. A thin rain was coming down which turned the traffic-way of our street to slushy mud I remember just after I had completed my work and tidied up my papers, looking out of the window and seeing in the now fast-gathering gloom the young Lord of Stour on the doorstep of the "Cock" tavern, in close conversation with half a dozen ill-clad and ill-conditioned Ruffians. But I gave the matter no further thought just then, for my mind happened to be engrossed with doubts as to how I should convey the Copies I had made to my Employer without revealing my presence to Lord Douglas Wychwoode

His Lordship himself, however, soon relieved me of this perplexity, for presently he came to a halt by the door which led to the inner office and quite unceremoniously pushed it open and walked through I heard his peremptory demands for the Copies, and Mr Baggs' muttered explanations. But I did not wait a moment longer This was obviously my best opportunity for re-appearing upon the scene without his Lordship realising that I had been in the parlour all the time. I slipped out from my hiding place and carefully re-arranged the screen in its former position, then I tip-toed across the room

In the gloom, I caught sight of Mr Betterton standing in one of the recesses, his slender white hands, which were so characteristic of his refined, artistic Personality, clasped behind his back. I would have given a year or two of my humdrum life for the privilege of speaking to him then and of expressing to him some of that Sympathy with which my heart was overflowing. But no one knows better than I how proud a Man he is and how he would have resented the thought that anyone else had witnessed his humiliation.

So I executed the manœuvre which I had in my mind without further delay I opened the door which gave on the stairs noiselessly, then closed it again with a bang as if I had just come in. Then I strode as heavily as I could across the room to the door of the inner office against which I then rapped with my knuckles.

"Who's that?" Mr Baggs' voice queried immediately

"The copies, Sir, which you ordered," I replied in a firm voice. "I have finished them."

"Come in! come in!" then broke in Lord Douglas impatiently "I have waited in this accursed hole quite long enough"

The whole thing went off splendidly, and even Mr Baggs did subsequently compliment me on my clever ruse Lord Douglas never suspected the fact that I had never been out of the Parlour, but had heard from the safe shelter of the window recess everything that had been going on.

II

WHEN, a few moments later, I returned to the Parlour eager to have a few minutes' speech with Mr Betterton I saw that he had gone Anon, Kathleen the maid brought in the candles and closed the shutters. I once more took my place at my desk, but this time made no use of the screen After awhile Lord Douglas came in, followed by the ever-obsequious Mr Baggs, and almost directly after that, my Lord Stour came back.

His clothes were very wet and he shook the rain out from the brim of his hat.

"What a time you have been!" Lord Douglas said to him "I was for going away without seeing you."

"I wanted to find out what had happened in here," my Lord Stour gave reply speaking in a whisper

"What do you mean?"

"The fellow had the audacity to pay his addresses to Lady Barbara!" my Lord Stour went on, still speaking below his breath. "I guessed as much, but wanted to make sure."

Lord Douglas uttered an angry oath, and Lord Stour continued hurriedly

"Such insolence had to be severely punished of course, and I saw to it."

"How?" queried the other eagerly

"I have hired half a dozen ruffians from the tavern yonder, to waylay him with sticks on his way from here, and to give him the sound thrashing which he deserves."

It was with the most terrific effort of self control that I succeeded in smothering the cry of horror which had risen to my lips. As it was, I jumped to my feet and both my chair and the candle from my desk fell with a clatter to the floor I think that Mr Baggs hurled a Volley of abuse upon me for my clumsiness and chided me that the grease from the candle was getting wasted by dripping on the floor But the Gentlemen paid no heed to me. They were still engaged in their abominable conversation While I stooped to pick up the chair and the candle I heard my Lord Stour saying to his friend

"Come with me and see the deed accomplished The Mountebank must be made to know whose hand is dealing him the well-merited punishment. My hirelings mean to waylay him at the corner of Spreadeagle Court, a quiet place which is not far from here and which leads into a blind alley Quickly, now" he added "or we shall be too late"

More I did not hear. For, believe me, dear Mistress, I felt like one possessed. For the nonce, I did not care whether I was seen or not whether Mr Baggs guessed my purpose or not. I did not care if he abused me or even punished me later for my strange behaviour All that I knew and felt just then was that I must run to the corner of Spreadeagle Court, where one of the most abominable Outrages ever devised by one Man against Another was even then being perpetrated. I tore across the room through the door and down the stairs hatless, my coat tails flying behind me like some Maniac escaping from his Warders

I ran up Chancery Lane faster I think, than any man ever ran before Already my ears were ringing with the sound of distant shouts and scuffling My God! grant that I may not come too late! I, poor, weak, feeble of body could of course do nothing against six paid and armed Ruffians, but at least I could be there to ward off or receive some of the blows which the arms of the sacrilegious Miscreants were dealing, at the instance of miserable Coxcombs, to a man whose Genius and Glory should have rendered him almost sacred in their sight.

III

AS long as I live will that awful picture haunt me as I saw it then You know the Blind Alley on the left hand side of Spreadeagle Court, with, at the end of it, the great double doorway which gives on the back premises of Mr Brooks silk warehouse. It was against that doorway that Mr Betterton had apparently sought some semblance of refuge when first he was set upon by the Ruffians By the time that I reached the corner of the Blind Alley he had fallen against the door for at first I could not see him. All that I saw was a group of burly backs, and arms waving sticks about in the air All that I heard, oh, my God! were ribald cries and laughter and sounds as wild animals must make when they fall hungry upon their prey. The Ruffians, I make no doubt, had no grudge against their Victim, but they had been well instructed and would be well paid if their foul deed was conscientiously accomplished

My Wrath and Anxiety gave me the strength which I otherwise lack Pushing, jostling, crawling I contrived to work my way through the hideous barrier which swayed and moved and shouted betwixt me and the Man whom I love.

When I at last kneeled beside him I saw and heard nothing more. I did not feel the blows which one or two of the Ruffians thought fit to deal to Me I only saw him lying there against the door, panting bleeding from forehead and hands, his clothes torn, his noble face of a deadly pallor. I drew his handkerchief from his coat pocket and staunched the wounds upon his face, I pillowed his head against my Shoulder, I helped him to struggle to his feet He was in mortal pain and too weak to speak, but a ray of kindness and of gratitude flashed through his eyes when he recognized me

The Ruffians were apparently satisfied with their hideous work but they still stood about at the top of the Alley laughing and talking, waiting no doubt for their Blood Money Oh! if wishes could have struck those Miscreants dumb or blind or palsied, my feeble

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voice would have been raised to Heaven, crying for Vengeance on such an Infamous deed. Hot tears were coursing down my cheek, my temples throbbed with pain and misery as my arm stole round the trembling figure of my Friend.

THEN all at once those tears were dried, the throbbing of my temples was stilled. I felt no longer like a Man, but like a petrified statue of Indignation and of hate. The sound of my Lord Stour's voice had just struck upon mine ear. Vaguely through the gloom I could see him and Lord Douglas Wychwoode parleying with those abominable Ruffians. I heard the jingle of money—blood money—the ring of ribald laughter, snatches of a bibulous song.

These sounds and the clang of the Gentlemen's footsteps upon the cobblestones also reached Mr Betterton's fast fading senses. I felt a tremor coursing right through his limbs. With an almost superhuman effort, he pulled himself together and drew himself erect, still clinging with both hands to my arms. By the time that the two young Cavaliers had reached the end of the Blind Alley the outraged man was ready to confront them. Their presence here, these sounds of jingling money and of laughter had told him the whole abominable tale. He fought against his weakness, against pain and against an impending Swoon. He was still livid but it was with rage. His eyes had assumed an unnatural fire, his whole appearance as he stood there against the solid background of the massive door was sublime in its forceful expression of towering Wrath and of bitter deadly humiliation.

Even those two miserable Coxcombs paused for an instant, silenced and awed by what they saw. The laughter died upon their lips, the studied sneer upon their faces gave place to a transient expression of fear.

Mr Betterton's arm was now extended and with trembling hand he pointed at Lord Stour.

"'Tis you ——" he murmured hoarsely. "You—who have done—this thing?"

"At your service" replied the young man with a lightness of manner which was obviously forced and a great show of haughtiness and of insolence. "My friend Lord Douglas here has allowed me the privilege of chastising the common Mountebank for daring to raise his eyes to the Lady Barbara Wychwoode ——"

At mention of the Lady's name, I felt Mr Betterton's clutch on my arm tighten convulsively.

"Does she ——" he queried "does she—know?"

"I forbid you," interposed Lord Douglas curtly "to mention my Sister's name in the matter."

"'Tis to my Lord Stour I am speaking," rejoined Mr Betterton more firmly. Then he added "You will give me satisfaction for this outrage my Lord ——"

"Satisfaction?" riposted his Lordship coolly. "What do you mean?"

"One of us has got to die because of this" Mr Betterton said loudly.

Whereupon my Lord Stour burst into a fit of hilarious laughter, which sounded as callous as it was forced.

"A duel?" he almost shrieked, in a rasping voice. "Ha! ha! ha! a duel!!! —a duel with you? ... With Tom Betterton, the Son of a Scullion. ... By my faith! 'tis the best joke you ever made Sir Actor ... 'tis worth repeating upon the stage!"

But the injured man waited unmoved until his Lordship's laughter died down in a savage oath. Then he said calmly:

"The day and hour, my Lord Stour?"

"This is folly, Sir," rejoined the young Cavalier coldly. "The Earl of Stour can only cross swords with an equal."

"In that case my Lord," was Mr Betterton's calm reply, "you can only cross swords henceforth with a coward and a liar."

"Damned, insolent cur!" cried Lord Stour maddened with rage no doubt at the other's calm contempt. He advanced towards us with arm uplifted—then perhaps felt ashamed or frightened—I know not which. Certain it is that Lord Douglas succeeded in dragging him back a step or two, whilst he said with well strained contempt:

"Pay no further heed to the fellow, my friend. He has had his punishment. —Do not bandy further words with him."

HE was for dragging Lord Stour away quickly now. I do believe that he was ashamed of the abominable deed. At any rate he could not bear to look upon the Man who had been so diabolically wronged.

"Come away, man!" he kept reiterating at intervals. "Leave him alone!"

"One moment, my Lord," Mr Betterton called out in a strangely powerful tone of voice. "I wish to hear your last word."

By now we could hardly see one another. The Blind Alley was almost in total gloom. Only against the fast-gathering dusk I could still see the hated figures of the two young Cavaliers, their outlines blurred by the evening haze. Lord Stour was certainly on the point of going, but at Mr Betterton's loudly spoken challenge he paused once more, hesitated for the fraction of a second, then came a step or two back towards us.

"My last word?" he said coldly. Then he looked Mr Betterton up and down, his every movement, his whole attitude a deadly insult. "One does not fight with such as you" he said, laughed and would have turned away immediately, only that Mr Betterton, with a quick and unforeseen movement, reached forward and gripped him by the wrist.

"Insolent puppy!" he said in a whisper, so hoarse and yet so distinct that not an intonation, not a syllable of it was lost, "that knows not the Giant it has awakened by its puny bark. You refuse to cross swords with Tom Betterton the son of a Menial, as you choose to say? Very well then, 'tis Thomas Betterton, the artist of undying renown, who now declares war against you. For every insult and every blow, he will be even with You; for he will launch against You the irresistible thunderbolt that kills worse than death and which is called *Dishonour*! ... Aye! I will fight you, my Lord, not to your death, but to your undying shame. And now," he added more feebly as he threw his Lordship's arm away from him with a gesture of supreme contempt, "go, I pray You go! I'll not detain You any longer. You and your friend are free to laugh for the last time to-day at the name which I with my genius have rendered immortal. Beware, my Lord! The ridicule that kills, the obloquy which smirches worse than the impious hand of said Lacqueys. This is the word of Tom Betterton, my Lord: the first of his name, as you, please God, will be the last of yours!"

Then, without a groan he fell swooning upon my shoulder. When consciousness of my surroundings once more returned to me, I realized that the two Gentlemen had gone.

(*To be Continued.*)

The Seven Blue Doves

Continued from page 25

the eye of the law, but for a good woman's sake I've got to get the murderer."

"It would be commendable, Carney, if you can."

"Well, then give those other men plenty of rope."

"I comprehend," and Doctor Anderson nodded his head.

"I've got a man—'Oregon' he's known as—down at Big Horn Crossing, he's there for my work. I'm going to pull out to-night and tell Oregon to search every man that rides the border trail going south."

"I don't know whether I can give you the proper authority Bulldog—I'll look it up with the town clerk."

Carney laughed a soft throaty chuckle of honest amusement.

Piqued, the Doctor said irritably: "You're thinking, Bulldog, that the little town clerk and myself are somewhat of a joke as representing authority, eh?"

"No indeed, Doctor. I was thinking of Oregon. He's got his authority for everything, got it right in his belt; he'll search his man first and explain afterwards and when he gets the right man he'll bring him in. First I'm going to make a cast around the police shack with a lantern. Even by its light I may pick up some information. I'll get Jeanette to stake me to a couple of days grub. I'll take some oats for the buckskin, and be back in three days."

"I'll wait here till you have a look," the Doctor declared, "there might be some clue you'd be leaving with me to follow up."

CARNEY secured a reflector lantern from a back room, and first kneeling down examined the footsteps that had been left in the soft black earth around the police shack door. He seemed to discover a trail, for he skirted the building, stooping down with the lantern held close to the ground, and once more knelt under a back window. Here there were tracks of a heavy foot, some that suggested that a man had stood for some time there; that sometimes he had been peering in the window, the toe prints almost touching the wall. There were two deeply indented heel marks as if somebody had dropped from the window.

Carney put up his hand and tested the lower half of the sash. He could shove it up quite easily. Next he drew a sheet of paper from his pocket—it was really an old letter—and with his pocket knife cut it to fit a footprint that was in the earth. Then he returned to the front door and with his paper gauge tested the different foot imprints, following them a piece as they led away from the shack. He stood up and rubbed his chin thoughtfully, his brows drawn into a heavy frown of reflection, ending by starting off at a fast pace that carried him to the edge of the little town.

In front of a small log shack he stooped and compared the paper in his hand with some footprints. He seemed puzzled, for there were different boot tracks, and the one—the latest, he judged, for they topped the others—was leading away from the shack.

He straightened up and knocked on the door. There was no answer. He knocked again loudly; no answer. He shook the door by the iron handle until the latch clattered. [illegible] there was no sound from within. He stepped to a window, tapped on it and called, "Cronford, Cronford!" the gloomed stillness of the shack convinced him that Cronford had gone—perhaps, as he had intimated, to Bald Rock.

He went back and fitted the paper into the topmost tracks, those heading away from the shack. The paper did not seem to fit—not quite, in fact, the other track was closer to the paper gauge.

Back at the hotel he related to Dr Anderson the result of his trailing.

When he spoke of Cronford's absence from the shack the Doctor involuntarily exclaimed: "My God! that does complicate matters. I was thinking we might get a double hitch on you Shipley by proving from Cronford he hadn't been near the latter's shack. But now it involves Cronford, if he's gone. He's an unlucky devil that, and I know on the quiet, that he's likely to get in trouble over some payments on a mine, they are threatening a suit for misappropriation of funds or something."

"You see, Doctor," Carney said "the sooner I block the likely get-away-gate the better."

"Yes. You pull out as soon as you like. I'll have a search for Cronford and I'll generally keep things in shape till Sergeant Black comes—likely to-morrow he'll be here. I'll hold an inquest and, of course, the verdict will be 'by some one unknown.' I'll say that

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you've gone to hurry in Sergeant Pleck!"

WHEN the Doctor had gone Carney went upstairs to where Jeanette was waiting for him in the little front sitting room.

With her there was little beyond just the horror of the terrible ending to it. Her life with Seth Long had been a curious one, curious in its absolute emptiness of everything but just an arrangement. There was no affection or pretense of it. She was like a niece, or even a daughter to Seth; their relationship had been practically on that basis. Her father had been a partner of Long in some of his enterprises, enterprises that had never been much of anything beyond final failure. When his partner had died Seth had assumed charge of the girl. It was perhaps the one redeeming feature in Seth's ordinary, useless life.

Now Jeanette and Carney hardly touched on the past which they both knew so well, or the future about which, just now, they knew nothing.

Carney explained as delicately as he could the situation; the desirability of his clearing his name absolutely independent of her evidence by finding the murderer. He really held in his mind a somewhat nebulous theory. He had not confided this fully to Doctor Anderson, nor did he now to Jeanette, just told her that he was going away for two or three days and would be supposed to have gone after the Mounted Policeman.

He told her about the disappearance of the marked pack, and explained how much depended upon the discovery of its present possessor.

Part II

IT was within an hour of daybreak when Carney, astride his buckskin, slipped quietly out of Bucking Horse, and took the trail that skirted the tortuous stream toward the south. He had had no sleep, but that didn't matter, for two or three days and nights at a stretch he could go without sleep when necessary. Perhaps when he spelled for breakfast, as the buckskin fed on the now drying autumn grass, he would snatch a brief half hour of slumber and again at noon, that would be quite enough.

When the light became strong he examined the trail. There were several tracks, cayuse tracks, the larger footprints of what were called bronchos, the track of pack mules; they were coming and going. But they were cold trails, seemingly not one fresh. Little cobwebs like gossamer wings, stretched across the sunken bowl-like indentations and dew sparkled on the silver mesh like jewels in the morning sun.

It was quite ten o'clock when Carney discovered the footprints of a pony that were evidently fresh; here and there the outcropped black earth where the cayuse had cantered glistened fresh in the sunlight.

Carney could not say just where the cayuse had struck the trail he was on. It gave him a depressed feeling. Perhaps the rider carried the foot, and had circled to escape interception. But when Carney came to the cross trail that ran from Fort Steel to Kootenay the cayuse tracks turned to the right toward Kootenay, and he felt a conviction that the rider was not associated with the murder. With that start he would be heading for across the border, he would not make for a Canadian town where he would be in touch with the wires.

Along the border trail there were no fresh tracks.

IT was toward evening when Carney passed through the Valley of the Grizzley's Bridge—past the gruesome place where Fourteenfoot Johnson had been killed by Jack the Wolf, past where he himself had been caught in the bear-trap.

The buckskin remembered it all; he was in a hurry to get beyond it; he clattered over the narrow, winding up-and-down footpath with the eager hasty steps of a fleeing goat, his head swinging nervously, his big lop ears weaving back and forth in apprehension.

Well beyond the Valley of the Grizzley's Bridge, past the dark maw of the cave in which Jack the Wolf had hidden the stolen gold, Carney went, camping in the valley, that had now broadened out, when its holding walls of mountain sides had blanketed the light so that he travelled along an obliterated trail, obliterated to all but the buckskin's finer sense of perception.

At the first graying of the eastern sky he was up, and after a snatch of breakfast for himself and the buckskin, hurrying south again. No one had passed in the night, for Carney had slept on one side of the trail while the horse fed or rested on the other, with a picket line stretched between them, and there were no fresh tracks.

At two o'clock he came to the little log shack just this side of the U.S. border where Oregon kept his solitary word. Nobody had passed, Oregon advised, and Carney gave the old man his instructions, which were to search any passer, and if he had the fifty dollar bills or the marked cards, hobble him and bring him back to Bucking Horse.

Over a pan of bacon and a pot of strong tea Oregon reported to his superior all their own endeavor, which in truth was opium running. That was his office, to drift across the line casually back and forth as a prospector, and keep posted as to customs officers, who they were, where the kind hearted ones were and where the fanatical ones were; for once Carney had been ambushed, practically illegally, five miles within Canadian territory and had had to fight his way out, leaving twenty thousand dollars' worth of opium in the hands of a tyrannical customs department.

At four o'clock Carney sat the buckskin and reached down to grasp the hand of his lieutenant.

"I'll tell you, Bulldog," the latter said, swinging his eyes down the valley toward the south west, "there's somethin' brewin' in the way of weather. My hip is pickin' a quarrel with that flatnosed bit of lead that's been nestin' in a jint until I just natural feel as if somebody'd fresh plugged me."

CARNEY laughed, for the day was glorious. The valley had through which wandered, now sluggishly, a green-tinged stream lay like a glorious Oriental rug, its colors rich-tinted by the warm flood of golden light that hung in the cedar and pine-perfumed air. The lower reaches of the hills on either side were crimson, and gold, and pink, and purple, and emerald green, all softened into a gentle maze like tapestry where the gaillardias and monkshood and wolfwillow and salmonberry and Saskatoon bushes caressed each other in luxurious profusion, their floral bloom preserved in autumn tawny richness by the dry mountain air.

And this splendor of God's artistry, this wondrous great tapestry, was hung against the sombre green wall of a pine and fir forest that zig zagged and stood in blocks all up the mountain side like the design of some giant cubist.

Carney laughed and swung his gloved hand in a semi circle of derision.

"It's purty," Oregon said. "It's purty, but I've seen a purty woman, all smilin' too, break out in a hell of a temper afore you could say 'hands up.' My hip don't never make no mistakes, cause it ain't got no fancies. It's a-comin'. You ride like hell, Carney, it's a-comin'. Say, Bulldog, look at that!" And Oregon's long, lean, not overclean finger pointed to the buckskin's head. "He knows as well as I do that the Old Men of the Mountains is cookin' up somethin'. See 'em mule lugs of his—see the white of that eye? And he aint takin' in no purty scenery, he's lookin' over his shoulder down off there." And Oregon stretched a long arm toward the West, toward the home of the blue-green mountains of ice, the glaciers.

"It's too early for a blizzard," Carney contended.

"It might be, if they run on schedule time like the trains, but they don't. I froze to death once in one in September

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I come back to life again cause I'd been good always, and perhaps Bulldog, your record mightn't let you out if you got caught between here and Buckin' Horse in a real li'le game of snow hell-fry. The trail runs mostly up narrow valleys that would pile twenty feet deep and I reckon, though you don't care overmuch yourself what generally happens you don't want to give the buckskin a raw deal by gettin' him into any fool brush. He knows. He wants to get to a nice little silk-lined sleepin' box afore this snooze hits the mountains. Good-bye, Bulldog, and ride like hell—the buckskin won't mind, let him run the show—he knows, the clever little cuss."

Carney's slim fingers, though steel, were almost welded together in the heat of the squeeze they got in Oregon's bear trap of a paw.

The trail here was like a prairie road for the valley was flat and the buckskin accentuated his apprehensive eagerness by whisking away at a sharp canter. Carney could hear, from over his shoulder, the croaking bellow of Oregon who had noticed this:

"He knows, Bulldog. Leave him alone. Let him run things hisself!"

THOUGH Carney had laughed at Oregon's gloomy forecast, he knew the old man was weather wise, that a lifetime spent in the hills and the wide places of earth had tutored him to the varying moods of the elements, that his super sense was akin to the subtle understanding of animals. So he rode into into the night, sometimes sleeping in the saddle, as the buckskin, with loose rein, picked his way up hill and down dale and along the brink of gorges with the surefootedness of a big horn. He camped beneath a giant pine whose fallen cones and needles had spread a luxurious mattress and whose balsam, all unstoppered, floated in the air, a perfume that was like a balm of life.

Almost across the trail Carney slept lest the bearer of the lost might slip by in the night.

He had lain down with one gray blanket over him, he had gone to sleep with a delicious sense of warmth and restfulness, he woke shivering. His eyes opened to a gray light, a faint grey, the steeliness that filtered down into the gloomed valley from a paling sky. A day was being born, the night was dying.

An appalling hush was in the air, the valley was as devoid of sound as though the very trees had died in the night, as if the air itself had been sucked out from between the hills leaving a void.

The buckskin was up and picking at the tender shoots of a young birch. It had been a half whinnying snort from the horse that had wakened Carney, for now he repeated it and threw his head up, the lop ears cocked as though he listened for some break in the horrible stillness, watched for something that was creeping stealthily over the mountains from the west.

Carney wet the palm of his hand and held it up. It chilled as though it had been dipped in evaporating spirits. Looking at the buckskin Oregon's croak came back:

"He knows, ride like hell, Bulldog!"

CARNEY rose and poured a little feed of oats from his bag on a corner of his blanket for the horse. He built a fire and brewed in a copper pot his tea. Once the shaft of smoke that spiralled lazily upward flickered and swished flat like a streaming wisp of hair, and above high up in the great pine harp, a minor string wailed a thin tremulous note. The gray of the morning that had been growing bright now gloomed again as though night had fled backwards before the thing that was in the mountains to the west.

The buckskin shivered, the hairs of his coat stood on end like fur in a bitter cold day, he snapped at the oats as though he bit at the neck of a stallion; he crushed them in his strong jaws as though he were famished or ate to save them from a thief.

In five minutes the strings of the giant harp above Carney's head were playing a dirge, the smoke of his fire swirled and the blaze darted here and there angrily like the tongue of a serpent. From far across the valley from somewhere in the rocky caverns of the mighty hills, came the heavy moans of gods. It was hardly a noise, it was a great oppression, a manifestation of turmoil, of the turmoil of God's majesty, his creation in travail.

Carney quaffed the scalding tea, and raced with the buckskin in the eating of his food. He became a living thermometer, his chilling blood told him that the temperature was going down, down, down. The day before he had ridden with his coat hung to the horn of his saddle; now a vagrant thought flashed to his buffalo coat in his room at the Gold Nugget.

He saddled the buckskin, and the horse, at the pinch of the cinch, turned from his oats that were only half-eaten, and held up his head for the bit.

Carney strapped his dunnage to the back of the saddle, mounted and the buckskin, with the snort of relief took the trail with eager steps. It wound down to the valley here toward the west, and little needles stabbed at the rider's eyes and cheeks as though the air were filled with indiscernible diamond dust. It stung, it burned his nostrils, it seemed to penetrate the horse's lungs, for he gave a snorting cough.

And the full orchestra of the hills was filling the valleys and the canyons with an overture, as if perched on the snowed slopes of Snow Mountain was the hydraulicon of Vitruvius, a torrent raging its many throats into unearthly dirge.

Carney's brain vibrated with this presence of the something that had thrilled his horse. In his ears the wailing sighing reverberating music seemed to carry as refrain the words of Oregon: "Ride like hell, Carney! Ride like hell!"

And as if the command were within the buckskin's knowing he raced where the path was good, and where it was bad he scrambled over the stones, and shelving rocks, and projecting roots, with cat-like haste.

IN Carney's mind was the cave, the worked-out mine tunnel that drove in to the mountain side: the cave that Jack the Wolf had holed in when he murdered the men on the trail, it was two hours beyond. If he could make that he and the buckskin would be safe, for the horse could enter it too.

In the thought of saving his life the buckskin occupied a dual place, that is what Oregon had said, he had no right to jeopardize the gallant little steed that had saved him more than once with fleet heel and stout heart.

He patted the eager, straining neck in front of him and though he spoke aloud his voice was little more in that valley of echo and reverberation than a whisper. 'Good, Patsy boy, we'll make it. Don't fret yourself tired, old sport, we'll make it—the cave.'

The horse seemed to swing his head reassuringly as though he too, had in his heart the undying courage that nothing daunted.

Now the invisible cutting dust that had searched Carney's face had taken visible form, it was like fierce-driven flour. Across the valley the towering hills were blurred shapes. Carney's eyelashes were frozen ridges above his eyes, his breath floated away in little clouds of ice, the buckskin coat of the horse had turned to gray.

Sometimes at the turn of a cliff was a false lull as if the storm had been stayed, and then in twenty yards the doors of the frozen north swung again and icy fingers of death gripped man and beast.

And all the time the white prisms were growing larger, closer objects were being blotted out, the prison walls of ice were coming closer, it was more difficult to breathe, his life blood was growing sluggish, a chill was suggesting indifference—why fight?

The horse's feet were muffled by the ghostly white rug, the blizzard was spreading over the earth that the day before had been a cloth of gold, it was like a winding sheet.

Carney could feel the brave little beast falter and lurch as the merciless snow clutched at his legs where it had swirled into billows.

To the men direction was lost—it was like being above the clouds, but the buckskin held on his way straight and true, fighting, fighting, making the glorious fight that is without fear. To stop, to falter meant death, the buckskin knew it, but he was tiring.

Carney unslung his picket line, put the loop around his chest below his arms, fastened it to the saddle horn, leaving a play of eight feet, and slipping to the ground, clutched the horse's tail and patted him on the rump. The buckskin knew he had checked for five seconds, now he went on again, the weight off his back being a relief.

The change was good. Carney had felt the chill of death creeping over him in the saddle, the deadly chill, the palpitating of the chest that preluded a false warmth that meant the end, the sleep of death. Now the exertion wined his blood, it brought the battling back.

Time, too, like direction was a haze in the man's mind. Two hours away the cave had been, and surely they had struggled on hour after hour. It scarce mattered, to draw forth his watch and look was a waste of energy, the vital energy that weighed against his death, an ounce of it wasted was folly, just as through the enveloping curtain of that white wall.

CARNEY had meant to remount the horse when he was warmer, when he himself was strong, but it would be murder, murder of the little horse that had fought his battles ever since they had been together. The buckskin's flanks were pumping spasmodically, like the sides of a bellows, his withers drooped, his head was low hung, he looked less and small—scarce mightier than a jack rabbit, knee deep in the shifting sea of snow.

But the cave must be near. Carney found himself repeating those words: "The cave is near, the cave is near, Patsy, on boy—the cave is near." His mind dwelt on the wood that he had left in the cave when he took Jack the Wolf to Bucking Horse, of how cosy it would be with a bright fire going and the baffled blizzard howling without. Yes, he would make it. Was his life so full of the wild adventures that he had always won out on, to be blotted out by just a snow storm, just cold?

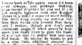
He took a lofty stand against this. He was possessed of a feeling that it was a combat between the crude elements and his vital force of mental stamina. If he kept up his courage he would win out, as he always had. It was just Excelsior and Sons just—

There was a swirl of oblivion, he had flown through space and collided with another world; there had been some sort of a gross shock, he was alone, floating through space and passing through snow-laden clouds. There was a restful exhilaration such as he had felt once when passing under an anesthetic—Nirvana.

Then the cold sweat of some abnormal creature in these regions of the beyond pressed against his face. Gradually, as though waking from a dream—it was the muzzle of the buckskin nosing him back to consciousness. He struggled painfully to his feet. How heavy his legs were, at the bottom of them were leaden-soled diver's boots. His brain not more than half clearing at that, he realized that he and the buckskin had slid from a treacherous shelf of rock, and fallen a dozen feet, the snow, unwittingly kind, catching them in a lap of feathery softness. But for the gallant horse he would have lain there never to rise again of his own volition.

They scrambled back to the trail, he and the little horse, and they were going forward. Oregon's command was working out—'Let the buckskin have his own way.'

IF they had been out on the prairie, undoubtedly they would have gone around in a circle—in fact Carney once had done so—and the cold would have been more intense, the sweep of the wind more life-sapping, but here in the valleys in places the snow piled deeper, it was like surf rolling up in billows,



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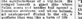

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It took the life force out of man and horse.

Carney was so wearied by the sustained struggle that was like a man battling the waves, half the time beneath the waters, that his flagged senses became stupefied, numbed, scarce tabulating anything but the fact that they still held on toward the cave.

Then he heard a bell. Curious that. Was it all a dream—or was this the real thing; that he was in a merry party, a sleighing party—that they were going to a ball in a stone palace? He could hear a sleigh bell.

Then he was fire and warm. He stretched himself lazily. It was a dream—he was waking.

When he opened his eyes he saw a fire, and the flickering fire light played on the stone walls. Beside the fire was sitting a man, behind him something stamped on the stone floor.

He turned his head and saw the buckskin asleep on his feet with low-hung head.

"How d'you feel, Stranger?" the man at the fire asked, rising up, and coming to his side.

Carney stared; he was supposed to be back there fighting a blizzard. And now, remembrance, coursing with langourous speed through his mind, he was in the cave where he had held Jack the Wolf a prisoner.

He sat up and pondered this with groggy slowness.

"Some horse that, Stranger." The man's voice that had sounded thinly sinister had a burnished tone as he said this.

Carney's tongue was dry puckered from the lower vitality. He tried to answer and the man noting this said: "Take your time, Mister. You're making the grade all right, all right. I knowed you was just asleep. Try this dope."

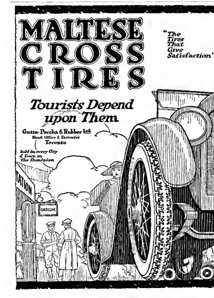
He poured some hot tea into a tin cup. It tooled the tired Carney, it was like oil on the dry bearings of a delicate machine.

"Some April shower," the man said, piling wood on the fire. "I heerd a horse neigh—it was kind of a squeal, and my bronch havin' drifted out to see ahead of this damn gale, I thinks he's come back. I heerd his bell, and I makes a fight with ol' white whiskers—'twasn't more 'n 'bout ten yards at that—and there's that danged rat of yours, and he won't come in to the warm 'cause you'd got pinned agin a boulder and snow, he seemed to know that if he pulled too hard he'd break your danged neck. Then we got you in—that's all. Some horse!"

This and the warmth, and the tonic tea brought Carney up to date. He held out his hand.

But a curious metamorphosis in the man startled Carney. He turned surlily to shake up the fire throwing over his shoulder: "I aint done nothin'; you've got to thank that little jackrabbit for pullin you through. I went out after my own bronch."

"But aint I all right, Stranger?" Carney asked gently, for he had met many men in the waste places with just this curious antipathy to an unknown. Oregon was like that. Men living in the wide outside became like outcast buffalo bulls, in their supersensitiveness—every man was an enemy till he proved himself.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THE man straightened up, and his eyes, that were set too close together each side of the thin like nose, rested on Carney in a squinting look of distrust.

"I aint never knowed but one man was all right, and the Mounted Police hounded him till he give up."

The cave man turned the stem of the pipe he had been smoking toward the horse. "That buckskin with the mule ears belongs to Bulldog Carney. Are you him or are you a hawss thief?"

"How do you know the horse?"

"I got reason a-plenty to know him. He cleaned me out in Walla-Walla when he beat Cistaway; and I guess you're the racin' shark that cold-decked us boys with this ringer."

Now Bulldog knew why the aversion.

"I'm Carney," he admitted, "but it was the gamblers put up the job, I just beat them out."

"Where d'you come from now?" the cave man asked.

"Bailey's Ferry," Carney answered in oblique precaution. He noticed that the other hung with peculiar intensity on his answer.

"How long was you fightin' that blizzard?"

"Since daylight—when I broke camp." Carney looked at his watch, it was three o'clock. "How long have I been here?"

"A couple of hours. Was you runnin' booze or hop, Bulldog?"

Carney started. Perhaps the cave man was conveying a covert threat, an intimation that he might inform on him.

"Don't let's talk shop," he answered.

"I aint got no sore spots on my hide," the other sneered. "I'm an ordinary damn fool of a goldchaser and I've been up in the Eagle Hills trailin' a ledge of auriferous quartz that's buck-jumpin' across the mountains so damn fast I never got a chance to rope it. I'd a-stuck her out if the chuck hadn't petered. When I've just got enough sourbelly to see me to the outside I pulled my freight. That's me, Goldbug Dave."

THE other's statements flashed into Carney's mind a sudden disturbing thought—food. He, himself, had about one day's supply—had he it? He turned to his dunnage and saddle that lay where they had been tossed by the cave man when he had stripped them from the horse. His bacon and bannock were gone!

Wheeling, he asked, "Did you see anything of my grub?"

"All that was on your bronch is there, Bulldog. I don't rob no man's cache. And all I got's here." He held up in one hand a slab of bacon, about four pounds in weight, and in the other a drill bag, in its bottom a round bulge of flour the size of a cocoanut. "That's got to get me to Bailey's Ferry," he added as he dropped them back at the head of his blankets.

A subconscious premonition of trouble caused Carney, through force of habit, to caress the place where his gun should have been—the pigskin pocket was empty.

The other man bared his teeth, it was like the quiver of a wolf's lip. "Your Gatt must 've kicked out back there in the snow, I see it was gone."

Bulldog knew this was a lie, he knew the cave man had taken his gun. He ran his eye over his host's physical exhibit—when the time came he would get his gun back or appropriate the one so in evidence in the other's belt. He went back to his dunnage, a thought of the buckskin in his mind; to his joy he found the horse's oats safe in the bag. This fastened the idea he had that the other had stolen his food, for his bacon and bannock had been in the same bag, they could hardly have worked out and the oats remain.

He sat down again, and mentally arranged the situation. He could hear outside the blizzard still raging. He could see in the opening the swirling snow that indeed had gradually raised a barrier, a white gate to their chamber. This kept the intense cold out, a cold that was at least fifty below zero. The snow would be in the valleys through which the trail wound twenty feet deep in places. They had no snowshoes, he had no food, and Goldbug Dave's store was only sufficient for a week, with two men eating it.

He knew that there was something in Dave's mind, either a bargain, or a fight for the food. They might be imprisoned for a month, a chinook wind might come up the next day, or the day following that would melt the snow with its soft warm kiss like rain washes a street.

Carney was not hungry, the strain had left him fagged—he was hungry only for rest, and the buckskin, he knew, felt the same desire.

He lay down and had slept two hours when he was wakened by the sweet perfume of frying pork.

CASUALLY he noticed that but one slice of bacon lay in the pan. He watched the cook turn it over and over with the point of his hunting knife, cooking it slowly, economically, hoarding every drop of its vital fat. When the bacon was cooked the chef lifted it out on the point of his knife and stirred some flour into the gravy, adding water, preparing that delicacy of the trail known as slumgullion.

Dave withdrew the pan and let it rest on the stone floor just beside the fire; then he looked across at Carney, and, catching the gray of his opened eyes, worded the foreboding thought that had been in Carney's mind before he fell asleep.

"I aint got no call to give you a showdown on this, Bulldog, but I'm goin' to. When I snaked you in here that didn't cost me nothin' anyways you was down and out for the count. Now you've come back it aint up to me to throw my chance away by declarin' you in on this grub. I'd be a damn fool to do it—I'd be just playin' agin myself."

Then he spat in the fire and held the pan over its blaze to warm the slimy mixture.

Carney remained silent, and his host, as if making out a case for himself, continued: "We may be bottled up here for a week, or a month. Two men aint got no chance on that grub-pile, no chance."

"Why don't you eat it then?" And Carney sat up.

"I could 'cause it's mine, but I got a proposition to make—you can take it or leave it."

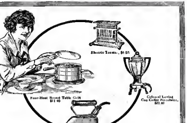
"Spit it out."

"It's just this"—the fox eyes shifted uneasily to the little buckskin and then back to Carney's face—"I'll share this grub if, when it's gone, you cut in with the bronch."

CARNEY shivered at this, inwardly; facially he didn't twitch an eye; his features were as immobile as though he had just filled a royal flush. The proposition sounded as cold-blooded as if the other man had asked him to slit the throat of a brother for a cannibalistic orgy.

"It's only ord'nary horse sense," Dave added when Carney did not speak, "kept in the snow that meat'd last us a month. Feeling don't count when a man's playin' for his life, and that's what we're doin'."

"I don't dispute the sense of your proposition, my kind friend," Carney said in a well-mastered voice. "I'm not hungry just now, and I'll think it over. I've got a sneaking regard for the little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buckskin but, of course, if I don't get out he'd starve to death anyway."

"Take your time," and the owner of the grub pulled it between his legs, ate the slice of bacon, and with a tin spoon lapped up the glutinous mess.

Carney watched this performance, smothering the anger and the hunger that were now battling in him. It was a one-sided argument; the other man had a gun, and Carney knew that he would use it the minute his store of provisions were gone—perhaps before that. And Carney was determined to make the discussion more equitable. Once he could put a head on the dictator, the lop-sided argument would true itself up. As to killing the little buckskin that had saved his life—bah! the very idea of it made his fingers twitch for a grasp of the other's windpipe.

For a long time Carney sat moodily turning over in his mind something, and the other man having lighted his pipe sat back against the wall of the cave smoking.

At last Carney spoke. "There's a way out of this."

"Yes, if a chinook blows up Kettle-belly Valley—there aint no other way. The maybe days is all gone by."

"There's another way. This is an old worked-out mine we're in, the Lost Ledge Mine."

"She's worked out right enough. There never was nothin' but a few stringers of gold—they soon petered out."

"When the men who were working this mine pulled out they left a lot of heavy truck behind," Carney continued. "There's a forge, coal, tools and what I'm thinking of, half a-dozen sets of horse snowshoes back there. I could put a set of those snowshoes on the buckskin and make Bucking Horse in three or four days. He wore them down in the Coeur d'Alenes."

"If you had the grub," Dave snapped—"where're you goin' to get that?"

"Half of what you've got would keep me up that long on short rations."

"And what about me—where do I come in on givin' you half my grub?"

"The other half would keep you alive till I could bring a rescue party on snowshoes and dog-train."

DAVE sucked at his pipe pondering this proposition in silence; then he said as if having made up his mind to do a generous act: "I'll cut the cards with you—your bronch agin half my chuck. If you win you can try this fool trick; if I win the bronch is mine to do the same thing or use him to keep us both alive till a chinook blows up."

From an inside pocket of his coat he brought forth a pack of cards, and slid them apart, fan shaped, on the corner of his blanket.

Carney was almost startled into a betrayal. On the backs of the cards winged seven blue doves. It was the pack that had been stolen from Seth Long's pocket, and the man that sat behind them was the murderer of Seth Long, Carney knew. Yes, it was the same pack; there was the same slight variation of the wings. In a second Carney had mastered himself.

"I guess it's fair," he said hesitatingly. "Let me think it over—I'm fond of that little cuss, but I guess a man's life comes first."

He sat looking into the fire thinking, and if Dave had been a mind reader the gun in his belt would have covered Carney, for the latter was thinking, "There are three aces in that pack and the fourth is in my pocket."

Then he spoke, shifting closer to the blanket on which the other sat.

"I'll cut!"

"Draw a card then," Dave commanded, touching the strung-out pack.

Carney could see the acute-angled wings of the middle dove on a card; he turned it up—it was the ace of diamonds.

"Some draw!" Dave declared. Then he deftly flipped over the ace of spades, adding: "Horse and horse, Bulldog; draw again."

"Shuffle and spread-eagle them again, for luck," Carney suggested.

Dave gathered the cards, gave them a riffle, and swept them along the blanket in a tenuous stream.

Carney edged closer to the ribbon of blue-doved cards, and the owner of them, a sneer on his lips, craned his head and shoulders forward in a gambler's eagerness.

Intensity, too, seemed to claim Bulldog; he rested his elbows on his knees and scanned the cards as if he hesitated over the risk. There, a little to the right, he discovered the third ace, the only one in the pack. If he turned that Dave would bet to him again. He knew that the minute that he turned over that card the wary man would know that he had been double-crossed in his sure thing; his gun would be thrust into Carney's face; perhaps—once a killer always a killer—he would not hesitate, but would kill.

So Carney let his right hand hover carelessly a little beyond the ace while his left crept closer to Dave's right wrist.

"Why don't you draw your card?" Dave snarled. "What're you—?"

Carney's right hand flopped over the ace of clubs and in the same split second his left closed like the jaws of a vise on Dave's wrist.

"Turn over a card with your left hand, quick!" he commanded.

Dave, as if in the act of obeying, reached for his gun with the left hand, but a twist of the imprisoned wrist, almost tearing his arm from the shoulder-socket, turned him on his back, and his gun was whisked from its pigskin pocket by Carney.

Then Bulldog released the wrist and commanded: "Draw that card, quick, or I'll plug you; then we'll talk!"

Sullenly the other turned the card; as if in mockery it was a "jack."

"You lose!" Carney declared. "Now sit back there against the wall."

Cursing Bulldog for a cold-deck sharp, the other sullenly obeyed.

THEN Carney turned up the end of Dave's blanket, and found, as he knew he should, Hadley's plethoric wallet, and his own six gun. This proceeding had hushed the other man's profane denunciation; his eyes held a foreboding look.

Carney stepped back to the fire, saying:

"You're Tacoma Jack—you're the man that staked Seth Long to this marked pack." He drew from his pocket the ace of hearts and held it up to Tacoma's astonished view. "Here's the missing ace."

He put it back in his pocket and resumed: "That was to rob Hadley, when you found he was leaving the money in Seth's strong box while he went with you up into the hills to look at a mine that didn't exist. If he had taken the money with him he would have been killed instead of Seth. When the game was over that night, Seth signalled you with a lamp in the window, and when you went in to settle with him, the sight of the money was too much and you plugged him."

"It's a damn lie! I was up in the mountains and don't know nothin' about it."

"You were standing at that back window of the police shack when Seth and Hadley were playing alone, and when you shot Seth you were smooth enough not to open the front door for fear someone might be coming and see you, but jumped from the back window."

Carney took from his pocket the paper templet he had made of the tracks in the mud.

"I see from the soles of your gum-shoe packs that this gets you." He held it up.

"It's all a damned pack of lies, Bulldog; you've been chewin' your own hop. Who's goin' to swaller that guff?"

Carney had expected this. He knew Tacoma was of the determined one-idea type; lacking absolute eye-witness evidence he would deny complicity even with a rope around his neck. He realized that with the valley lying twenty feet deep in snow he couldn't take Tacoma to Bucking Horse, in fact with him that was not the real desired point. If Carney had been a Mounted Policeman the honor of the force would have demanded that he give up his life trying to land his prisoner, but he was a private individual, trying to keep clean

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WOMEN AND THEIR WORK

The Midsummer Duty *of* Coolness

If By Any Chance You Are Not Cool And Comfortable There is Something Wrong With Your Habits or Environment.

By DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON

Screen in at least one porch that can be used for an outdoor sitting-room.

IF by any chance you are not cool and comfortable, then there is something seriously wrong with your environment or habits or conscience. Incidentally, it is no mere coincidence that the lowest death rates of the entire year in nearly all civilized countries outside of the tropics fall in June and July—the season when the air is so warm that nobody is afraid of it, even indoors, when the children are set free from their schools, when the pressure of indoor work is less, and even the poor can enjoy life.

But this natural paradise doesn't last forever. By and by the heat ceases to be grateful and becomes a burden, the glare of the sun becomes weariness to the eyes, the warm brown earth a source of dust, and the singing of birds is replaced by the buzzing of flies and the "zing" of the mosquito. Then if you are to preserve the health and comfort and coolness of the family you must beat the enemy to it.

Of course, as a first step toward making yourself comfortable for the summer, it goes without saying that you will put screens over all the windows and doors of your house, and screen in at least one wide porch. Since we discovered that malaria is carried by mosquitos and by no other means, and that flies carry typhoid, summer dysentery, and other infectious diseases, screens have been lifted out of the class of mere comforts and luxuries and have become necessities of life and health. Also screens have been found to be not only life-savers, but good investments in a commercial way, for even cows give more milk if they are kept in screened stables and cool sheds, and protected from the maddening attacks of flies. Indeed, when we come to analyze the matter it is really surprising how many of our so-called luxuries and self-indulgences and even extravagances are following screens into the same category as health preservers and efficiency increasers.

If you have not wire screens and can't afford them, or your landlord thinks he can't afford them, cotton mosquito-bar screens will serve admirably for one season. If you have no handy men to make frames for these improvised screens, you can tack the mosquito-netting right onto the window casing outside. Thus any one who can balance on a step-ladder and hit a tack on the head—instead of her thumb—can put up. In any case the screen or mosquito-netting should cover the whole window; a cotton mosquito-netting tacked over all the window is far better than one of those wretched little compromises with sin, a wire screen which covers only half a window, or even slips in and out under the sash and leaves comfortable little runways at the top, bottom and sides for the flies to go in and out.

A substantial awning-clad porch encourages outdoor living in all kinds of weather

The next step toward making yourself comfortable for the summer is to provide some sort of porch—screened in if flies and mosquitoes breed near you—large enough to be used as both sitting-room and dining room, and capable of being turned into a general living room for the family during the summer. If you haven't a porch wide enough—have one built. You can have a thoroughly substantial, screened-in, awning-clad porch built onto your house for $150. If this is too great an expense, you can dispense with the awnings, and use instead the Japanese lattice screening, which can be drawn up when the sun is not shining, and merely have your porch floored and roofed for one hundred dollars, the amount you will save at the drug-store. Eat in the open air if possible—and make it possible by cutting a window or door to give gangway between the kitchen and the living porch. Few things add more to the pleasure of life and relieve the depressing effect of hot weather upon the appetite as effectively as eating in the open air. If your house is wired for electricity, put in a single or double socket over the porch table for electric cooking appliances and make your coffee and toast and cook your eggs, bacon and waffles right at the table. Give the big stove in the kitchen as complete a summer vacation as possible. If you have no electricity in your house you can do your summer cooking in a gas or gasoline, or improved oil stove.

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this plan will add largely to the comfort and peace of mind of the cook, and through her to that of the rest of the family. There is a great deal of waste motion in roasting the cook with the roast and stewing her with the stew—especially if you happen to be the cook yourself.

After making a porch to keep yourself cool on, the next step is to provide for an abundant flow of air through all the rooms of your house both day and night. Usually this can be secured by a proper arrangement of windows and doors. The doors are often the most important feature in the whole scheme of summer ventilation. Every living-room in any house which stands by itself ought to have windows on at least two sides, and if they are not there, they ought to be put in. But in many houses there is not exposure on two sides and even where there is, ventilation from three sides is a desirable thing and may be attained by utilizing the doors of the rooms in connection with the open windows of the room or rooms, across the hall. In this way you can get a good free cross-sweep of air through all the rooms. Where you have only your own family, or young children to consider, just throwing the doors wide open is sufficient, but if considerations of propriety are supposed to interfere, the doors should be fitted with light swinging screens of the Venetian blind type. This will satisfy the proprieties, keep out bears and burglars and yet let a current of air through.

In offices, hotels or apartment-houses any room which can not get good cross-ventilation, or opens on a narrow court, ought to be equipped with an electric fan. The initial cost of an electric fan is not heavy. It lasts a number of seasons, and the expense of running it is slight. It will return fifty per cent. per summer on the investment, for the sense of coolness it produces is not merely grateful and agreeable, but is life-saving and efficiency increasing. Much of the depression and discomfort which at all times of the year comes from stuffy, ill-ventilated rooms and bad air is now known to be due to heat and stagnancy. So any agency which keeps the air moving is a real benefit to health.

Of course the coolest and healthiest place to sleep during the summer is on a porch, and a little ingenuity will usually succeed in devising some outdoor refuge from the heat at comparatively little expense. In the absence of a real sleeping-porch any balcony which already exists, or can be built onto a house, will serve for this purpose. A flat roof, or even the roof of an ordinary porch which does not slope too steeply will serve in an emergency, though any sleeping-place you are going to use constantly must be roofed and screened against insects. However, it is a great relief and resource all through the dog days to have even the most temporary place, where on the worst and most stifling nights a mattress can be pulled out and used.

The best aspect for a sleeping porch, or a mere "night-camp" as the case may be, is south, southeast or southwest, because the summer winds come from these quarters. The awnings or screens of a sleeping-porch should be colored green, brown or dark blue.

Next to fresh air in the campaign for coolness and comfort, comes the necessity for abundant bathing and splashing and sponging with cool water. In hot weather the bathroom becomes one of the most important rooms in the house, and a refreshingly cool bath in the morning and another one at night should be as regular as sunrise and sunset. It is an excellent thing to come home from business in time to get a luxurious bath before dinner, and any time during the day that you feel distressed by the heat, or have half an hour to spare, it is an excellent idea to take a bath if possible. When in doubt take a bath is an important rule in the game called life.

For children free and frequent dabbling and splashing and paddling in water is even more important and health protecting than in the case of adults. Heat, just plain heat, seldom does any very serious harm to grown-

Continued on page 81

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Outdoor Games.

School Re-Opens September 16th.
New Prospectus from Miss Stuart.

Montreal's Travelling Baby Clinic

By FRANCES FENWICK WILLIAMS

ONE doctor, two nurses, a weighing machine, a chart, packed into the University Settlement motor-bus and driven into one of the least savory of Montreal's slums on one of the least inviting days of the month! And the secretary of the city's Baby Welfare Committee tells the story of the visit in the *Star*. Perhaps if other Canadian cities were to send medical ambulances into their poor districts, they would find just as startling conditions.

One little mother of nine guards a brood of six, the youngest a baby in arms—her arms! A beautiful boy of six with large dark eyes stops short when he first catches sight of the magnificent yellow vehicle by the side of the road. He bursts into a wild flood of Yiddish punctuated with gestures of admiration and wonder.

"He say," giggles a comrade in dirt, "he say—when I beeg man I get one fine beeg moter like dat-a-one! He fool—eeah, n'est pas?"

The children crowd breathlessly about the yellow car. Cinderella's coach itself could not excite more interest. They gabble in various tongues. Presently their mothers catch the infection. One by one they emerge from the houses and swarm about the clinic. A nurse steps down and beckons the nearest woman.

"Have your baby weighed?" she invites. "Come on! It won't cost you anything."

With many uncertain giggles a young mother accepts the invitation. Her baby is placed on the weighing machine amid the breathless silence of the audience. The doctor, the nurses look a little grave as they return the baby.

It weighs just thirteen pounds.

"What is the baby's age?"

"Eleven months."

COMMENT seems superfluous. The baby—like most other slum babies everywhere on earth—is suffering from malnutrition. On inquiry the doctor finds that it has been fed on condensed milk. He explains the baby's condition and the proper treatment for it to the mother.—She shrugs her shoulders.

'He's all right!' she says composedly. 'Besides—I got another coming pretty soon.'

But now several candidates for weighing present themselves—or rather are presented by their eager guardians. Word has been passed about that medical service will be tendered free. The crowd becomes denser. Interest heightens.

One after another thirty-eight babies are examined and weighed. Of the entire thirty-eight one only emerges from the transaction with unimpaired credit. One only is healthy and in good condition.

About half the babies suffer from rickets and nearly all from malnutrition. One of six months looks as though it might shortly have a chance of passing through green fields and grass and flowers for the first time—on its way to the cemetery!

"HOW do you feed that baby?"

"Oh, the baby is very well fed—very well fed indeed! It gets meat and potatoes regularly!"

The little mother of nine with her brood of six approaches, baby in arms. Her baby, too, must be weighed. Alas! its weight of fourteen pounds matches its age of fourteen months and examination reveals the sad fact that it is tubercular.

And now a baby is presented for consideration whose tiny face bears traces of suffering. The nurse, half-suspecting the truth, feels the tiny spine—starts—hands the baby to the doctor who takes a blue pencil and traces the spine which curves ominously in answer to his pencil.

"Do you happen to remember if this child has once had an accident?"

"Oh yes. He got a tumble when he was around five months—it was nothing!"

And there lies the baby with a serious case of curvature of the spine!

TWENTY out of thirty-eight babies are fed on condensed milk. Doctor and nurses urge the use of pure, fresh milk. The answer is significant. The milk they buy is too bad to give babies—they didn't like it.

One thinks with sudden interest and anxiety of the proposed city by-law with regard to milk. When will it materialize? Two dead babies in this one street lend point to one's wonder.

The parents are advised to go to the nearest milk station and buy pure milk. Some cannot walk so far. Few if any can afford ice to keep the milk fresh. We tell them that some good men in the City Hall are trying to have them supplied with ice during the summer months. Their eyes brighten. We also tell them that we are trying to bring about some arrangement by which pure fresh milk will be within the reach of all.

It seems little enough that we can tell them or do for them. Pathetic Good Samaritans handing out meagre supplies of salve and bandages to those who have fallen by the wayside, we wonder inwardly when we shall be able to organize a proper police force to restrain the thieves who prey upon the life of the poor—slums, soaring prices and wages insufficient to meet these prices.

SEVENTEEN hundred dollars is the estimated worth of a human life to its country. I calculate silently that about $129,200 is being squandered in this street alone. No, let us avoid exaggeration! Of the thirty-eight examined, one child was sound, probably one of the next thirty-eight will be healthy also. And several of the rickety, undernourished ones will be of a calibre which will triumph over all obstacles and still live and succeed in spite of everything. So we may safely subtract several thousands from the sum total of one hundred and twenty-nine thousand, two hundred dollars. Still are we not a little wasteful? Even considering the money and the waste of it. The waste of human suffering one hardly cares to dwell upon.

This travelling clinic is merely a makeshift. What is really needed is a first-class, properly equipped medical ambulance which can be used constantly in the service of humanity. A large, perfectly equipped motor ambulance would cost in the neighborhood of two thousand dollars—a little more than the estimated worth of a human life to its country. Truly, "Child conservation is the bargain counter of modern philanthropy."

And what of the mothers? Do they resent our "interference?" Do they sneer at our advice? Why, ninety-nine out of one hundred are pathetically grateful for our interest and pathetically eager to avail themselves of our information. For the first time perhaps in their lives, they begin to suspect that their children do not suffer and die because of some mysterious decree of Providence, for the first time perhaps they begin to see the connection between their own ignorance and their children's fate.

The Midsummer Duty of Coolness

Continued from page 80

ups who are in fair condition, but to children, with their translucent skins, and big brains, and delicate nervous systems, heat is a serious danger. At times it seems literally to melt them like an overripe peach or wilt them like a lettuce leaf. Their one protection is in their profuse and abundant perspiration, which keeps them cool. When a cool breeze or a current of air is to be

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bed, all is well, but on muggy stifling days without a breath of air stirring some artificial means for promoting evaporation is necessary. Give the little ones a bath at least three times a day, and let them splash and rollick and play frog or fish in the tub as long as ever they wish.

Last and by no means least in the comfort code comes the admonition, "Be good to yourself in the matter of food in summertime." Fortunately, there is usually an abundance of wholesome appetizing foods to be had at this time of the year—such things as fruits, fresh vegetables, milk, eggs, butter, ices and ice-cream. A high place in the summer diet should be given to ice-cream, iced puddings, and frozen custards. Their combination of sugar and fat gives them a high nutritive value and they are readily digested by a healthy stomach, especially if eaten slowly, with plenty of good cake, home-made cookies, or salted crackers. Every family should be equipped with a good ice-cream freezer and should use it at least three times a week. A couple of nice sandwiches, a large saucer of ice-cream (one pint), and a plate of good cookies make not only an attractive lunch, but a full meal with a fuel value of over a thousand calories.

Of course you don't need quite so much of the substantial foods particularly meat and fat, in summer as in winter, because they do give a little extra heat to the body—which is very useful in cold weather, but not needed now—but you can't keep healthy and in good working condition without a fair, yes, a liberal amount, of upbuilding food. Many people feel weak and depressed and grouchy in hot weather because they try to live on the principle that the less we eat the cooler we keep. Never forget that when there is real work to do, you must shovel coal under your boilers to do it with.

Of course it is hardly necessary to say that you should plan your clothing for the summer on comfort and health giving principles. Give yourself the widest leeway and liberty in matters of fit and color and weight, fit yourself and all your family out with plenty of cool light-colored, loose fitting clothing of inexpensive materials that will wash easily and then wear just as little of it at a time as the law allows. Fortunately most of the absurd old conventions about formal dress and stiff collars and black clothes, and wearing your coat or hat upon all occasions, at the peril of your life have been done away with, or at least suspended during hot weather. On the other hand everything that keeps you cool and fresh looking and pretty provided it isn't too tight or too stiff, helps to keep you comfortable and in a good summer time mood.

If you deliberately plan in advance for comfort in this way, you will soon cease to dread the summer, and if you don't dread the summer you will find the hot weather won't get on your nerves half as much as it used to do. Heat, just plain heat, never killed anybody outside of the fiery furnace. Most of the harm heat does comes in the way of aggravating unhealthful conditions which already exist in your system, or in making you worry and fuss. You won't worry if your nerves are properly fed and ventilated and rested. Then, if a real old-fashioned hot spell does come, keep cool, don't fan yourself into apoplexy or imagine that you are heading for a sunstroke but take it easy and trust your constitution remembering that the only thing certain about the weather is that it will soon change.

The Seven Blue Doves

Continued from page 78

the name of a woman he had a high regard for—Jernette Holt. He wanted a written confession from this man. Bringing in the stolen money and the cards wouldn't be enough, it might be said that he, himself, had taken those two things and returned them.

EVEN the punishment of Tacoma didn't interest him vitally. Two thieves had combined to rob a stranger and over a division of the spoil one had been killed—it was not, vitally, Carney's funeral. Now to gain the confession he stretched a point, saying:

"They believe Seth Long. He says you shot him."

Startled out of his cunning, Tacoma blundered: "That's a damn lie—Seth's as dead as a herring!"

"How do you know, Tacoma?" and Carney smiled.

The other, stunned by his foolish break, spluttered sullenly: "You said so yourself."

"Seth's dead now, Tacoma, but you were in too much of a hurry to make your get away. Dr. Anderson and I found him alive, and he said that you, Tacoma Jack, shot him. That's why I pulled out on this trail."

The two men sat in silence for a little. Tacoma knew that Carney was driving at something; he knew that Carney could not take him to Bucking Horse with the trail as it was; the buckskin would have all he could do to carry one man, and without huge moose hunting snowshoes no man could make half a mile of that trail.

Carney broke the silence: "You made a one-sided proposition, Tacoma, when you had the drop on me; now I'm going to deal. I'd take you in if I didn't value the little buckskin more than your carcass; I don't give a damn whether you're hanged or die here. I'm going to cut from that slab of bacon six slices. That'll keep you alive for six days with a little flour I'll leave you. I can make Bucking Horse in three days at most with snowshoes on the buckskin; then I'll come back for you with a dog-train and a couple of men on snowshoes. You've got a gambling chance, it's like filling a bob-tailed flush—but I'm going to let you draw. If the chinook comes up the valley kissing this snow, before I get back, you'll get away. I'd give even a wolf a fighting chance. But I've got to clear a good woman's name, get that, Tacoma!" and Carney tapped the cards with a forefinger in emphasis. "You've got to sign a confession here in my notebook that you killed Seth Long."

"I'll see you in hell first! It's a damn trap—I didn't kill him!"

"As you like. Then you lose your bet on the chinook right now, for I take the money, your gun, your boots and all the grub."

As Carney with slow deliberation stated the terms Tacoma's heart sank lower and lower as each article of life-saving was specified.

"Take your choice, quick!" Carney resumed. "A grub stake for you, and you bet on the chinook if you sign the confession; if you refuse I make a clean-up. You starve to death here, or die on the trail, even if the chinook comes in two or three days."

There was an ominous silence. Carney broke it, saying, a sharp determination in his voice: "Decide quick, for I'm going to hobble you."

Tacoma knew Bulldog's reputation; he knew he was up against it. If Carney took the food—and he would—he had no chance. The alternative was his only hope.

"I'll sign—I got to," he said surlily, "you write and I'll tell just how it happened."

"You write it yourself—I won't take a chance on you, you'd swear I forged your signature, but a man can't forge a whole letter."

He tossed his notebook and pencil over to the other.

WHEN Tacoma tossed it back with a snarling oath Carney, keeping one eye on the other man, read it. It was a statement that Seth Long and Tacoma Jack had quarrelled over the money, that Seth, being half drunk, had pulled his gun, that Tacoma had seized Seth's hand across the table and in the struggle Seth had been shot with his own gun.

Carney closed his note book, and put it in his pocket, saying: "This may be true, Tacoma, or it may not. Personally, I've got what I want. If you're laughing down in your chest that you've put one over on Bulldog Carney, forget it. To keep you from making any foul play that might make me plug you I'm going to hobble you. When I pull out in the morning I'll turn you loose."

Carney was an artist at twisting a rope securely about a man and Tacoma placed in the helpless condition of a swathed babe, Carney proceeded to cook himself a nice little dinner off the latter's bacon. Then he rubbed down the buckskin, melted some snow for a drink for the horse, gave him a feed of oats and stretched himself on the opposite side of the fire from Tacoma, saying: "You're on your good behavior, for the minute you start anything you lose your bet on the chinook."

In the morning when Carney opened his eyes daylight was streaming in through the cave mouth. He blinked wonderingly; the snow wall that had all but closed the entrance had sagged down like a weary man that had huddled to sleep, and the air that swept in through the opening was soft and balmy, like the gentle breeze of a May day.

Carney rose and pushed his way through the little mound of wet, soggy snow and gazed down the valley. The giant pines that had drooped beneath the weight of their white mantles were now dropping to earth huge masses of snow; the sky above was blue and suffused with gold from a climbing sun. Rocks on the hillside thrust through the white sheet black, wet, gnarled faces, and in the bottom of the valley the stream was gorged with snow water.

A hundred yards down the trail, where a huge snow bank leaned against a cliff, the head and neck of a horse stood stiff and rigid out of the white mass. About the neck was a leather strap, from which hung a cow-bell. It was Tacoma's cayuse frozen stiff, and the bell was the bell that Carney had heard as he was slipping off into dreamland behind the little buckskin.

CARNEY turned back to where the other man lay, his furtive eyes peeping out from above his blanket—they were like rat eyes.

"You win your bet, Tacoma," Carney said, "the chinook is here."

Tacoma had known, he had smelt it, but he had lain there, fear in his heart that now, when it was possible, Bulldog would take him in to Bucking Horse.

"The bargain stands, don't it, Bulldog?" he asked. "I win on the chinook, don't I?"

"You do, Tacoma. Bulldog Carney's stock in trade is that he keeps his word."

"Yes, I've heard you was some man, Bulldog. If I'd knew you'd pulled into Buckin' Horse that day and was in the game I guess I'd a played my hand different—p'raps it's kind of lucky for you I didn't know all that when I drug you in out of the blizzard."

Carney waited a day for the snow to melt before the hot chinook. It was just before he left that Tacoma asked, like a boy begging for a bite from an apple: "Will you give me back them cards, Bulldog?—I'd be kind of lost when I'm alone if I didn't have 'em to riffle."

"If I gave you the cards, Tacoma, you'd never make the border; Oregon is waiting down at Bighorn to rope a man with a pack of cards in his pocket that's got seven blue doves on the back, and I'm not going to cold-deck you. After you pass Oregon you take your own chances of them getting you."

Unspoiled Country

Continued from page 58

We were so anxious to solve the mystery surrounding Keywadin that we lost no time in making our way to the Islands home, Turner's House, where the old Scotch ex-factor and his Ojib

You Must Keep Warm Next Winter
Comfort Says so, and the Doctor Says so, too

You must consult your comfort. Does your house really feel warm on cold days, on windy days, every day, all winter long? If not, don't try to make yourself think the present heating system will do. The discomfort of an insufficiently heated house is reason enough for putting in a new hot water boiler. But a stronger reason still, is that a chilly house causes colds, rheumatism, pneumonia and sicknesses of many kinds. Poorly heated houses are where the doctors most frequently call and where they present their largest bills.

Why Don't You Write Us and Ask What It Would Cost

After all, the first thing to do is to find out what it would cost. There is no use waiting for low prices because commodity prices in all lines of metals and building materials will not go down. The demand for materials and all the costs in connection with manufacture show no chance of reduction. You save nothing by delay, so act promptly. A King Hot Water Boiler and Imperial Radiators are the best heating system you can put in as is shown by many reasons simply explained in our booklets and other literature. If a new boiler will add to your comfort, do not put off getting it in. Even at a higher initial cost, its economy is such that it makes a substantial saving in fuel week by week, and this is multiplied over and over as long as the system is in service. Do not let a few dollars in cost prevent you having a warm house. If you spread the cost over a lifetime of winters the cost per season is trifling. Get your heating engineer to give you estimates on a King Hot Water System without delay.

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way princess put up such appetizing fare.

We found the old Scotchman in his accustomed place, smoking his short pipe, and like a lot of impatient school children, we bombarded him with questions till he finally consented, for peace's sake, to tell us the legend about Keywadin.

Once upon a time, his Satanic Majesty ruled over all the land and had his wigwam upon the top of Devil's Mountain, rising four hundred feet above Deep Water (Temagami). His wife Kokomis ruled with him. Then it came about that Kokomis tired of her evil consort and clandestinely took her affections elsewhere. In searching anger, his Satanic Majesty turned his erring wife into a stone likeness of an old squaw with a shawl over her head to hide her shame and then heaved the stone far out from the mountain so that it would fall into Deep Water. But he miscalculated the distance and the stone—"Granny Rock"—fell upon an elongated buttress of the mountain. In his towering rage the Devil jumped down and kicked out the narrow channel of deep water now separating Devil's Island from Devil's Mountain on the mainland. The stone image of Kokomis is still on the island.

During the first days of the spring boom some dare-devil palefaces defied the "bad medicine" of the Indians and camped on the island. Prior to this no redman could camp anywhere within sight of the home of Granny Rock for fear the Devil might be offended. Despite the dire warnings and vigilant eyes of scores of Indians, the pale-faces made camp, stayed out the night and were unpunished. These chaps then conceived the dangerous idea of turning the tables on the Indians by secretly removing Granny Rock to Bear Island where they placed it beside the trail leading to the Post. The Indians were panic stricken believing that the Devil was warning them of impending punishment for permitting the pale-faces to violate Devil's Island. The calm counsel of the factor and the Ojibway Princess prevailed and after a long pow wow the Indians returned Granny Rock to its proper place on Devil's Island.

Some Characters of Temagami

MRS. TURNER still mothers the tribe. She translates their letters from prospective tourists, she sends the orders to the mail-order houses, she gives the settlement its great feast—Christmas Dinner—which is a community affair, she cheers them when seasons are poor and game is scarce, and last but not least, she cooks a meal that men travel far to enjoy. She is a princess in name and in practice.

And the centre of all this great reserve is the Honorable the Hudson's Bay Company's Post where another genial Scotchman by the name of Fraser holds forth as factor. He is the source of all information, supplies and mail. He divides his honors somewhat with Odesic Perrone of whom we have previously spoken. Odese meets us at the station, brings us in by motor boat in summer or by "Lizzie" or dog sled in winter and takes us out the same way. He is a typical man of the North, bulging of biceps, big of heart, wonderfully resourceful, with black curly hair, blue eyes, and a laugh that saves wanderers far from his jovial face. To him the 3,750,077 acres of heavily wooded Reserve, its 1,062 lakes, its countless streams and myriad islands are as an open book.

To us as Canadian born, it is a glorious heritage, one that we all should be intimately acquainted with not only for our personal pleasure and recreation but for first-hand information of the natural resources and natural beauties of our own Canada. Too long have we been dilatory in this matter, too long have we sought in foreign climes for the scenic grandeur to be found only in our own land. Let us therefore become acquainted with Temagami—the unspoiled country—with its three thousand mile shoreline, its sixteen hundred islands, its game, its namaycush, its bass, its pickerel, pike and trout, to say nothing of its health-giving tonic air or its recreation pleasures.

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Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance.

Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with new beauty?

Lastly, dust over again with the powder, in order to subdue the BLOOM. Presto! Such beauty and cool freshness in a few moments! Note: Don't use too much BLOOM. Get a natural result.

These three preparations may be used separately or together (as above) as the "Complete Pompeian Beauty Toilette." Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing), removes face shine. Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, a powder that stays on—flesh, white, brunette. Pompeian BLOOM, a rouge that won't break—light, dark, medium. At all druggists, 60c each. Guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a 25c talc with an exquisite new odor).

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(to September 20th only)
To one person only in a family (and to September 20th only), we will send for a dime a special box of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It contains one-half of our regular 60c box and should be at least a month's supply.
This offer is made on very assurance that you simply cannot resist trying Pompeian BEAUTY Powder now. And once you try it [illegible] sure you will buy it steadily. Samples of Pompeian DAY Cream and Pompeian BLOOM will be included so that you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Clip the coupon now before it is too late.
THE POMPEIAN COMPANY - 4 Kildare Road, Walkerville, Ontario, Canada

Guarantee
The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
4 Kildare Rd., Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
Gentlemen: I enclose a dime for the special half-box powder. Neither I nor anyone in my family has tried Pompeian BEAUTY Powder.
Name
Address
City Province

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